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THE WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

REV. P. G. G. B. JOCELYN,
J. B. ANDERSON, A. M., } EDITORS.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JULY, 1852. NO. I.

(From Sharpe's Magazine.)

THE WIFE OF KONG TOLV.*

A FAIRY TALE OF SCANDANAVIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COLA MONTI."

HYLDREDA KALM stood at the door of her cottage, and look abroad into the quietness of the Sabbath morn. The village Skjelskor lay at a little distance down the vale, lighted by the sunshine of a Zealand summer, which, though brief, is glowing and lovely as that of the south. Hyldreda had looked for seventeen years upon this beautiful scene the place where she was born. Sunday after Sunday she had stood thus and listened for the distant tinkle of the church bell. A stranger, passing by, might have said, how lovely were her face and form; but the widowed mother, whose sole stay she was, and the little delicate sister who had been her darling from the cradle, would have answered, that if none were so fair, none were likewise so good as Hyldreda; and that all the village knew. If she did love to bestow greater taste and care on her Sunday garments than most young damsels of her class, she had a right—for was she not beautiful as any lady? And did not the eyes of Esbern Lynge say so, when, week after week, he came up the hilly road, and descended again to the little chapel, supporting the feeble mother's slow steps, and watching his betrothed as she bounded on before, with little Resa in her hand?

"Is Esbern coming?" said the mother's voice within.

"I know not—I did not look," answered Hyldreda, with a girlish wilfulness. "I saw only the sun shining on the river, and the oak wood waving in the breeze."

"Look down the road, child; the time passes. Go quickly."

"She is gone already," said Resa, laughing merrily. "She is standing under the great elder tree to wait for Esbern Lynge."

"Call her back—call her back!" cried the mother, auxiously. "To stand beneath an elder tree, and this night will be St. John's Eve! On Sunday, too, and she a Sunday-child! Call her quickly, Resa."

The little child lifted up her voice, "Hyld"

"Not her name—utter not her name!" And the widow Kalm went on muttering to herself, "Perhaps the Hyldemoer† will not have heard. Alas the day! when my child was born under an elder tree, and I, poor desolate mother! was terrified into giving my babe that name. Great Hyldemoer, be propitiated! Holy Virgin!" and the widow's prayer became a curious mingling of superstition and piety. "Blessed Mary! let not the elves have power over my child! Have I not kept her heart from evil? Does not the holy cross lie on her pure breast day and night? Do I not lead her every Sunday, winter and summer, in storm, sunshine, or snow, to the chapel in the valley? And this day I will say for her a double prayer."

The mother's counted beads had scarce come to an end when Hyldreda stood by her side, and, following the lightfooted damsel, came Esbern Lynge.

"Child, why didst thou linger under the tree?" said the widow. "It does not become a young maiden to stand flaunting outside her door. Who wert thou watching so eagerly?"

"Not thee, Esbern," laughed the girl, shaking her head at her betrothed, who interposed with a happy, conscious face; "I was looking at a grand train that wound along the road, and thinking how pleasant it would be to dress on Sunday like the lady of the castle, and recline behind four prancing horses, instead of trudging on in these clumsy shoes."

The mother frowned, and Esbern Lynge looked sorrowful.

"I wish I could give her all she longs for," sighed the young man, as they proceeded on their way, his duteous arm supporting the widow, while Hyldreda and Resa went bounding onward before them. "She is as

*The idea of this story is partly taken from a Danish Visa, or legendary ballad, entitled, "Proud Margaret."

† Hyldemoer, elder-mother, is the name of a Danish elf in inhabiting the elder-tree. Eda signifies a grandmother or female ancestor. Children born on Sundays were especially under the power of the elves.

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beautiful as a queen—I would that I could make her one."

"Wish rather, Esbern, that Heaven may make her a pious, lowly-hearted maid, and, in good time, a wife; that she may live in humility and content, and die in peace among her own people."

Esbern said nothing—he could not think of death and *her* together. So he and the widow Kalm walked on silently, and so slowly that they soon lost sight of the two blithe sisters.

Hyldreda was talking merrily of the grand sight she had just seen, and describing to little Resa the gilded coach, the prancing horses, with glittering harness. "Oh! but it was a goodly train, as it swept down towards the river. Who knows!—perhaps it may have been the king and queen themselves."

"No," said little Resa, rather fearfully, "you know Kong Tolv* never lets any mortal king pass the bridge of Skjelskor."

"*Kong Tolv!* what, more stories about Kong Tolv!" laughed the merry maiden. "I never saw him; I wish I could see him, for then I might believe in thy tales, little one."

"Hush, hush!—But mother told me never to speak of these things to thee," answered Resa; "unsay the wish, or some harm may come."

"I care not! who would heed these elfin tales on such a lovely day? Look, Resa, down that sunny meadow, where there is a cloud shadow dancing on the grass; a strange cloud it is too, for it almost resembles a human form."

"It is Kong Tolv rolling himself in the sunshine," cried the trembling child; "look away, my sister, lest he should hear us."

Again Hyldreda's fearless laugh made music through the still air, and she kept looking back until they passed from the open road into the gloom of the oak-wood.

"It is strange that thou shouldst be so brave," said Resa once more. "I tremble at the very thought of the Elle-people of whom our villagers tell, while thou hast not a single fear. Why is it, sister?"

"I know not, save that I never yet feared anything," answered Hyldreda, carelessly. "As for Kong Tolv, let him come; I care not."

While she spoke, a breeze swept through the oak-wood, the trees began to bend their tops, and the under branches were stirred with leafy murmurings, as the young girl passed beneath. She lifted her fair face to meet them. "Ah! 'tis delicious, this soft scented wind; it touches my face like airy kisses; it makes the leaves seem to talk to me in musical whispers. Dost thou not hear them too, little Resa? and dost thou not—?"

Hyldreda suddenly stopped, and gazed eagerly down the road.

"Well, sister," said Resa, "what art dreaming of now? Come, we shall be late at church, and mother will scold." But the elder sister stood motionless. "How strange thine eyes look? What dost thou see, Hyldreda?"

"Look—what is there?"

"Nothing, but a cloud of dust that the wind sweeps forward. Stand back, sister, or it will blind thee."

Still Hyldreda bent forward with admiring eyes, muttering, "Oh! the grand golden chariot, with its four beautiful white horses! And therein sits a man—surely it is the king! and the lady beside him is the queen. See, she turns—"

Hyldreda paused, dumb with wonder, for despite the gorgeous show of jewelled attire, she recognized that face. It was the same she had looked at an hour before in the little cracked mirror. The lady in the carriage was the exact counterpart of herself!

The pageant came and vanished. Littie Resa turned round and wiped her eyes—she, innocent child, had seen nothing but a cloud of dust. Her elder sister answered not her questionings, but remained silent, oppressed by a nameless awe. It passed not, even when the chapel was reached, and Hyldreda knelt to pray. Above the sound of the hymn she heard the ravishing music of the leaves in the oak-wood, and instead of the priest she seemed to behold the two dazzling forms which had sat side by side in the golden chariot.

When service was ended, and all went homewards, she lingered under the trees where the vision, or reality, whichever it was, had met her sight, half longing for its reappearance. But her mother whispered something to Esbern, and they hurried Hyldreda away.

She laid aside her Sunday mantle, the scarlet woof which to spin, weave and fashion, had cost her a world of pains. How coarse and ugly it seemed! She threw it contemptuously aside, and thought how beautiful looked the purple-robed lady, who was so like herself.

"And why should I not be as fair as she? I should, if I were only dressed as fine. Heaven might as well have made me a lady, instead of a poor peasant girl."

These repinings entered the young heart hitherto so pure and happy. They haunted her even when she rejoined her mother, Resa, and Esbern Lynge. She prepared the noonday meal, but her step was heavy and her hand unwilling. The fare seemed coarse, the cottage looked dark and poor. She wonder-

*Kong Tolv, or King Twelve, is one of the Elle-kings who divide the fairy sovereignty of Zealand.

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ed what sort of a palace home was that owned by the beautiful lady; and whether the king, if king the stranger were, presided at his banquet table as awkwardly as did Esbern Lynge at the mean board here.

At the twilight, Hyldreda did not steal out as usual to talk with her lover beneath the rose-porch. She went and hid herself out of his sight, under the branches of the great elder-tree, which to her had always a strange charm, perhaps because it was the spot of all others where she was forbidden to stay. However, this day Hyldreda began to feel herself to be not longer a child, but a woman whose will was free.

She sat under the dreamy darkness of the heavy foliage. Its faint, sickly odor overpowered her like a spell. Even the white bunches of elder flowers seemed to grow alive in the twilight, and to change into faces, looking at her whithersoever she turned. She shut her eyes, and tried to summon back the phantom of the golden chariot, and especially of the king-like man who sat inside. Scarce had she seen him clearly, but she felt he looked a king. If wishing could bring to her so glorious a fortune, she would almost like to have, in addition to the splendors of a rich dress and grand palaces, such a noble-looking man for her lord and husband.

And the poor maiden was rudely wakened from her dream, by feeling on her delicate shoulders the two heavy hands of Esbern Lynge.

Haughtilly she shook them off. Alas! he, loving her so much, had ever been lightly loved in return! to-day he was not loved at all. He came at an ill time, for the moment his hand put aside the elder branches, all the dazzling fancies of his betrothed vanished in air. He came too with an ill wooing, for he implored her to trifle no more, but to fulfil her mother's hope and his, and enter as mistress at the little blacksmith's forge. She, who had just been dreaming of a palace home! Not a word she answered at first, and then cold, cruel words, worse than silence. So Esbern, who, though a lover, was a manly-hearted youth, and thought it shame to be mocked by a girl's light tongue, left her there and went away, not angry, but very sorrowful.

Little Resa came to summon her sister. But Hyldreda trembled before the gathering storm, for widow Kalm, though a tender mother, was one who well knew how to rule. Her loud, severe voice already warned the girl of the reproof that was coming. To avoid it only for a little, until her own proud spirit was calmed, Hyldreda told Resa she would not come in until after she had taken a little walk down the moonlight road. As she passed from under the elder-tree, she heard a voice, like her mother's, and yet not her mother's—no, it could never be, for it shouted after her,

"Come now, or come no more!"

Some evil impulse goaded the haughty girl to assert her womanly right of free action, and she passed from her home, flying with swift steps. A little, only a little absence, to show her indignant pride, and she would be back again to heal all strife. Nevertheless, ere she was aware, Hyldreda had reached the oak-wood, beneath which she had seen the morning's bewildering sight.

And there again, brighter in the moonlight than it had ever seemed in the day, came sweeping by the stately pageant. Its torches flung red shadows on the trees, its wheels resounded through the night's quiet with music as of silver bells. And sitting in his state alone, grand but smiling, was the lord of all this splendor.

The chariot stopped and he dismounted. Then the whole train vanished, and, shorn of all his glories, except a certain brightness which his very presence seemed to shed, the king, if he were indeed such, stood beside the trembling peasant maid.

He did not address her, but looked in her face inquiringly, until Hyldreda felt herself forced to be the first to speak.

"My lord, who art thou, and what is thy will with me!"

He smiled. "Thanks, gentle maiden, for thy question has taken off the spell. Otherwise it could not be broken even by Kong Tolv."

Hyldreda shuddered with fear. Her fingers tried to seize the cross which always lay on her breast, but no! she had thrown aside the coarse black wooden crucifix, while dreaming of ornaments of gold. And it was St. John's Eve, and she stood beneath the haunted oak-wood. No power had she to fly, and her prayers died on her lips, for she knew herself in the Hill-king's power.

Kong Tolv began to woo, after the elfin fashion, brief and bold. "Fair maiden, the Dronningstolen* is empty, and 'tis thou must fill it. Come, and enter my palace under the hill."

But the maiden sobbed out that she was too lowly to sit on a queen's chair, and that none of mortals, save the dead, made their home under ground. And she prayed the Elle-king to let her go back to her mother and little Resa.

He only laughed. "Wouldst be content, then, with the poor cottage, and the black bread, and the labor from morn till eve? Didst thou not of thyself wish for a palace

*Dronningstolen, or Queen Chair.

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and a lord like me? And did not the Hyldemoer waft me the wish, so that I came to meet and welcome thee under the hill?"

Hyldreda made one despairing effort to escape, but she heard again Kong Tolv's proud laugh, and looking up, she saw that the thick oak-wood had changed to an army. In place of every tree stood a fierce warrior, ready to guard every step. She thought it must be all a delirious dream, that would vanish with the morning. Suddenly she heard the far village clock strike the hour. Mechanically she counted—one—two—three—four—up to *twelve*.

As she pronounced the last word, Kong Tolv caught her in his arms, saying, "Thou hast named me and art mine."

Instantly all the scene vanished, and Hyldreda found herself standing on the bleak side of a little hill, alone in the moonlight. But very soon the clear night darkened, and a heavy storm arose. Trembling she looked around for shelter, and saw in the hill-side a tiny door, which seemed to invite her to enter. She did so. In a moment she stood dazzled by a blaze of light—a mortal amidst the festival of the elves. She heard the voice of Kong Tolv, half-speaking, half-singing:—

Welcome, maiden, fair and free,
Thou hast come of thyself in the hill to me;
Stay thou here, nor thy fate deplore;
Thou hast come of thyself in at my door.

And bewildered by the music, the dance, and the splendor, Hyldreda remembered no more the cottage, with its one empty chair—nor the miserable mother, nor the little sister straining her weeping eyes along the lonely road.

The mortal maiden became the Elle-king's bride, and lived in the hill for seven long years;—at least, so they seemed in Elfinland, where time passes like the passing of a strain of music, that dies but to be again renewed. Little thought had she of the world above ground, for in the hill-palace was continual pleasure, and magnificence without end. No remembrance of lost kindred troubled her, for she sat in the Dronningstolen, and all the elfin people bowed down before the wife of the mighty Kong Tolv.

She might have lived so always, with no desire ever to go back to earth, save that one day she saw trickling down through the palace roof a pearly stream. The elves fled away, for they said it was some mortal weeping on the grassy hill overhead. But Hyldreda stayed and looked on until the stream settled into a clear pellucid pool. A sweet mirror it made, and the Hill-king's bride ever loved to see her own beauty. So she went and gazed down into the shining water.

There she beheld—not the image of the elfin queen, but of the peasant maid, with her mantle of crimson woof, her coarse dress, and her black crucifix. She turned away in disgust, but soon her people brought her elfin mirrors, wherein she could see her present self, gorgeously clad, and a thousand times more fair. It kindled in her heart a proud desire.

She said to her lord, "Let me go back for a little while to my native village, and my ancient home, that I may show them all my splendor and my greatness. Let me enter, sitting in my gilded chariot, with the four white horses, and feel myself as queen-like as the lady I once saw beneath the oak-wood."

Kong Tolv laughed, and assented. "But," he said, "keep thy own proud self the while. The first sigh, the first tear, and I carry thee back into the hill with shame."

So Hyldreda left the fairy-palace, sweeping through the village, with a pageant worthy a queen. Thus in her haughtiness, after seven years had gone by, she came to her mother's door.

Seven years, none of which had cast one shadow on the daughter's beauty. But time and grief together had bowed the mother almost to verge of the grave. The one knew not the other, until little Resa came between; little Resa, who looked her sister's olden self, blooming in the sweetness of seventeen. Nothing to her was the magnificence of the beautiful guest; she only saw Hyldreda, the lost and found.

"Where hast thou been?" said the mother, doubtfully, when, in answer to all their caresses, the stately lady only looked on them with a proud smile. Who gave thee those grand dresses, and put the matron's veil upon thy hair?"

"I am the Hill-king's wife," said Hyldreda. "I dwell in a gorgeous palace, and sit on a queen's throne."

"God preserve thee!" answered the mother. But Hyldreda turned away, for Kong Tolv had commanded her never to hear or utter the one holy Name. She began to inquire about her long-forgotten home, but half-carelessly, as if she had no interest in it now.

"And who was it," she asked, "that wept on the hill-side until the tears dropped through, staining my palace wall?"

"I," answered Resa, blushing; and then Hyldreda perceived that, young as she was, the girl wore the matron's head-tire. "I, sitting there with my babe, wept to think of my poor sister who died long ago, and never knew the sweetness of wifehood and motherhood. And almost it grieved me, to think that my love had blotted out the bitterness of her memory even from the heart of Esbern Lynge."

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At the name proudly laughed the elder sister, "Take thy husband and be happy, girl; I envy thee not; I am the wife of the great Hill-king."

"And does thy lord love thee? Does he sit beside thee at eve, and let thee lean thy tired head on his breast, as Esbern does with me? And hast thou young children dancing about thy feet, and a little blue-eyed one to creep dovelike to thy heart at nights, as mine does? Say, dear sister, art thou as happy as I?"

Hyldreda paused. Earth's sweet ties arose before her, and the grandeur of her lot seemed only loneliness. Forgetting her lord's command, she sighed, she even wept one regretful tear; and that moment in her presence stood Kong Tolv.

"Kill me, but save my mother, my sister," cried the wife, with a broken heart. The prayer was needless; *they* saw not the Elle-king, and he marked not them—he only bore away Hyldreda, singing mockingly in her ear something of the same rhyme which had bound her his:

Complainest thou here all drearilie—
Camest thou not of thyself in the hill to me?
And stayest thou here thy lot to deplore?
Camest thou not of thyself in at my door?

When the mother and sister of Hyldreda lifted up their eyes, they saw nothing but a cloud of dust sweeping past the cottage door, they heard nothing but the ancient elder-tree howling aloud as its branches were tossed about in a gust of wintry wind.

Kong Tolv took back to the hill his mortal bride. There he set her in a golden chair, and brought to her to drink a silver horn of elfin wine, in the which he had dropped an ear of wheat. At the first draught, she forgot the village where she had dwelt—at the second, she forgot the sister who had been her darling—at the third, she forgot the mother who bore her. Again she rejoiced in the glories of the fairy palace, in the life of never-ceasing pleasure.

Month after month rolled by—by her scarce counted, or counted only in jest, as she would number handful of roses, all held so fast and sure that none could fall or fade; —or as she would mark one by one the little waves of a rivulet whose source was eternally flowing.

Hyldreda thought no more of any earthly thing, until there came, added to her own, a young, new life. When her beautiful babe, half-elf, half-mortal, nestled in her woman's breast, it wakened there the fountain of human love, and of long-forgotten memories.

"Oh! let me go home once—once more," she implored of her lord. "Let me go to ask my mother's forgiveness, and, above all, to crave the church's blessing on this my innocent babe."

Kong Tolv frowned, and then looked sad. For it is the great sorrow of the Elle-people, that they, with all others of the elfin race, are shut out from Heaven's mercy. Therefore do they often steal mortal wives, and strive to have their children christened according to holy rite, in order to participate in the blessings granted to the offspring of Adam.

"Do as thou wilt," the Hill-king answered; "but know, there awaits a penalty. In exchange for a soul must be given a life."

His dark saying fell coldly on the heart of the young mother. It terrified her for a time, but soon the sweet, strange wiles of her elfin babe beguiled her into renewed happiness; so that her longing faded away.

The child grew not like a mortal child. An unearthly beauty was in its face; wondrous precocious signs marked it from its birth. Its baby speech was very wisdom. Its baby smile was full of thought. The mother read her olden soul—the pure soul that was hers of yore—in her infant's eyes.

One day when Hyldreda was following the child in its play, she noticed it to disappear through what seemed the outlet of the fairy palace, which outlet she herself had never been able to find. She forgot that her boy was of elfin as well as of mortal race. Out it passed, the mother eagerly pursuing, until she found herself with the child in a meadow near the village of Skjelskor, where years ago she had often prayed. It was on a Sunday morning and cheerfully yet solemnly rang out the chapel bells. All the sounds and sights of earth came back upon her, with a longing that would not be restrained.

In the white frozen grass, for it was winter time, knelt the wife of Kong Tolv, holding fast to her bosom the elfin babe, who shivered at every blast of wind, yet, shivering, seemed to smile. Hyldreda knelt, until the chapel bells ceased at service-time. And then there came bursting from her lips the longsealed prayers, the prayers of her childhood. While she breathed them, the rich fairy garments crumbled from her, and she remained clad in the coarse dress she wore when Kong Tolv carried her away; save that it hung in miserable tatters, as if worn for years, and through its rents the icy wind pierced her bosom, so that the heart within might have sunk and died, but for the ever-abiding warmth of maternal love.

That told her how in one other mother's heart there must be warmth still.

"I will go home," she murmured; "I will say, Mother, take me in and save me, or else I die!" And so, when the night closed, and all the villagers were safe at home, and none

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could mock at her and her misery, the poor desolate one crept to her mother's door.

It had been open to her even when she came in her pride; how would it be closed against her sorrow and humility? And was there ever a true mother's breast, that, while life yet throbbed there, was not a refuge for a repentant child?

Hyldreda found shelter and rest. But the little elfin babe, unused to the air of earth, uttered continual moaning. At night the strange eyes never closed, but looked at her with a dumb entreaty. And tenfold returned the mother's first desire, that her darling should become a "christened child."

Much the old grandame gloried in this, looking with distrust on the pining, withered babe. But keenly upon Hyldreda's memory came back the saying of Kong Tolv, that for a soul would be exchanged a life. It must be *hers*. That, doubtless, was the purchase; and thus had Heaven ordained the expiation of her sin. If so, meekly she would offer it, so that Heaven would admit into its mercy her beloved child.

It was in the night—in the cold white night, that the widow Kalm, with her daughter and the mysterious babe, came to the chapel of Skjelskor. All the way thither they had been followed by strange, unearthly noises; and as they passed beneath the oak-wood, it seemed a if the overhanging branches were transformed into giant hands, that evermore snatched at the child. But in vain; for the mother held it fast, and on its little breast she had laid the wooden cross which she herself used to wear when a girl. Bitterly the infant had wailed, but when they crossed the threshold of the chapel, it ceased, and a smile broke over its face—a smile pure and saintly, such as little children wear, lying in a sleep so beautiful that the bier seems like the cradle.

The mother beheld it, and thought. What if her foreboding should be true—that the moment which opened the gate of Heaven's mercy unto her babe, should close upon herself life and life's sweetnesses! But she felt no fear.

"Let me kiss thee once again, my babe, my darling!" she murmured; "perhaps I may never kiss thee more. Even now I feel as if my eyes were growing dark, and thy little face were gliding from my sight. But I can let thee go, my sweet! God will take care of thee and keep thee safe, even amidst this bitter world."

She clasped and kissed the child once more, and kneeling, calm, but very pale, she waited whatever might be her doom.

The priest, performing by stealth what he almost deemed a desecration of the hallowed rite, began to read the ceremony over the fairy babe. All the while it looked at him with those mysterious eyes, so lately opened to the world, yet which seemed to express the emotions of a whole existence. But when the sprinkled water touched them, they closed, softly, slowly, like a blue flower at night.

The mother, still living, and full of thankful wonder that she did live, took from the priest's arms her recovered treasure, her Christian child. It lay all smiling, but it lifted not its eyes: the color was fading on its lips, and its little hands were growing cold. For it, not for her had been the warning. It had rendered up its little life and received an immortal soul.

For years after this, there abode in the village of Skjelskor a woman whom some people thought was an utter stranger, for some so grave, and at the same time so good, was ever known among the light-hearted people of Zealand. Others said that if any one could come back alive from fairy land, the woman must be Hyldreda Kalm. But as later generations arose, they mocked at the story of Kong Tolv and the palace under the hill, and considered the whole legend but an allegory, the moral of which they did not fail to preach to their fair young daughters continually.

Nevertheless, this woman had surely once lived for her memory, embalmed by its own rich virtues, long lingered in the place where she had dwelt. She must have died there too, for they pointed out her grave, and a smaller one beside it, though whose that was none knew. There was a tradition that when she died—it was on a winter night, and the clock was just striking *twelve*—there arose a stormy wind, which swept through the neighboring oak-wood, laying every tree prostrate on the ground. And from that hour there was no record of the Elle-people or the mighty Kong Tolv having been ever again seen in Zealand.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

LILLITHE.

She sleeps a dreamless sleep, my stricken flower:
Her life went out like the soft breath of rose
Or lily in its gentle evening close:
She died as violets die—my fragile flower.

The tender snow-drop nestles on her tomb,
And tearful evening-buds infold, in closing,
The latest straggling ray that gilds the gloom,
To warm the sod where my love lies reposing.

And watchful spirits through the summer air,
In bird-like forms and hues of glorious dye,
Wing to their tuneful requiem for the fair
And kindred Joy that's perished from the eye.

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(From the Boston Odd Fellow.)

TENETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP.

We propose in a series of three articles, to attempt an exposition of the three fundamental tenets of our order. We design placing before the world the end and calling, the aim and destiny of Odd Fellowship. In this connection we do not intend a mere defence of the brotherhood—we merely ask our readers to look upon our Order as it is, and as its originators intended it.

However wild and ruthless the tempest of fanatacism and pharisaical intolerance may rage, however loud and swaggering the assertion of skeptics, however strong and evil their prejudices or evil the animosity of our enemies, however black the falsehood of traitors, whatever may be arrayed against it, still truth will outlive all vehemence, presenting its calmness in the midst of tumultuous strife, smiling upon conflicts which it withstands without extra exertion, and buffets without malice, yet ever with triumphant success.

In passing, we may well pause to observe that, with all these enemies, marshalled under the banner of "love and good will to man" against it, Odd Fellowship has survived the shock of continued battle, it has withstood the seige of army after army; the counterpart of truth, it cannot be overthrown, and what is still more wonderful, we assert with boldness, knowing the fact beyond contradiction, that it has never yet been attacked or even threatened in its primary tenets—its foundation has been unmoved, unmolested; based upon an everlasting corner-stone, the tower of its strength has steadily and majestically arisen, a glorious, an eternal structure, while the clouds of heaven have been pierced by its light turrets, and at these, and these alone, folly and bigotry have aimed their incessant fire.

We can well imagine, but we would not aggravate, the deep chagrin and mortification of the misguided adversaries when assured that their vigorous and united effort has aided our progress—their persecution has given impulse to our advancement, their opposition has awakened, if not a sympathy in our behalf, a spirit of inquiry, which ever acts eminently to our advantage, which we court with hearty earnestness, and from the searching scrutiny of which we have never fallen back, nor do we ever shrink. Our foes, how are they confounded! our young institution, comparatively speaking, gathered strength and vigor, firmness and hardihood, from their weakness and inervation, their imbecility and frailty,

"As the bayed lion, from his hurtless hide,
Shakes his pursuers darts,"

so we have cast back their follies, and upon their own heads their errors have reverted; pigmy forces, distressed, routed, and busied in internal mutiny, are trampled in the dust, and over their prostration we have gone to victory, "conquering and to conquer," for the "truth is mighty and will prevail."

But we have one peculiar trophy—it is gathered in our memories, and there it is held in sacred and inviolable reverence. In the face of approaching defeat, in that trying moment, when 'all is fair in war,' in that last, dire necessitous extreme, when hope merges into despair, and doubt sinks into horror—when honor is subservient to existence, and equity is swallowed up in circumstance—when the ponderous jaws of calamity yawn before the defeated, when stratagem, artifice and deception are no longer allowable but commendable—our dismayed, discomfitted persecutors have never breathed a disrespectful word against our great principles; they have been dumb with confusion, and they have, by their silence, upbraided their uncharitable course, and in reverential awe they have declared in acts, speaking louder than words, the glory of the platform upon which is based our hopes, our action, our triumph. The spotless banner of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE and TRUTH has ever waved in the air above our van, its broad folds kissing the breeze, its sentiment greeting the rising sun with its holiness, its purity bathed in the golden beams of eventide. It has been unfurled in the morning, danced gaily at noon, and waved over a band of victors at night. Our course has been from success to success—and wherefore? Our tenets are strongholds, defying destruction—so impregnable that they scorn attack, and so pure that they turn the very point of malice. Friendship, the holy tie of universal brotherhood, urges first, its congenial tendency. Single hearts, woven in its silken meshes, are united, unmoved by passion, and induced to sweetest communion and common trust, by nothing necessary, natural or even required for individual interest. A union of the affections, a gushing out of similar natures, gives birth to this happiest of situations, and in the midst of a selfish world makes friends and cements the common love of the whole human family.

Friendship binds together that which nature seems to divide. It levels, above all, the selfishness and sordidness of our instincts—it equalizes our hopes, and nerves our ambition with a sympathetic strength—it promotes union and united effort, giving zest to associative action, and energy to combined exertion. In the world its action, percepti-

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ble as it is, strikes the eye more as a consequence than as a wise provision of Omnipotence; but in our beloved Order it creates brothers without kindred ties, and links hearts which are brought out in fullest and most perfect development. It insures confidence, and as division of labor makes lighter individual tasks, so it creates those whose delight it is to share our burden, and whose hearts yearn to make the yoke easy.

In a state, too of mutual dependence, what so cheering, what so endearing, as trusting confidence, the child and the issue of a warm friendship—what glads the heart and lights its gloom save the smile of sympathising affection. Friendship admits no thought of self, harbors no distrust, advances no doubting; Dionysius, the tyrant, in giving Damon his liberty upon the hostage of his friend Pythias, is said to have expressed a doubt which was spurned as quick as breathed—and thus it ever is in friendship's brotherhood, among those who, being brothers,

"but are not so in kin,
Not in the fashion that the world puts on,
But brothers in the heart."

There is no doubting, but confidence is in their souls—there, in their circle dwells the heavenly visitant, which makes the heart

"Enlarged by its new sympathy to one
Grow bountiful to all."

Friendship, as recognized by Odd Fellowship, binds them as man and man together, who seeks its confederation; it exerts over them a peculiar interest and influence, making them a band of brothess, even in the presence of adversity and trouble—it extends, too, beyond the narrow limits of life: it exerts its power in behalf of the widow and the fatherless, and to the orphan it reaches out the hand of benevolence. It is no common, no idle friendship—the vows of its breathing are no empty protestations, they are full of meaning, and of impressive import. Its labor is of love, its mission to alleviate the woes attendant upon our sojourn here below, and its design is in no wise dissimilar to the designs of Scripture and christianity. Its more peculiar characteristic, as connected with our Order, is its universality of action; there are thousands to whom its kindness is to be extended alike; and the good Odd Fellow, carrying out our principles to the world, has an interest warm and vivid for all. His friendship points him to the great family, and in its cause, the promotion of its happiness, he is no sluggish laborer; he is taught to look forward to that time when all shall embrace our views, and the perfection of our system will be realized, when as it is promised, "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the little child shall lead them."

THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHAN.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.—MATTHEW, XXV. 40.

When hungry, cold, with grief oppresst,
Despised, rejected and forlorn,
Who took them to their sheltering breast,
And turned away the world's rude scorn?
Who, when their hearts were nearly broke,
Alone, amidst a heartless world,
The words of Truth and kindness spoke,
And back the envenomed arrows hurl'd?

Who took them in, and poured the balm
Of Friendship in each troubled soul;
The words of Love, till all was calm
As billows, when they cease to roll?
Who wiped the tear from the dim eye
Of the bereaved, and whispered peace?
Who hushed the Orphan's bursting sigh,
And cheered the hour of her release?

Those, who, by generous acts and deeds,
Have stamped their names on coming time;
No matter what their form or creeds,
Their nation, country, land, or clime.
A cup of water by them given,
Shall never lose its rich reward;
Their acts are registered in heaven,
And their Recorder is the Lord.

When the Almighty on his throne
Shall call the nations from afar;
Those who on earth his name have known,
And all, from every peopled star—
"Odd-Fellows" may you there be seen,
A brilliant band of holy love;
With joyful souls, and looks serene,
And reap a rich reward above!

SAG HARBOR, L. I.

RELIGION.—There is a religion in everything around us—calm and holy religion in the unbreathing things of nature, which man would do well to imitate. It is a meek and blessed influence, stealing, as it were, upon the heart. It rouses not the passions, and is untrammelled by the creeds, and unshadowed by the superstitions of men. It is written in the arched skies. It is among the hills and valleys of the earth where the shrubless mountain pierces the atmosphere of the eternal winter, or where the mighty forest fluctuated before the strong winds with its dark waves of green foliage. It spreads out like a legible language upon the broad face of the unsleeping ocean. It is that which lifts the spirit within, up until it is tall enough to overlook the shadow of our place of trial—which breaks link after link, the chain which binds it to materiality, and opens to our imagination a world of spiritual beauty.

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LODGE ATTENDANCE.

The following article is taken from an old number of the "Covenant," and contains excellent advice upon a subject which is too frequently neglected by Odd Fellows, who might do an immense amount of good by their presence and counsel at the meetings of their Lodges:

"Our Lodges are deliberative assemblies, and the business they transact is of more consequence, I apprehend, than most of the members seem to imagine. The reception of members, the disposition of the funds, and direct operations of the institution, is the work of the subordinate Lodges. The entire character, standing and success of the institution, depends almost wholly upon the manner in which the business of the subordinate Lodges is conducted.

"If the meetings of the Lodge are neglected by the members, the business will be transacted, most likely, in a careless, loose, injudicious. and may be unlawful manner. In such an event negiglence will be apt to mark all its operations, the inevitable consequence of which must be, that from the want of suitable attention to the qualifications of candidates, bad men obtain admittance, the funds will be squandered, or applied to improper purposes, and the whole concern ultimately ruined and an injury inflicted upon the character and interests of the institution generally. We maintain, therefore, that it is the duty of every member to attend the meetings of his Lodge as often as his circumstances will admit He should not neglect them for any light cause. The interests of the institution and his Lodge, which it is his duty to watch over, and labor to promote, and guard against abuse, demand it.

"But it is not merely to watch and guard the institution and Lodge from abuse—to prevent the admission of unworthy members, the squandering or improper application of the funds—that members should be punctual and constant attendants at their Lodge meetings. This is a mere negative purpose. But more especially, that they may act affirmatively in promoting the welfare and interests of the Lodge and the Order.

"There is much business which comes before our Lodges, in which the counsel and advice of every member is needed, in words and by vote. And this the Lodge and the institution has a right to claim of its members.

"Besides this, it is only by attendance upon his Lodge meetings, that any brother can become familiar with the work and operations of the Order, and be able to form an intelligent opinion of its practical utility. With the utilitarian genius which distinguishes the people of this country, little intenst will be excited or felt in the institution, until it is perceived that it possesses some utility—that it can be plied to some practical purpose.

"There is another consideration which should induce all members to attend the meetings of their Lodge as constantly and punctually as they can, and one, too, which is of no little importance; and that is, for the purpose of forming a more intimate acquaintance with each other.

"Among honest and true men even, there exists a vast amount of prejudice, oftentimes, towards each other, either from the antagonistical position they have held in some of the political or religious parties or operations of the day, the misrepresentations and slanders of enemies, or from looking at each other thro' the mists of prejudice and passion.

"Now it is unquestionable, that it is only necessary to have all good men and true, of all parties and creeds, become intimately acquainted with each other, so as to know the *real* motives, feelings and principles which control and regulate their conduct, to remove all the prejudice and ill-will that may have existed between them, and make them prize and love each other as brothers ought to do. It is ignorance of each other, which makes men have feelings of dislike toward one another. This a better acquaintance would remove.

"It is our firm conviction, that if all good men, of all the various parties and sects into which the world is divided, could become intimately acquainted with each other, so as to understand the motives, feeling and principles which actuate them, we should never find two such men enemies to each other. We are well persuaded, if such an event could be brought about, an everlasting end would be put to enmity and ill-will between good and true men the world over, and they would every where come to regard one another's conduct, which they might not approve, with that charity which the facilities of a common humanity demand, and that "thinketh no evil."

"It is one of the objects of the institution of Odd Fellowship, to secure, as far as may be, a practical realization of su h a state of things. It aims to bring together honest and true men of the most discordant opinions, upon other subjects, on a common level, as equals and brothers, and to make them regard and treat each other as such."

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind you will do a thing and you will do it. Fear not if a little trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one.

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THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

BY J. CLEMENT.

Few the days the fair one numbered,
Ere were closed his lustrous eyes;
And he calmly, sweetly slumbered,
Like a cherub from the skies.

From the body, frail and sickly,
In the solemn hush of night,
Stole the spirit, soft and quickly,
Back to native realms of light.

Still the sweet one, unawaken'd,
Dreamed and smiled when night had fled,
Knowing not the soul had taken
Wings, and up to glory sped.

Folded on his heaveless bosom,
Slight his ivory hands were pressed;
And thus slept the heavenly blossom,
Truant from the Land of Rest.

SYMBOLS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Symbols and signs are used in every part of creation. We might as well deprive the field of its flowers, and rob the earth of its beauty, as to cast away the symbols that surround us. Why, the whole world from creation until now, is full of symbols, far more mysterious and secret than the token of Odd Fellowship. The scarlet thread was a symbol whose meaning was known only to Kahat and the spies. The rod of Moses was a symbol, when the children of Israel were led from the land of bondage through the sea and the wilderness; the pillar of cloud that shadowed them by day, and the pillar of fire that illumined them by night, was the symbol and the sign of the immediate presence of their heavenly leader, to the whole of Israel's hosts. The thummin and the urim of Levi, the collar and apron, the mitre and breastplate, the ephod and the robe, the jewels and the trinkets, the scarlet and purple vestments of her priests, were all so many symbols to impress upon the assembled tribes the holy mystery of the priesthood, and the holier mystery of their great high priest.

The benedictions of the prophets, and even their visions, were set forth by symbols and tokens; and one of the last acts of our Great Redeemer was to establish an ordinance wherein by a symbol and a sign, his death was impressed upon the minds of his followers, and that symbol and sign is still cherished by christians of every name as one of their dearest rites. Every work of nature is a symbol and an emblem; from the animalculæ of a single drop to the leviathan of the mighty deep, from the insect that hums about our ear to the soaring eagle, from the tiny mite to the huge mastodon that once walked these fields the monarch of its woods; all are symbols and emblems. They are God's language to man. He thus tell us, not indeed by the words of his mouth, but by the symbols with which he has surrounded us, of his mighty power and his infinite wisdom. In the perfection of their structure he fully establishes the greatness of his power, and in the adaptation of their habits and wants, establishes that He is not only Supreme in power, but infinite in wisdom. These are a few of the Great Creator's symbols. But the Heavens, too, declare the glory of God. At the foundation of the world, we are told, that 'the morning stars sang together,' and 'all the sons of God shouted for joy.' And they still sing together, and they still shout for joy.

"For though no real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found,
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utters forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

Yes! the Heavens and the Earth are full of symbols. The sweet Psalmist of Israel, tells us in strains of sublime eloquence: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the Firmament sheweth forth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge." "There is no speech or languge where their voice is not heard." Their line is gone out through all the Earth, and their words unto the end of the world; for though

"No human voice, nor living speech,
Nor word articulate they send;
Yet through the world their lessons reach,
Their SIGNS, the earth's remotest end!"

If our great Creator, then, developes his power and displays his wisdom and goodness, by means of symbols, may not we avail ourselves of their influence in the common charities of life?

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG LADY.

Beneath this cold unconscious stone,
A faded flower lies,
Whose mortal beauty never more
May greet our mortal eyes;
But He who bore its bloom away,
The eye of Faith hath given,
And, gazing through our tears, we see
Tis blooming still, in heaven.

Public charities and benevolent associations, for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are, peculiar to christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has originated them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature; an order of benevolence so disinterested and so exalted, looking before and after, could no more have preceded revelation than light the sun.

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A YARN IN THE HALF-DECK

'Did you say you served your apprenticeship in the *Arethusa?*'

'Yes; I served my time in the Arethusa.'

'What age were you when you went to sea?'

'I was sixteen.'

'Put down sixteen, Bill.'

The scene of the present dialogue was the forecastle of a collier brig at anchor in the Thames: the speakers an old seaman, and three others scarcely arrived at middle-age, one of whom, behind the old man, acted as clerk, with a piece of chalk on the lid of his own chest.

'Put down sixteen, Bill,' whispered one; and thenumber was put down.

'Then how long were you in the Arethusa?'

'I served five years,' said the old man; 'then I stopped by her other three: I was eight years in her altogether. I liked the ship very well, but I did not like the owner.'

Bill, who was all attention, put down an eight below the sixteen.

'But you would be a young fellow then: I should think you would not be long out of a ship?

I got a ship directly and sailed for North America. Well, as it happened, we were water-logged as we were on our passage home: all hands took to the rigging, where we were three days without a bite of anything, or as much as a drink. On the fourth day, got hold of a dead bird of some kind that was floating past—ate it, feathers and all. Well, I did not get you told all hands died but myself, and the only way I could keep myself alive was by sucking the grease out of the ropes. I knocked about upon the rigging for a month. At last I was picked up by an American vessel, and taken to America. The Americans used me very well; so I traded back and forward among the American ports for a long time.'

'How long do you suppose you were in America altogether?'

'I was away ten years from leaving home.'

'Din'nt you go into the Greenland trade after that?'

'No; it was not till some time after. I was on board of a man-of-war before I was in the Greenland trade. Somehow or other the pressgang got scent of me: a good run we had; I was nimble on my feet then; if I had not slipped and fallen souse into an ash-midden, I believe they never would have taken me: but take me they did. Well, I was seven years in his majesty's service, and I liked the service very well; but one day the Captain and I had a few words, and said I to myself, "The sooner we part company the better, old fellow." So I ran away: it was in the West Indies. I knew they would be after me; so I got myself stowed into a hogshead of sugar, and sent aboard of a merchantman, and got clear off that way.'

Bill, who was listening in silence, put down, 'On board man-of-war seven years.'

'Then did you get home all right?'

'Yes; and then I went to Greenland. My eyes! what sport we had there the first ten years I was in the trade! I was there that year when there wasn't a whale to be seen, and we loaded the ship with seals. A weary job we had: the ice was short and hummocky, and the seals as shy as foxes. Somehow we always found one or two fellows, who'd been fuddled may be the night before, that forgot the way into the water. When the brutes make a dive, they are out of sight in a minute.'

'How long were you in the Greenland trade?'

'I was nineteen years altogether. Then I fancied I would like to be in a warmer climate; so I got into an East Indiaman, and traded to the East Indies for a long time."

'How long do you suppose?'

'About thirteen years At last the ship was taken by the pirates, and the most of the crew had to walk the plank; only three of us saved our lives by consenting to be pirates with the rest. I never liked a pirate's life; so one day when we were ashore on a large island watching, I took leg-bail and ran away. I'd been with them three years, which was quite enough. Well, I got among the natives of the place, who were mighty kind in their way; and as I was a brisk young fellow, I wasn't long in finding a wife among them; so I lived there just like a savage for sixteen years; for there was no chance of getting away, and it was just as well to make myself happy. But at last an English ship put in for water, and the longing came over me to go back to my native land; so I smuggled myself on board just as she was ready for sea, and glad I was that my wife didn't follow me.'

'Did you get home all right and tight?'

'All right and tight, boh!'

'Then I suppose you would not lie up any time at home?'

'I didn't lie up at all. When I got home I found my brother had gone to America; so nothing would serve me but I would go seek him, as I had not seen him for a long time. So I got a ship, and off I went; but I never saw him from that day to this, although I wandered through America for five years seeking him. I turned tired of wandering and got into a little vessel trading between Prince Edward's Island and the main land; and I traded in her for ten long years—ten long years I can assure you.'

'Haven't you been a long time in the coal trade?'

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'I was thirty years in the coal trade before I went to China.'

'How did you like the China trade?'

'I liked it very well. I was only in it about five years. After that I got into the Baltic trade. I was seven years in it; but I tired of it, so I got a ship and went off to the West Indies, where I was put ashore sick, and lay in the hospital for three years When I did get better, I was a better man than ever, so I started negro-driver in a plantation, where I whipped the poor fellows on for nine years, till at last the old fit came on me. and I would be off to sea again.'

'Was that before you were captain of the old *C in er?*'

'Yes; that was just before I got to be captain of the Clinker.'

'Weren't you a long time captain of the Clinker?'

I was captain of the Clinker for nineteen years. I was captain of her till she was lost on the Gunflee Sand: it was as much as we could do to save our lives that time.'

'What ship was it you lost in the Swinver?'

'That was the *Peggy*. I was a long time in her both mate and master. I was four years mate and eight years master.'

'How long is it since the Peggy was lost?'

'Let me see: it will be fourteen years this next month: just fourteen exactly.

'Then you must be a good old fellow now?'

'Ay: I'm a good age now, you may depend on't.'

'See what age he is there, Bill, will you?'

Bill, who had been listening in the background, and taking notes on lid of his chest, proceeded to read off the following items:—

'Went to sea in the Arethusa, -	16 years old.
In the Arethusa, - - - -	8 years.
In America, - - - - -	10 "
On board of man-of-war, -	7 "
In Greenland trade, - - -	19 "
In East India trade, - -	13 "
Among the pirates, - - -	3 "
Among the savages, - -	16 "
Travelled in America, - -	5 "
Traded to Prince Edward's Island,	10 "
In the coal trade, - - -	30 "
In the China trade, - -	5 "
In the Baltic trade, - - -	7 "
In the hospital, - - -	3 "
Negro driver, - - - -	9 "
Captain of the Clinker, - -	19 "
In the Peggy, - - - -	12 "
Since the Peggy was lost, -	14 "
Total,	206 years.'

'Then you'll be two hundred and six years old!' said Bill with a chuckle.

'Bravo!' said Tom; 'there's not a man like him in the fleet!'

Rest satisfied in doing well, and leave others to talk of you what they please.

THE MARCH OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY BRO. ABEL FLETCHER.

To a lover of Odd Fellowship, nothing is more gratifying then to witness its prosperity amid opposition and persecution. The rapidity with which our Order has spread for the last few years, is perhaps without example in the records of history. And although in some instances the church has lifted her voice against it, and many of her learned doctors and dignitaries have pronounced their anathemas upon it, yet it has continued to move on like some stately ship, bidding defiance to the wind, the waves and the storm. Based, as it is, upon eternal principles, the "gates of hell," cannot crush it, nor the arrows of its enemies harm it. "Truth is eternal" and can never die; e'en though "crushed to earth, 'twill rise again;" amid opposition it will prosper; amid persecution it will live, and amid desolation it will revive. Though retarded for a while in its progress, yet like some mighty stream, whose waters are clogged, it will gather strength, and burst through the obstacles, and break down the barriers, that obstruct its progress. Such has been and such ever will continue to be the course of Odd Fellowship.

It is true, that some dark spirits among them have dared to lift their voices against our institution, but they were passed by unheeded, and as little regarded as the murmurings of the idle wind. The march of Odd Fellowship is still onward. Its banner is unfurling in every part of our land. Its principles are proclaimed abroad, and disseminated among the people. The sick are visited; the distressed are relieved; the dead are buried; the widow protected, and the orphan educated. Silent, sure and rapid are the strides of Odd Fellowship. Soon may it cover our earth, and its benign influences be felt in every land, and enjoyed in every clime! And may the people of every age and of every creed, be gathered beneath its outspreading branches, and there find a shelter from the storm! And when the bells of death shall ring in their ears, and the grim messengers of the tomb shall knock at the door of their hearts, may they be permitted to exchange the blessings of one world for the glories of another!

Who are happy men? The mechanics? They live to benefit others—are always ready with a word to encourage—a smile to cheer—a look to persude, and a dollar to assist. They are never fearful lest a good trade or an excellent bargain should fall into the hands of a poor neighbor, but the more rejoice when such a one meets with encouragement.

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[From the Odd Fellow's Lit. Magazine.]

WHO IS THE ODD FELLOW?

BY MRS. E. M. SEYMOUR

It is not he alone who pledges himself to "visit the sick; relieve the distressed; bury the dead; and protect the orphan," who is the true Odd Fellow. There are many who are baptized in name, who have no inner anointing of the heart; and there are many more, who without any outward profession of faith, have obeyed to the letter the glorious principles of Odd Fellowship.

I have known one lauded for his magnificent charity, and his name heralded to the world, for his unbounding benevolence; but when I saw him turn the unfed beggar from his door, my heart acknowledged rather the poor wayfarer, who divided with him his last cent, and spoke to him words of sympathy and kindness.

I have known, one, mid raging flames, and angry waves, and wild winds, peril his own life, and run fearful hazards, to save others from a fearful death—and when that wild cry of anguish, that agonizing shriek for help was turned to one of heartfelt thanks, I deemed it more grateful to his ear than the plaudits that the world rung out to him.

I have known one, who has sat with honor in the councils of our nation, and done glorious deeds upon the field of battle, his name rung with applause as the song of triumph and of victory, came wafted upon the southern gale, but I know that dearer far to him than shout, or war-won laurels, was the grateful look of the relieved sufferer, and the warm welcome of the *poor*—and happier was he when in the obscurity of evening, he could unobserved, leave at the widow's or the poor man's door, those comforts which all but he forgot to give.

It is not the mere initiation into the *secrets* of the Order, nor loud professions of devotedness to the cause of philanthropy and benevolence, that constitutes an Odd Fellow. It is not alone in the fold of Christ, that the deceiver puts on the livery of truth, and goodness—motives of interest and ambition, induce many a one to assume the name of "Odd Fellow," whose heart is as ignorant of the true duties and principles of the institution as the poles of the tropical heat; and though one may attain the highest rank in the order, and fill with dignity its several offices, yet if his heart be not interested in the noble work of ameliorating the condition of the suffering and destitute, he has no honest title to the name of "Odd Fellow, while there are many out of the Order, whose whole lives are a perfect exemplification of its noble principles.

I care not whether it be in the munificent bequest, the humble yet ready and efficient assistance, the widow's mite, or even the silent tear of sympathy, when there is naught else to give; whoever from the promptings of a noble heart, from a generous sympathy for the unfortunate and distressed, extends to a fellow creature that aid which he needs and which is his due; who answers to the cry of suffering; who responds to the pleadings of the destitute; the wail of the widow and the orphan; whose hand is ever ready to relieve the needy, and his ear open to the cry of the oppressed; who is ever ready to "weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice," and who always as far as lies in his power, obeys the golden rule of our Savior—he is the Odd Fellow.

Leaky Vessels,—It sometimes happens that the business transactions of our Lodges comes to be known throughout the community almost as soon as they are in the Lodge. If a candidate is proposed the public is aware of it; if he is rejected it is known to the whole community, and if he is elected, he is accosted by the multitude with certain inquiries respecting his probable entrance to the altar.

The Lodge is blamed for rejecting one and for electing another, and the members are constantly assailed by the public with harsh, words, all because the public is ready to meddle with that which does not interest it, and because there are *lea y vesrels* that go out from the Lodge to stir up the tongues of the wonder-loving and tale-bearing. Brethren do not intend to speak to the public of Lodge transactions, but they have a habit of tattling—telling all they know—leaking out every thing and they don't think of the consequences. This habit should be abandoned, and if we cannot prevent the vessel's leaking out we should stop the Lodge from pouring in.—*Covenant.*

Social Intercourse.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and natural claim, as the reluctant—the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance—the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down; with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

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A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle but was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top-gallant forecastle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

'How cool and clear it looks,' said a tall, powerful young seaman; 'I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?'

'That for the sharks!' burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group: 'we'll have a jolly good bath when the second mate goes in to dinner.' In about half an hour the dinner-bell rang. The boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of of Leigh: they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

'You no swim to-day, Ned?' said he, addressing me. 'Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swin after him—him run like debbel.' I was tempted, and, like the rest, was soon ready. In quick succession we jumped off the spritsail yard, the black leading. We had scarcely been in the water five minutes, when some voice in-board cried out, 'A shark! a shark!' In an instant every one of the swimmers came tumbling up the ship's sides, half mad with fright, the gallant black among the rest. It was a false alarm. We felt angry with ourselves for being frightened, angry with those who had frightened us, and furious with those who had laughed at us. In another moment we were all again in the water, the black and myself swimming some distance from the ship. For two successive voyages there had been a sort of rivalry between us: each fancied that he was the best swimmer, and we were now testing our speed.

'Well done, Ned!' cried some of the sailors from the forecastle. 'Go it, Sambo!' cried some others. We were both straining our utmost, excited by the cheers of our respective partisans. Suddenly the voice of the boatswain was heard shouting, 'A shark! a shark! Come back for God's sake!'

'Lay aft, and lower the cutter down,' then came faintly on our ear. The race instantly ceased. As yet, we only half believed what we heard, our recent fright being still fresh in our memories.

'Swim for God's sake!' cried the captain, who was now on deck: 'he has not yet seen you. The boat, if possible, will get between you and him. Strike out, lads, for God's sake!' My heart stood still: I felt weaker than a child as I gazed with horror at the dorsal fin of a large shark on the starboard quarter. Though in the water, the perspiration dropped from me like rain: the black was striking out like mad for the ship.

'Swim, Ned—swim!' cried several voices; 'they never take black when they can get white.'

I did swim, and that desperately; the water foamed past me. I soon breasted the black, but could not head him. We both strained every nerve to be first, for we each fancied the last man would be eaten. Yet we scarcely seemed to move: the ship appeared as far as ever from us. We were both powerful swimmers, and both of us swim in the French way called *la brasse*, or hand ever hand in English. There was something the matter with the boat's falls, and they could not lower her.

'He sees you now!' was shouted; 'he is after you!' Oh the agony of that moment! I thought of everything at the same instant, at least so it seemed to me then. Scenes long forgotten rushed through my brain with the rapidity of lightning, yet in the midst of this I was striking out madly for the ship. Each moment I fancied I could feel the pilot-fish touching we, and I almost screamed with agony. We were now not ten yards from the ship; fifty ropes were thrown to us; but, as if by mutual instinct, we swam for the same.

'Hurra! they are saved!—they are alongside!' was shouted by the eager crew. We both grasped the rope an the same time; a slight struggle ensued; I had the highest hold. Regardless of everthing but my own safety, I placed my feet on the black's shoulders, scrambled up the side, and fell exhausted on the deck. The negro followed roaring with pain, for the shark had taken away part of his heel. Since then, I have never bathed at sea; nor, I believe, has Sambo been ever heard again to assert that he would swim after a shark if he met one in the water.

CHARITY.

Great minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies, and sympathize with the feelings of their fellow creatures. It is only the narrow-minded who make no allowance for the faults of others.

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TRUTH.

At the commencement of our subject we may adopt, in the spirit of humble inquiry, the words which were used by Pilate in captious pride—"What is Truth!"

A due comprehension of the signification which we propose to give to the term is necessary, in order to a right understanding of any reflections that may be offered upon it.

When we speak of the investigation of truth, we mean, the ascertaining of the nature, properties and relations of things in general—thus a *natural truth*, or *moral truth*, is the understanding of some fact in nature or morals, and in this view Truth is the same knowledge, and is confined to the mind.

In the first place, then, Truth is knowledge.

Secondly. There is truth in action—and this depends upon the state of the heart.

Every lover of truth then, in the first sense, is a lover of knowledge; and although his circumstances and engagements may preclude philosophical investigation of the phenomena of nature, and inquiry into the mysteries of the metaphysical world, yet he will take due advantage of all available means and opportunites to make himself acquainted with all knowledge necessary for *living* and for *dying*—in a word, with his own nature and requirements—the relation in which he stands to his Creator and to mankind—his whole duty as a reasonable and accountable being.

I know there are sophists who attempt to mislead, by saying that ignorance and simplicity conduce to piety and virtue—and that the fruit of the tree of knowledge leads to misery, from the days of Adam down—but the examples which they give of men of great talents, wild and erratic in their courses as comets, and like them threatening desolation to the world which they have lit up with the lurid glare of their brightness, can never disprove the fact, that the improvement of the mind has a direct tendency to "mend the manners and improve the heart."

There are anomalies in the mental and moral world as in the natural; and the men of pre-eminent genius who have been pre-eminent in vice, have never possessed well-balanced minds, but have cultivated some of the faculties of their mind without due attention to the others; and the preponderance thus produced has caused the deviousness and irregularity which have furnished to some a pretext for continuance in ignorance. "Be wise as serpents, but harmless as doves." Let wisdom reign in the mind, and peace and love in the heart.

How absurd is it to contend, that knowledge of itself causes the heart to diverge from rectitude. Surely they who are familiar with the philosophy of life, who are enabled to trace effects to their remote causes; who can duly estimate conduct and actions, with all their dependencies, and in all their results, will be enabled to see in what true happiness consists, and will pursue it in that rational manner in which alone it is to be found. The due apprehension of truth, then, in the mind obviously and necessarily leads to truth, as contained in the second proposition—truth in the heart and the evidence of it in action.

Truth in action is the result of a due apprehension of the nature of things. And as true happiness can consist in virtue alone, and the proper exercise of our faculties and affections—then as all men seek for happiness, they will pursue it in the path of virtue and honor, provided their mind is capable of placing a proper estimate upon the things of this world, and of giving to each its due share of consideration, and no more.

The mind, then is the grand regulator of the heart; and if right—if its faculties all be in proper exercise, and properly balanced, then all will be right—and the moral faculties will be in subservience to, and animated by it, just as the planets move around, and are influenced by, their grand central regulator —the sun.

Truth in action, then, is a proper discharge of duty, at all stations, at all times and in all circumstances—and comprises at once the whole law of life. If it is necessary to be more explicit, I would ask the question, if a man fails to perform the duties of any office, the acceptance of which was at once a pledge that he would perform them, does not every act in which he omits his duty, or transcends it, prove him guilty of falsity as fully and effectually as if he had broken directly his word—and what will apply to any one office will apply to all offices and duties whatever. Truth in action is therefore that course of conduct which is proper and just to be pursued—it is justice—a rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. In rulers it is justice and mercy—in subjects obedience and love—in citizens it is patriotism and public spirit—in parents it is diligent nurturing—in children filial piety—in masters it is kindness—in servants fidelity—in the merchant it is fairness—in the judge impartiality—in all it is benevolence and love—love to the creature and Creator.

Truth in speech might be included, indeed, in the foregoing, and shall receive only a passing remark. I must contend, however, that fairness of speech depends in the first place, upon a proper state of the mind; and that no one capable of placing a proper estimate upon human actions will be guilty of a vice so contemptible, and so utterly at var-

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ance with the first principles of our nature. The disadvantages resulting from lying are so apparent that motives of policy (to throw principle out of the question) would restrain any man of correct mind from indulging in it. But besides falsehood direct in the use of words that are manifestly intended to deceive, there is another practice equally mischievous in its tendencies, and alike repugnant to just and honorable principles—I allude to the practice of deceiving, by the use of language of dubious import, carefully arranged, so as to convey a wrong impression to the hearer, and thus *seemingly* preserve the semblance of truth, while a lie is propagated. The intention of language is, to communicate our ideas and thoughts to others; and what difference is it, in the sight of God, or to the person addressed, whether we impose upon him by the lie *direct* or the lie *circumlocutory*.

Neither is the falsehood less deleterious or less immoral, when we create a false impression—by the lying eye, the frown—the assent or negative of the head, or by the pointing of a finger. Indeed in all these latter cases, while the crime is the same the meanness is greater—and those doing so, are so lost to the dignity of manhood, and given over to lowness and cunning, that they are guilty of the meanness of it, without having (if I may so speak) the moral courage even to *lie* in a manly manner.

This much will suffice to have said respecting Truth. And it is this Truth which is inculcated by the precepts of Odd Fellowship —to ascertain what is duty—to practice it in action and in speech, and in all things to live up to the dignity of human nature.

It is enjoined upon us in our obligations, and enforced in all our emblems, speaking to the heart through the eye, to reverence and obey God as the great Creator and Ruler of all things; to be subject to the laws of the land; and while we are knitted more closely in the bonds of love to the brethren, to be just, charitable and humane to all mankind.

These three cardinal virtues, then, "Friendship, Love and Truth," are the foundations upon which Odd Fellowship rests—and will rest unshaken by the storms of persecution, or the underminings of insidious malevolence. These three virtues are the standard to which all our actions are to come; and if, owing to the infirmities of the flesh and the entanglements of the world, the lives of many of our members do not come up to the standard, it is certainly no reasonable objection against the system—for even the system of Christianity has to lament that the walk of many is not in perfect accordance with its holy principles.

In this elucidation of the primary virtues of Odd Fellowship, I have endeavored to shew to those out of the Order that we have been both misunderstood and misrepresented; and that instead of sapping the foundations of civil and religious liberty, we are coworkers with the patriot and religionist in the great cause of morality and freedom. I hope that members of the Order will take occasion to throw these papers in the way of those for whose especial use they were penned.

Animated by the glorious thought, that a consistent course will overcome all opposition, and demonstrate the beauty and utility of the principles by which we are governed, our cause has nothing to fear—"Truth, is mighty and will prevail"—or, in the language of poet:—

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error wounded writhes in pain,
Amid a thousand worshippers."

PEACE.—How beautiful is peace—at the home hearth, in society, in the nation, and over all the earth. Obliterator of feuds—washer out of blood-stains, and uniter of earth's races in loving brotherhood. Six thousand years since, Cain smote his brother at the altar, the earth has travailed with war, and in blood. The only landmarks spared by the ages, have been trophies of ferocious conquest. Ruin and terror have swept over hills and valleys, and seas; and humanity, born with such noble and glorious visage, has walked a perturbed and terrible spirit, in this earth garden and paradise of God. Peace, which should have been the companion of man, and the inspirer of beauty and joy, has only flashed at brief and wide intervals through the cloud and storm of earth's life. But it will not be ever so. The war of humanity with itself—its suicidal strife—its estrangement from its original nature, and from God, cannot always last. Eighteen hundred years ago, one came upon the earth, heralded by angels, who sang "Peace on earth, and good will unto men." And the prophecy of that song will come to pass. The unnatural war among men, societies, and nations, must cease. Slowly, but certainly, the cloud and tempest will roll back, unveiling the clear and serene sky, and humanity, self-bound, like Prometheus to the rock, will shake off the vulture which tortures it to agony. Peace will come to all the earth, for God has sent a token and given promise of it. Then shall the dove fly out from the human ark, over the wide sea of earth's ruin, plucking the olive leaf, and the bow of promise shall be hung in the heavens, that the water of war's desolation shall no more cover the earth.

The friend who will tell us of our faults, in kindness, is the most trusty, and the one most to be courted for his friendship.

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[ORIGINAL]

FADELESS FLOWERS.

BY REV. BRO. H. GILLMORE.

I saw some flowers with brilliant hue,
Unfold their beauty, and their pride;
And as I wondered, not a few
Were nipped by early frosts, and died!

So with the brighter joys, and mirth,
That oft are blasted in a day;
The momentary things of earth,
That bloom awhile then die away!

But, let no hasty tongue declare,
That none can feel themselves secure;
That none on earth can ever share
In flowers, and fruits, that long endure!

There are some verdant spots below,
Where FRIENDSHIP holds a pleasing sway;
Where LOVE doth precious gifts bestow,
And TRUTH points out the pilgrim's way.

Here flowers are seen that ever bloom,
And shed their fragrance all abroad;
Drive from the heart despair, and gloom,
Where none deceive and none defraud!

* * * * * * * *

Life's toils, and cares shall pass away,
The THUNDER and the STORM shall cease;
And if we PRESS we'll win the day,
And REST amid the bowers of peace!

That is a pure, cerulean clime,
Where crowns to all the good are giv'n;
"Beyond the bounds of space and time."
Where bloom the FADLESS FLOWERS OF HEAVEN!

NEW ALBANY, IND., June, 20 1852.

[ORIGINAL]

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Here I am seated in a cool and pleasant room in the Madison Hotel. I am tired, for I have been wandering about the city seeing what is to be seen, and taking items as I pass. And now, as the cool evening breeze floats through the room imparting its freshness to me, I gaze out of my window upon the surrounding scenery. Before me flows the Ohio, its ruffled waters flashing in the suns setting rays; beyond, the dark green hills rise tipped with a coronet of gold, while every window towards the west gleams with brilliant light. Here then, I'll spend an hour in repose, and noting down what I've seen, and heard—part I'll send to you,—part I'll keep in my private note book, as unsuited for other eyes than mine.

Having spent some eight or ten days in this goodly city, I have some slight knowledge of its people, its business, and its appearance. Madison is a neat compactly built city—better built as a whole than any other city of Indiana I have seen. It possesses more fine residences, and better blocks of business houses than your city; perhaps has more capital among its business men, and more wealth among its citizens. I doubt whether so many of its mechanics and day laborers have homes of their own as in your place, nor has it finer churches or school houses. Its amount of business is larger, but the disparity is not so great as formerly. Extensive preparations are being made to engage in boat building; this will add much to the permanent wealth of the city.

In my wanderings I find many warm-hearted Odd Fellows, such as make you feel there is a common tie of kindred that binds you to them. And here the Order ranks high; some of the first and most influential have stood before our altars and sat beneath the patriarch's tent. They have a fine large hall —splendidly and neatly furnished—superior to any I have yet seen. I have been in it several times, at Lodge and Encampment, and have found the members ardently attached to the order as it is, and willing to do everything in their power to advance and elevate the intellectual, social and moral character of man—the legitimate aim of the Order. True, here as everywhere, the Order is injured by a few, whose highest ambition is to *know how* to work in and out of a Lodge and draw their benefits. This class, however, is everywhere growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less." The vast majority of the Order, here, if I am correctly posted, are Odd Fellows good and true, and so far as I have met them, I have found it so.

By the way, when we parted you told me to speak of your intended publication, I have done so, and the almost universal remark is, "Just what is needed." The work will take well here, I think.

To-morrow I leave for the "City of Railroads." But while I am here permit me to say, that I still find the Madison Hotel, (the only one however that I ever put up at in the city) the same well kept house. It's landlord, Mr. Browning, is kind and gentlemanly in his bearing, and withal, an Odd Fellow,—his servants are careful and attentive, his table furnished with the best the market affords, and his rooms and beds clean and well furnished. The last two items very necessary to a traveller's comfort.

After a rapid, shaking, rolling ride of five and a half hours I found myself comfortably seated at the sumptuous table of the "Wright House," Indianapolis. I know nothing of the other hotels of this city of Railroads, never having visited them under their present proprietors, but I shall have no disposition to change quarters so long as the "Wright House" is as well kept as it now is.

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In this city I spent some ten or twelve days. Saw and heard all that I could, and more of both than I wanted to. Met old friends, visited Asylums, and other public buildings. wandered over the city "foot-back" and in buggy until I think I saw about all that was worth seeing; and above all I saw "*Power's Greek Slave.*" That alone was worth the trip.

Indianapolis will compare favorably with your place or Madison,—and as a place for pleasant residences, I think superior to both. It is neatly and tastefully laid out (baring those abominable diagonals.) Wide airy streets, large lots, fine shades trees, beautiful flower gardens, and plenty of elbow room. It is decidedly a pretty place, but not so well built, as it might be. Its public buildings are magnificent. Its asylums are an honor to the State and ornaments to the city.

Here, too, I found some Odd Fellows, a very current article in this region, with very little base coin; none that I found. I had the pleasure of visiting the Encampment and Lodges, and here found the same devotion to the Order, the same effort to advance the intellectual and social interest of the members. As far as I am capable of judging there is very little of that "*picayuneness*" of feeling here, that would produce intellectual or moral darkness for the sake of a "*fip.*" They have a fine library, and plenty of money to purchase more books.

I was informed by the Grand Secretary, Willis W. Wright, than whom a more faithful and capable officer, or genuine, noble hearted Odd Fellow does not exist, that the order is still progressing in this State, and is in a healthier condition than ever before. Here also, so far as I can learn your work will take well.

This city is becoming quite staid and puritanical. *They keep Sunday by law!* No shaving, buggy-riding, soda-drinking, cigar buying or anything of that kind can be done on Sunday without the offender becoming liable for a fine. I was here the first Sabbath the law went in force, and *long beards* were plenty—very plenty; *long faces*, and some *long swearing*.

Leaving Indianapolis, after a short ride of two hours, in the easiest car I ever entered, I reached Greencastle. How changed to what it was when eleven years ago I used to "fence it in" with race, and laugh, and shout, and fun. A few places, and a few only look familiar. One or two ancient corners, the old tread-wheel carding machine, and the University. All else to me is changed. I too am changed,—and many that climbed with me the hill of science, have undergone the last, the final change. Peace to your ashes, companions of my school-boy days, wherever you may lie.

The place is much improved in appearance and much larger. The New Albany and Michigan Railroad passes through it. Its college under charge of the M. E. Church is said to be prospering finely.

I saw most of the Odd Fellows in the place, renewed some old acquaintances, but did not have the pleasure of attending the Lodge. The order here is flourishing—the members enthusiastic and true; and swaying an influence for good in the community.

I remained but one day in Greencastle, but the remembrance of that day will rest upon heart like a pleasant dream.

A short ride behind the "iron horse" brought me to the "Prairie City." Terre Haute, up to this date, is the most beautiful city I ever saw. Her prairie situation—her fine groves—her tree-lined streets—her handsome dwellings—and all that nature aided by simple art can do is there,—and with her coronet of green, she sits upon the bosom of her flowery prairie, with the gentle Wabash murmuring at her feet, the acknowledged beauty of the State.

I know but little of her business, as my stay was necessarily short; but I found true hearted and kind Odd Fellows,—those who insisted on paying attention to me whether I would or not. P. G. M. Brown here keeps hotel—his name and that of his wife are sufficient praise for it.

The Order is in fine condition here, I am informed by the members,—still increasing in numbers, wealth, and influence.

After spending a day in Terre Haute, and the Sabbath in Indianapolis, I took passage for Franklin, Johnson county. I looked around the town, which I found much improved, and visited many of the members of the Order, with whom I had the pleasure of meeting at night in their hall. They would have a pleasant room, if it could be ventillated. But it is hot—hotter—hottest, according to the weather—but their hearts are as warm as the room and much better ventilated.

But here I stop for I am in good hands,—among the old friends of my progenitors. When next you will hear from me I cannot tell,—it may be a week—it may be never. Good bye. Fraternally,

JUNE, 1852. COSMOPOLITE.

God reveals himself in all his work, and speaks to man be perfect. We should heed all admonitions emanating from His handiwork to bring about this great end, *perfection.*

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(ORIGINAL.)

ODD FELLOWSHIP—ITS POSITION AND MISSION.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, P. H. P.

There is not now the opposition to secret societies that existed some years ago. Then, whoever could socially or politically behead a Mason or Odd Fellow, considered himself as having "done the State some service." Indeed, so meritorious was the work, that it was considered an estoppal upon the pains and penalties of purgatory. More excellent was he who destroyed a Mason than he who "converted a soul," and who exposed an Odd Fellow had more honor than those who "went about doing good." Political parties were formed to suppress them. Grave ecclesiastical bodies fulminated their thunders and sat up miniature inquisitions. The right of private judgment was flatly forbidden.

A change has come. The opposition has mainly ceased. The batteries of persecution have been silenced. Odd Fellowship has weathered the storm, she has out-rode the tempest, and now with sails all set, and decks crowded, and banners floating she sails upon a smooth sea.

The present position of Odd Fellowship is an enviable one. In almost every town and village Lodges have been erected and bonds of *brotherhood* formed. Among her sons we see some of the first and noblest citizens of our land. Popularity, position, wealth, commanding social influence are all hers. She is no longer a suppliant for the privilege of living. She stands entrenched and nobly defended by her thousands of pure-hearted, stout-handed sons. Danger from *without* she may safely despise.

This, then, is the present position of Odd Fellowship. The necessity of defending first principles and laying the foundations of the Order has passed by. There is *now* needed care in the erection of the superstructure, and filling up the temple.

What is the future work of Odd Fellowship?

Whenever an association has completed its design it is impossible longer to perpetuate its existence. Lacking vitality,—lacking the soul of *purpose* which once animated it, it soon fades and dies.

And it has been said that the mission of Odd Fellowship was completed. This we do not believe. True, if pecuniary benefits were the principle design this would be so. Life and health insurance companies can more cheaply accomplish this purpose. Here is a hopeful indication. Those who have knocked at our portals for admission, heretofore, from mercenary motives, who have been moved only by the "currency" *quid pro quo*, will now go elsewhere. They can do more with the illimitable dollar elsewhere. We will be rid of them. *So mote it be*. They have often destroyed our brighest aims and purest plans. They have been the "Old Fogies" of the Order, and if we had the slashing pen of Sanders we would "do them justice." Whenever ought has been set on foot calculated to elevate the intellect and improve the heart, they have raised the alarm and cried out "take oare of the funds of the Order." They wish them carefully tended as they "soon expect to be sick" and wish to have ample benefits during their illness. We would zealously guard our funds, but we would more zealously watch over our *interests*. We say we rejoice in the hope that our Order will suffer less henceforth from these odd fogies—the stultified enemies of "Progress."

We do not believe that Odd Fellowship is now completed "ready for fencing and painting." We believe there is for her a bright and glorious future.

Odd Fellowship is to exert a beneficial and healthy influence upon education and literature. Already several periodicals are published devoted to the interests of the Order. They are conducted with various merit. There is an increasing demand for this class of periodicals and their number will be regulated by the law of supply and demand. A large number of pens are employed and minds aroused up to think and hands to write that would else remain in idleness. This will evidently aid in the dissemination of truth and light. This is no small matter and when we take into consideration the fact that a true Odd Fellow organ *must* be found upon the side of *pure* literature, in opposition to the floods of *trash* that overflow the land, its importance becomes heightened.

Odd Fellowship is the hand-maid of Religion, using the Press to advance the cause of "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

Another matter which has caused the alarm of Fogies and called for the peculiar interposition of the *safe men* who *guard the funds*, is the creation of Lodge Libraries. But we hail it as an evidence of progress,—sound, healthy progress. Many who join our fraternity are poor men,—day laborers. They can do little more than earn a scanty subsistence. But they have minds. They have intellects of the first water. It is to be the future mission of Odd Fellowship to polish and elevate those minds, to furnish them means of acquiring those sciences now a sealed book. And mark the prediction, it *will be done*. The "savans of the Order" cannot arrest the spirit. The day is not far distant when every Lodge will have its circulating library, and reading room. There the

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Odd Fellow will find the documents of his Order. The mechanic will find the works of Arkwright, Ferguson and others. The student of history will find the pages of Irving, Prescott, Theirs, Bancroft, Gibbon, Macauley, Hume and McIntosh before him and he may explote the wondrous and mysterious past. The student of eloquence will turn over the pages of Pitt, Fox, Curran, Grattan, Webster, Calhoun, Clay—those men of collossal minds and universal name. The student of poetry will find grand old Chaucer, Homer, Milton, Pope,—among the bards of modern times he will find Bryant, Tennyson Hemans, Longfellow. He will be permitted to trace the flashes of Byron's fire-chariot, and muse with Scott among the dreams and phantasies of wonder-land. The student of fine arts will find food for his mental wants. But we stop this enumeration. Who can estimate the advantages of Odd Fellowship upon the intelligence and literature of the day! We answer no one. Yet surely has the finger of destiny pointed to this as *a portion* of the *future* of our Order. From the Lodge shall go forth rays of light dissipating error and aiding in the establishment of pure Universal Truth!

The mission of Odd Fellowship is *to man*. It cannot be, then, that she is to do nothing in the glorious angelic work of elevating humanity!! Providence has clearly called her to this and she must obey. She must obey or write "Ichabod" upon her "door-posts and lintels."

We are admonished by our manuscript that we are intruding upon these columns. We know, too, that long articles are seldom read. These considerations induce us to pause upon the very threshold of the topics selected. Pause we then and say that Odd Fellowship is not *finished*. High is its position *now*, but higher yet shall it reach. It is not fettered by the immovable chains of "ancient usage." It goes out to benefit man—to aid in the work of bringing man into the bonds of Universal Brotherhood. In this work there may, there should be adaptation to the exigences of the times. We advocate a sound progress. That the Order is susceptible of this is seen by the late addition of the "Daughters of Rebekah" to our degrees. True, some have prophesied evil and overthrow—but fear not "these two smoking firebrands." There is an influence given to the Order now that never was before. And mark the future results. Odd Fellows will not have to *be made* hereafter, they will *be born!* Aye, young Odd Fellowship will be a glorious affair. It will be imbibed with the maternal milk and grow with the growth and strengthen with the strength. Woman's influence will not make Odd Fellowship beautiful—it is that now—but add to its beauty. It will be the "apple of gold in the picture of silver."

These are some of the thoughts that have sometimes flitted through our chambers of thought. We have asked ourselves what shall become of the Order! Some of our cogitations are before the readers of this Magazine, although we do not commit the editors to their support. We are not so conservative as some of our brethren, nor are we so radical as some others. But we protest against the groveling view so often presented that *money paid* constitutes the principal "benefits" of the Order! The idea is mercenary and unworthy any one who has put his hand to the Covenant or sat down for refreshment in the tent of the Patriarchs.

We have only to guard the internal purity of the Order and permit it to move onward in newly opening paths. Let none enter whose principles are numbered by the "loaves and fishes." If we do this, and keep our noble bark before the wind all will go well. But don ttrust the quarter-deck or helm to men who tremble when the fire burns blue, or closehaul at every cap-full of wind.

With one thought more this article shall close The attention of the Order is now being called to some important changes. These will be discussed,—you cannot prevent that. But let the discussions be such as become "Brothers." Let fair down-right hard logic be employed and may the right prevail. But let every small, heated, personal controversy "or other improper debate be forbidden under a penalty."

Madison, Ind., June 10, 1852.

THE TRUE LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and the light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of wealth; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this, but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can give vitality to the mechansim of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the tears that freshen the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death which startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

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LINES FROM AN ALBUM.

In my wanderings I came across the following, in a young lady's album, from the pen of Indiana's gifted poetess—Mrs. Sarah T. Bolton. As I have never seen it in print, I send it to you for publication:—B

"I give thee all—I can no more—
Though poor the offering be."

MOORE.

Upon the tablet thou hast brought,
My muse would fain entwine
A little wreath of starry thought,
For memory's sacred shrine.

A wish—a token to defy
Oblivion's ruthless wave;
A pleasant word to speak, when I
Am slumbering in the grave.

On girlhood's sunny path of flowers,
Thy footsteps linger now,
And time with fairy-fingered hours,
Has lightly touched thy brow,

And gentle thoughts, unschooled by art,
Within thy breast repose,
Like dew-drops in the glowing heart,
Of some unfolding rose.

For worlds, I would not dim a star,
That on thy spirit beams,
Nor, for a single moment, mar
The eden of thy dreams.

No. hoard the light of girlhood still,
It is a blessed boon—
Life's cold realities will chill
Thy glad, young heart too soon.

But if a wish, a prayer of mine,
Could weave a guardian spell,
Dear girl, the talisman is thine;
God bless thee, fare thee well!

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND POLITICS.

The tendencies of Odd Fellowship, in a political point of view, may be estimated by the humanizing influence it exerts over the angry passions and discordant dispositions of our nature, and the wide dissemination of that moral virtue which is the true cement of our civil institutions. That feature of our institution which secures to the orphan the blessings of an education, if it had no other merit, should endear it to the heart of the patriot and the philanthropist. Education is one of the chief agents in the maintenance of both religious and political liberty—it is the sworn foe of both the fanatic and the demagogue—without it no people can properly estimate rational liberty, or long remain a free people. In the very nature of things, the influence of Odd Fellowship as a dispenser of education, will be felt in those classes of society which are most generally deprived of its advantages, and who can estimate the moral force and stability it will thus impart to the Government, by exalting the majesty of the laws, and surrounding the chair of the Chief Magistrate with a pure and enlightened constituency! The mind of a nation is its noblest treasure—and in proportion as it glows and glitters with the luster of such jewels, will be the permanency of its institutions, and purity of its administration.

"I know that it is the cant cry of the demagogue, that such societies as ours are dangerous to Government. This objection might be urged with some show of reason in an arbitrary Government, known only to the people by its exactions and oppressions, but in a country like ours, where every citizen is a sovereign, and the magistrate only reflects the will of the people, by whose free suffrages he has been raised to office, and to whose ranks he must return by the operation of a Republican rotation—the objection savors of distrust in the capacity of virtuous citizens, to uphold and maintain the Government they have created. The records of history show that the most objectionable forms of secret associations in the old world, have ever been leagues formed against oppression, and in all their political interferences, they have invariably done battle in behalf of popular rights—much more must an *Order*, the constitution of which precludes the introduction of political or religious discussions in its Lodges, and which, while it cherishes the most exalted sentiments of patriotism, inculcates the most elevated moral duties—be regarded as conservative in its tendency.—C.

There is in the heart of every good man a something, I may call it an essence, which partakes not of the selfish, the *entire* personal. In such a heart, a lurking place always does exist, where a feeling of human kindness sits, and which, now and then, through life. exercises and asserts its power over the minds and actions of mankind. Few men can be found who dare assume that they were created exclusively for themselves—entirely for their own personal existence; that life belongs to them for their own gratifications, their own purely selfish desires and pursuits; that mankind in general possess no claim whatever upon them, either physically or morally. I repeat, few men dare face such a doctrine of wrapped up selfishness.

That mankind are a vast brotherhood, a world-wide brotherhood, is the everlasting substratum upon which are based the great and grand principles of our beloved Order, Odd-Fellowship. Caste and station, power and weakness, riches and poverty, are all

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sunk to a standard level by Odd-Fellowship.

"The mountains it levels, the valleys it raises,"

and places all upon the platform of Friendship, Lover and Truth. This is no abstraction—the Odd-Fellows' motto just quoted; it is a sign of reality throughout the world. It is the signal of welcome to the "stranger at the gate;" it is the harbinger of joy to the invalid on the bed of pain. To the widow it is the pillar of fire by night, and the cloud by day; with the orphan it is the token of a guiding hand through the dark wilderness of ignorance to the fair light of education.

The increase of Odd-Fellowship throughout Christendom within the short space of half a century, is a good guarantee of its efficacious tendency to humanity, and of its richness in that heavenly staple, the milk of genuine "human kindness." That it tends to elevate mankind above his pristine selfish state, is fully proven by the same grand result. That its growth will continue, and its field expand, can not be doubted, so long as the uninitiated nations of the world remain to be brought in. Its spread is continual, eastward, westward, northward and southward. Its luminous trail is upon every sea, and its virgin light penetrates the remote islands of all the oceans. The genius of Odd Fellowship speeds to distant hemispheres on the wings of ever breeze, and carries gladness to the dim eyes of millions who even yet sit in heathen darkness. Her spirit is unpent, her power is as potent as the Christian spirit that conceived her. The child of God, and the twin sister of Religion, wherever a prayer is breathed in holiness, there bursts forth the spirit of Odd Fellowship; and wherever Odd Fellowship sits in the midst of man's habitations, there hath God created an altar for the perpetuity of his great designs, the perfection of mankind, their union in one brotherhood.

READ THIS.

The Mirror of the Times says—"I have ascertained to my entire satisfaction, and have no hesitancy to assert it as a fact, that in every instance of failure on the part of the Lodges to keep up a feeling of general interest in the work of the Order, it is to be attributed to the circumstances of their members not taking those journals of the Order which are calculated to keep them well and truly posted up in matters of Odd Fellowship. Members of the fellowship who know nothing of the proceedings of the Order, beyond the routine of business transacted in their own Lodges, cannot in the nature of things take and manifest an interest in the general prosperity.

ORIGINAL.

LINES ON VISITING THE OHIO FALLS.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

Oh I could dwell forever near this scene,
And list the music of these foaming waves;
My spirit wild would revel full of bliss,
'Mid their loud mourning through these rocky caves.

A strange enchantment has the water's roar,
For this lone, dreamy, wayward soul of mine;
My grateful heart its gushings wild doth pour
In untaught numbers here at nature's shrine,
And longs to feel its pinions free to soar
'Mid the bright stars that o'er these beauties shine.

Words cannot breathe the rapture of this hour,
Or paint the beauty of this island scene;
The dash of waters in their ceaseless course,
The distant forests in their autumn sheen.
My soul is laden with excess of joy,
And stores food with haste for long future days;
Weaving bright jewels time dares not destroy,
With memory's mystic, soft, yet burning rays;
Coining the heart's gold, free of all alloy,
To purchase light to cheer earth's darksome ways.

Rare melody is dwelling all around,
Which through long years will echo in my soul
A magic power my spirits harp now sweeps,
Love's sweetest strains from its full anthems roll.
Farewell dear scene; with tears I breathe adieu,
My heart is full, too full one word to speak:
Brief are all moments such as these, and few,
Yet 'reft of them life's waste, how dark, how bleak:
My soul has caught each moment as it flew,
And with them tinted heart, and brow, and cheek.

VEVAY, INDIANA, JUNE, 1852.

PURITY.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

If there be one virtue more heavenly, more angelic than another, that one is *Purity*. It is the radiant circlet of pearls that surrounds the jewel of holiness—a barrier to all sin—a brilliant token of the seraph loveliness which it embraces. A pure soul is the nearest approach to perfect bliss that can be attained amid the toils and troubles of the world. Well was it said "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." O that I might behold the eye over which pass and repass, like mirrored sunbeams, the bright imaginings of a holy mind—the pure thoughts which speak the unpolluted soul, and beam forth on the weary eye of the world-wanderer like glimpses of the golden heaven caught through the dark clouds of a stormy sky. Dear, lovely Purity, I will embrace thee! Whithersoever thou art, will I follow!

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

Almost unannounced "THE WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE" is presented to the Fraternity. We trust that its merits and the wants of the Order in the West may hold us free from the charge of egotism and presumption. Time-honored custom has rendered it proper on occasions like the present for publishers and editors to announce their intentions and to define their position. Below will be found the publishers salutatory. For ourselves we have little to say, as we prefer to be judged of by what we DO and not by what we PROMISE.

We have undertaken to cater for the public in general, and for the members of the Fraternity in particular; and we are prepared to bring to the work whatever of talent, ability, and knowledge of the theory and practice of Odd Fellowship we may possess or can command from friends and correspondents. Our aim will not be to furnish a periodical of interest to Odd Fellows only, but one whose monthly visit shall be welcomed by their families. Its articles shall always be chaste and elevated in their character and nothing of a doubtful reputation shall be admitted. Original and selected articles upon Odd Fellowship, choice extracts from late standard literary works, both domestic and foreign; news of the Order, its progress and position, especially in the West, will occupy most of its pages.

That such a work as the Magazine is DESIGNED to be, is much needed, no one can for a moment doubt. Whether we shall succeed in furnishing it is the question. We will try.

TO THE INDEPENDENT ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS IN THE WEST.

The rapid increase of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the West, both in numbers and importance, seems to warrant the opinion that a well conducted periodical, devoted to the interests of the fraternity would be well patronized and that it might be made the means of extensive usefulness, not only to individual members of the Order, but also to their families.

Acting on this belief, the subscribers have commenced the publication of the "Western Odd Fellows Magazine." The Magazine will be devoted to the interests of Odd Fellowship, but will contain also matters of interest to others who are not members of the Order. The aim of the publishers will be to furnish a valuable paper, one that will meet the wants of the Order, at a price that will bring it within the means of every one. With a view of making the paper useful and interesting they have succeeded in procuring as contributors, some of the best writers in the West, both in the Order and out of it, and no expense will be spared in rendering the Magazine worthy of the support of the Order in our own State and in the West.

As such enterprises are often looked upon with doubt and suspicion, we will here say, that be our success what it may the publication will be continued for one year, and should the amount of support received be sufficient to guarantee us against loss, it will be continued permanently, lift and health being continued to us.

TERMS.

The Western Odd Fellows Magazine is issued on the first day of each month at one dollar per annum in advance.

JNO. B. ANDERSON,
FRANKLIN WARREN.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The low price at which we propose to issue the Magazine precludes the possibility of our offering any per centage for obtaining subscribers, and we are therefore thrown upon the generosity of our brethren in obtaining subscriptions. We do not intend having a travelling agent, but one of the editors will probably visit a large number of the Lodges in this State during the present month, and a favorable opportunity will thus be afforded those who desire it to subscribe; the friends of the enterprise, however, need not wait for such visit as we wish to learn with some accuracy what number of copies to have printed for the next month.

AN INVITATION.

As it is our design to publish a periodical that will be acceptable to the Order, and one that will be a constant exponent of Odd Fellowship in this State and the West, we invite our friends of the various Lodges to inform us of the condition of the Order amongst them. We also ask for short, well-written communications upon the principles, laws, duties, position, mission, and demands of Odd Fellowship, and for any other matter that may be of interest to the fraterniy at large. This with the exchanges we shall have before issuing the August number will enable us to present to our readers a work of much interest.

The present number has been gotten up in haste, without any means of the kind. Except the timely earticle of Bro. Eddy's, and the poetical contributions of "S," Bro. Gillmore and Mrs. Dufour; all of which were furnished upon very short notice, we have had no assistance. We had no exchanges from which to glean items of interest to the Order—in fact, we had nothing but the types and paper to begin with. As we have already secured several regular contributors, and now inform the members that we will be glad to receive any items of news, names of officers, accounts of celebrations, we shall not hereafter labor under similar difficutlies.

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ODD FELLOWSHIP IN INDIANA.—ITS POSITION AND DUTIES.

The present position of Odd Fellowship in Indiana, is an enviable one. About 15 years ago, a sickly puny thing, it was, with all the failings it then had, struggling for a precarious existence, now there are erected over one hundred altars, dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd Fellowship. around which nearly five thousand good men and true meet, enjoying the intellectal and social feast prepared for them. The excrescences that then hung like an incubus upon the Order have been cut off, and the Order adapted in all its parts to the spirit of the age. Its mysteries are beautiful, its teachings sacred and pure, its plan of practical operation for the relief of the sick and distressed, the best known. Numbering among its adherents many of the best and purest men of our State it assumes an elevated position and sways an influence for good, that is perfectly astonishing to the few who remain of the original number, who, first knelt at the altar of Old No. 1, in this city. Their most sanguine day dreams did not view the Order in its present high and commanding position. But such was the innate excellence of the Order, its capablity to do good, that, the philaothropist viewed is as one of the best means he could use for the dessemiation of the pure principles and practices of benevolence.

With this exalted position, come exalted duties. The influence given us must be exerted in favor of virtue and morlity. Having confidence in man, and the appliances here used, we as the members of the Order must seek to imbue our fellow men with proper conceptions of their privileges and duties, and strive to win them to the cultivation of that fraternal relation designed by the Author of their existence. The mission of the order is a noble one, and if we can but accomplish its high behest in this State, what a vast amount of evil and misery will be dried up or avoided. Let the many Odd Fellows of this State be true to their profession—let them ever act upon that great command of the order, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you"—let them constantly cherish the lessons our ritual teaches, and practise them in their lives—let them "visit the sick, bury the dead, educate the orphan, and protect the widow"—let them in all their dealings "speak and act like honest men," how long would it be ere the Order would wear as a diadem the smile of that God who has commanded all men thus to act?—how long would it be ere

All crimes would cease and ancient fraud would fail,
Returning JUSTICE lift aloft her scale,
PEACE o'r the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed INNOCENCE from heaven descend.

Is it not the mission of the Order to assist in bringing about this period? Do not all its teachings tend to to this great result? Is not this the grand ultimatum of all its imagery, and emblems, and ritual, and written and unwritten work? Let the order then be faithful to its trust, let the members be true to their obligations and they will never regret in this world or the world to come, the efforts they have made to diffuse the holy principles of benevolence and truth.

ENCAMPMENT DEGREES.

These degrees are the subject of much warm discussion at the present time. "To merge or not to merge, that's the question." Whether it is better they should remain as now, or be merged into the Subordiante Lodge, is a question that sorely puzzles the mind of many. We have not mentioned this subject now for the purpose of taking either side in this number. But simply to invite to our columns articles ably discussing the question. We shall not in a future number hesitate to take up the question and use whatever talent we may possess to prevent the abolition of the Encampments, and we trust to be able to give some good reasons why it should not be done.

Permit us, here to add, that as far as we can learn the Patriarchal branch of the Order is in a flourishng conditon in this State. Those who take the degrees, at once are convinced that they are THE HIGHER DEGREES. A spirit of union and prosperity attends the Tent of the Patriarchs in Indiana and we are much mistaken if the Order will willingly consent, that their separate existence shall be destroyed. More anon.

BE FIRM—BE TRUE.

Life is a scene of constant action—an arena upon which immortality is to be won,—not that so called immortality the intellect alone wins, but that eternity of fame good deeds are sure to bring. Around us are objects upon which we may exercise those kindlier feelings of the human heart. The poor are to be cared for—the sick are to be visited—the dead are to buried—the orphan is to be educated—the widow is to be protected. All these duties require firmness of purpose as well as kindness of heart. The cold heartless world will pass them unheeded by—and even sneer at that one, whose spirit of self-denial, and devotion to his race will prompt him to perform these heavenly duties. But fear not, the praise of the world is transient—its frown lasts but an hour. Let it frown or smile, the smallest acts of kindness, even the giving of a cup of cold water shall win the benediction of Almighty God. Be firm in the resolve to perform—be true in the fulfillment of that resolve. Let no motive of self-interest—no syren voice of ease—nor Circean wand of pleasure, allure us from these duties, for "Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and keep himself unspotted from the world."

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MORAL TEACHINGS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

No institution, it matters not how admirable its contrivance, can long exist in an enlightened community unless it possess moral worth. Much as men in their individual capacity may neglect the word of God—little as they may regard its teachings, all successful experiments to benefit the human family, have had a preponderating amount of Bible morality in them. Institutions have prospered or declined as they received or neglected the morals taught by the prophets and evangelists. The Bible reveals to us a system of Truth, Justice and Virtue, without which no institution can long remain in existence. Beneath the superstructure of Odd Fellowship, must be found this substratum of eternal Truth, or its days will soon be numbered.

Associated to imbue man with proper conceptions of his duty to his fellow-man, to teach him gratitude to God, brotherly love and patriotism, there is no fountain so full of pure and proper instruction as the word of God. From the bill of rights which heaven here promulgates, Odd Fellowship derives her charter to assist in mitigating the sufferings of the human race, and lead man to the cultivation of the true fraternal relation designed by his Creator. In assuming this position, the Order infringes upon no prerogative of the church, nor does it enjoin any duty contrary to the command of heaven. It does not assume the right to pardon sin, or hold up a bleeding Jesus as the Savior of the world, but it claims the privilege to assist in giving bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, and clothes to the naked, looking for its reward in that peace and joy which flow from a consciousness of having performed a good and worthy action.

Odd Fellowship assumes, without attempting the proof, that the Bible is a revelation from God, and as such of supreme authority. It demands an acknowledgment of His claims upon us ere we enter its threshhold, and every step we take up the mystic ladder, only increases the evidence, that the Bible, by us, is considered of divine origin. Its laws are appealed to as the point at which argument upon all moral questions is stopped. The Order does not bind a man to the belief of any particular creed, but it does demand of him a full and hearty acknowledgment, of its moral teachings, as found in the law as it was promulgated from Sinai's brow, and in those ever-blessed truths which fell from the lips of the immaculate Jesus. The morals of Odd Fellowship are those of Christianity—they have one and the same origin, and that man who takes upon himself the solemn and binding obligations of the Order, and then is careless of the duties that a pure morality enjoins has forgotten the first lesson he ever learned. We love the Order for its moral teachings. We love it because, while it stands where it now does, God's smiles will rest upon it. God's truth forms its foundation, and there is no doctrine in it the word of God does not sanction—for our strongest covenants are in the language of heaven's inspired volume. Resting here the Order may feel secure. Against it may be hurled the envenomed shafts of our enemies, but in vain. Like that huge rock, that in mid ocean has lifted its head above the surface since time's first morning, and felt every wave of the sea, and every storm that has overswept its waters, but still stands firm and unshaken,—rests the temple of our Order, built upon those great moral truths which God has promulgated and stamped with the seal of his own eternity. Purer morals than those taught in our charges cannot be found. They exist in no earthly code. To the practice of this morality we have all pledged ourselves, and if we forget it, we are recreant to the high trust reposed in us. Odd Fellowship expects its votaries to be pure. Honor, Probity, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Love and Truth, are taught by us with impressive ceremonies. It demands of its followers that virtue which spreads an influence through every department of life, and stamps its holy impress upon all it touches. Those who have taken the various obligations of the Order, learned our mystic signs and tokens, but who neglect to give obedience to the morals of the Bible have forgotten the first and highest duty of the true Odd Fellow. Those who belch forth the blasphemous oath, or habitually indulge in the intoxicating draught, or defraud or wrong their fellowmen in fortune or in fame have not felt the purifying touch of Odd Fellowship. Those whose bigotted souls refuse tolerance in matters of opinion, or seek to enslave the conscience of another, have forgotten the sacred teachings of the Order. Those who do not strive to benefit their race, whose hearts do not beat with an enlarged philanthropy, who are unwilling to make any personal sacrifice for the comfort of others, who refuse in any way to fulfill that golden rule which says "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you," have never felt the true spirit of Odd Fellowship. Such may have our signs, wear our regalia, meet in our halls, may even rest beneath the covering of a patriarch's tent, but while they refuse to acknowledge and fulfill the claims of humanity and morality their professions are "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

The time was when so much was not required of the Order. That time has passed. The unseemly excresences that grew upon our institution, as it struggled through the darkness of by-gone years, have been cut off, and now it stands beneath the clear sun-light of heaven clad in the habiliments of purity, and demands of all who come to offer their bloodless sacrifices at her altars, to come with clean hands and pure hearts.

In the great contest that is now raging between virtue and vice, our Order, full-armed has cast it-

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self into the arena and declared for the right. It views evil as the bane of society, and the fountain of all wrong; the progenitor of crime, hatred and violence, the great enemy of truth. It regards truth as the great agent by which evil is to be overcome, and entirely destroyed. Truth must prevail, —and though it may toil for ages in Time's dark night, it shall finally prevail here, and sit beside Jehovah on his throne, bearing the diadem of eternal triumph.

Thus, Odd Fellowship, deriving its principles from the Bible, proclaims its high and holy mission, —and if those who have knelt at the altar are true to their vows, we will present a broad and invulnerable front in favor of those who are already engaged in the great cause of elevating the human race. Our past success bids us hope, and standing now upon the high moral point of observation that our Order has already assumed in our midst, —a point which is refulgent with the light of heaven's own purity—Hope speaks of a brighter day, and Faith looks forward to an hour not far distant in the bright and glowing future, when the miseries and woes of this life shall be submerged beneath the healing tide that flows from the fountain of benevolence and peace. Then shall one law bind all nations, tongues and creeds of this world, and that law will be the law of UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD.

We send to a number of the members of the Order, who are not subscribers, copies of this No. and hope they will forward us their names and procure as many others as possible. In this way, we can soon procure a good list of subscribers for the first volume, which we hope will render such satisfaction as to increase it to double the number for the second volume.

In consequence of being disappointed in procuring a supply of paper from the manufacturers, we are compelled to issue this No. upon an inferior article. This will be remedied for the future, as we have ordered a supply of superior paper, for the entire volume.

NEW LODGE.

The M. W. G. M., OLIVER DUFOUR, assisted by P. G. JARED C. JOCELYN, of No. 1, instituted at Orleans, Orange county, on the 30th of June, "Orange Lodge No. 112," under very favorable auspices. The officers for the current term are

Dr. —— WAKEFIELD, N. G.
JOHN G. HOFF, V. G.
EDWARD BARR, Sec'y.

The present No. of the Magazine has been delayed a few days by circumstances beyond our control. but hereafter it will be issued upon the 1st day of each month.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

U. S. MAIL BOAT, June 16, 1852.

Here, on the noble steamer Telegraph, No. 2, amid noise and confusion, permit me to again commence the life editorial. With all its harassing cares and anxieties, there is to me a charm in that life. To converse week after week, and month after month, with hundreds of readers,—to have some praise and admire, others find fault and condemn, keeps the mind in a comfortably uncomfortable state of semi-pleasurable excitement, and is a perfect antidote to ennui or the blues.

As my worthy colleague, will remain at home, and will see that the heavier and better articles are brought forth for the "good of the Order," permit me in my various peregrinations to hold communion with you, in that easy, friendly manner, so pleasant to me.

Here, then, on Uncle Sam's mail boat, surrounded by a mixed throng, I begin these wayside notes. Did you ever travel on one of our Ohio river Steamers? What a miniature world is gathered together. Yonder a few red nosed gentry are imbibing the poisonous draught, near them sit four reckless, young men, earnestly engaged in playing cards, while around them a few of the verdant with eyes wide open gaze upon them. Here, there, and I had almost said everywhere, are persons reading the CURRENT literature of the day. A few groups tell you that old friends have met, and are now enjoying sweet converse. Farther aft groups of the fair sex, with several gentlemen, are laughing and chatting. Life as it is on shore, seems to be forgotten, and all give themselves up to the enjoyment of the passing hour as best they may; while the old steamer trembles beneath the power that urges her rapidly on against the opposing stream. The scenery through which the Ohio flows is beautiful,—so beautiful that she wears the title "La Belle Riviere," nor wears it without right. Hundreds have described the beauty of her fine bottom lands, and the grandeur of her towering hills, and I will not attempt it, nor have I time for the "bell" tells me that the town of Vevay is near, and I must get ready to go ashore.

VEVAY, IA., June 18, 1852.

"The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places." At the house of our gentlemanly and affable M. W. G. M. OLIVER DUFOUR, and enjoying his society and that of his talented and accomplished lady, I have felt the truth of the above quotation. Rev. Bro. GILLMORE and Prof. LARRABEE add their company to the enjoyment of the hour. The wife of our M. W. G. Master, has by her poetry won for herself an enviable name, and a host of friends and admirers. No one feels more gratified at her success, and the praise that is bestowed upon her than myself. An old schoolmate and dear

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companion of my life's earlier years, how can I fail to rejoice at her success as a poetess. She has kindly consented to contribute to the "Magazine;" the columns of which will also be enriched by some of the fine productions of Prof. LARRABEE, whom few if any writers in the West excel.

Yesterday was a proud day for VEVAY LODGE, No. 6, I. O. O. F. The day was a beautiful one. The clear sun poured his bright beams upon the green and smiling earth, and the mild breeze, as it floated from the hills, freighted with odors of the grove, imparted its cool freshness to all. Happy smiling faces were seen everywhere.

About 10 o'clock, A. M., the members of the Order assembled at their new hall, to form in procession. The hall is a plain, neat, brick building, situated on a gentle eminence in the centre of the town. It is three stories high, forty by sixty feet. The lower story is occupied for ordinary business purposes. The second story is a large and airy hall well adapted to public exercises, while the third story is devoted exclusively to the business purposes of Odd Fellowship. It is a noble monument to the industry and liberality of the Order here, and we trust that it may ever remain a place where Friendship, Love, and Truth shall have a pure and holy altar, and where scores of devoted Odd Fellows shall bow themselves in humble adoration of that Being whose providence has thus blessed and prospered them.

The procession was formed under the direction of P. G. WM. M. FRENCH, of Rising Sun, and accompanied by two fine bands from Madison, which discoursed most excellent music, marched through the principal streets of the village. It was a fine procession. More than two hundred Odd Fellows composed of good and honorable citizens, in full, and many of them, in rich regalia, presented an appearance at which the Order need not be ashamed. Arrived at the large and commodious lecture room of the new hall, which, when the Order had entered, was soon crowded full to overflowing, with ladies and gentlemen, the vast assembly was called to order by the M. W. G. M., O. DUFOUR. The band discoursed its music, and the choir sung a beautiful and appropriate ode, written by F. W. THOMAS, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. G. TAYLOR, of Madison, then supplicated the throne of Grace, and asked Heaven's blessings upon the Order. After which, Rev. Bro. HIRAM GILLMORE, of New Albany, was introduced to the audience, and delivered an excellent address upon the "Nature, Influence, and Obligations of Odd Fellowship." If the silent and rapt attention of a large and intellectual audience, is any encomium or praise, to the abilty of the speaker, or any evidence of the power of his eloquence, then Bro. GILLMORE should feel satisfied with his effort.

Permit me to make a few extracts, which I doubt not will be as acceptable to the Order at large as they were to the members here. Speaking of BENEVOLENCE he said:

"The great principle of Benevolence originated with God, but it has found a lodgment in the human heart; and it is essential for the full exercise of all the cardinal virtues of our nature. By its influences, civilization is advanced, the arts and sciences are cultivated, and it forms the basis of social, civil, and religious enjoyment.

"Without Benevolence, midnight darkness hangs around the mind of man—with it, comes the brilliant, heart-cheering light of heaven! Without it, all human governments and all associations formed for man's enjoyment would crumble into ruin,—with it, all is stability, prosperity, and joy. Without it man's pilgrimage through life is dreary, and hopeless,—with it he has an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast.

"Benevolence pours upon his ear its mellow, and soul-entrancing music, to cheer him on his stormy voyage o'er life's troubled sea.

"But this sacred principle must be cultivated,—it must be developed by active service. To let it remain passive in our bosoms is to enervate its power,—to give it no exercise is to banish it from us. Liberty is its native element, and it ever calls for freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and freedom of action. It possesses an expansive power, equal to the wants of suffering humanity, and requires the universe of God as the field of its operation. Confinement is equal to annihilation; but constant freedom of exercise will increase its power. Send it forth on errands of mercy, and with angel speed, it rushes on, seeking out the dark, and wretched abodes of men, and like the *dove* from Noak's ark, will soon return, bearing in its beak an *olive leaf*, to indicate the passing storm and quick-subsiding floods.

"In our beloved institution, we behold a concentration of its power, and from this central orb, a flood of heavenly light is thrown upon the pathway of the careworn traveler, and into the dungeons of sad despair. Here true Benevolence is cultivated by a direct and efficient application of principle; here we find a work to do, motives strong and lasting to prompt us, and means for its accomplishment."

Below I give two illustrations used by him, in reference to the DEEDS of Odd Fellowship:—

"When a battle raged between the Corinthians and the troops of Argos and Cleone, Timoleon saw his brother Timophanes thown from his wounded horse, into great peril amidst the enemy. Some of his companions frightened, fled, while the few who remained, having unequal numbers to contend with, with difficulty stood their ground. Timoleon

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seeing his brother thus exposed, ran to his assistance and covering him with his broad shield, remained there amid clashing swords, and flying darts, though he received many wounds himself, until the enemy were repulsed, and the life of his brother saved.

"So with Odd Fellowship. It beholds mankind thrown into the enemy's ranks, "bruised and mangled by the fall," but amid strife and wounds and groans, in the hottest of the battle, like a *faithful brother*, it runs to their rescue, and spreads over them the shield of its protection. And though the enemy press hard, the arrows of calumny fly thick and fast, and swords of slander flash around, there is no flinching, no forsaking, until the battle shout is hushed, and victory proclaimed over the woes and wants of men!"

Behold yon tall ice-bergs of the northern seas! How they tower to the very heavens; how they astonish the mariner as he plows the main! In their thousand fantastic forms, they reflect the sun's effulgence upon the surface of the deep, or upon the hills and vales of the ice-bound shore! Yet amid the moving mass, the towering forms, their sparkling lustre, nought is there, but *cold, hard, unfeeling ice-bergs still.*

"Here we behold a striking illustration of the *false benevolence* of the world. It magnifies itself into a mountain; it makes a great display among the astonished navigators of the sea of life; it puts on a thousand attractive forms, and sheds a *false light* upon the face of things, but it remains that same *lifeless, hard-hearted, frozen thing*, it has ever been from the beginning.

"Not so with Odd Fellowship. She not only has a *light* to shed upon the pathway of man, from the lofty dome of her living temple, but a *heart to feel* for those in distress, and a *hand of true benevolence* to supply their wants.

He answered in a masterly manner the various objections so frequently urged against the order. His arguments were all plain, logical, and to the point. In answering one common objection, drawn from the immorality of the members, he poured not only a scathing rebuke, upon the too often less moral objector, but also upon that Odd Fellow, who is so forgetful of his vows, and recreant to the Order as to render the charge at all tenable. The rebuke was well-timed, and well said.

I fear I shall make this notice too long. I might gather extracts from his able address in its various parts, whether to the Order, the ladies, or the public, but one more extract shall suffice.

"And in view of all the blessed influence Odd Fellowship is exerting upon society, we may regard it as the *significant arrow* shot from the bow of Jonathan to apprize David of his danger, that he may escape to the land of safety. It is the *Brazen Serpent* in the wilderness, upon which sorrow's stricken sons may look and be healed. It is the *Rod of Aaron* with its buds and blossoms, to indicate the fruitfulness of *Charity*, and the never-failing blessings of Providence. It is the *Covenant Rainbow* encircling the heads of the disconsolate, to assure them, that they shall not be overwhelmed with floods of grief. It is the *Good Samaritan* that listens to the groans of the man that fell among thieves, binds up his wounds, pours in wine and oil, brings him to an inn, pays his expenses and "takes care of him." It is the *Ark of the Covenant* in which is deposited the *Pot of Manna*, and protected by the wings of the *Cherubim*, to remind us of the truth that the "righteous is never forsaken, nor his seed reduced to beggary." It is the *Tent* erected in a strange land, where the weary, hungry traveler may *rest* and find *refreshment*—a *shelter* from the scorching *sun* and raging *storm*. It is the *Angel of Brotherhood* that speeds on errands of mercy with "healing in his wings," to minister to the poor and sorrowful throughout the globe.

"Then will we speak in its behalf; then will we cling to its altars, 'till we see its banners unfurled in every land, and hear its voice echoed from shore to shore, and its sacred principles shall, "like Jupiters chain, draw the earth into one great brotherhood; 'till not a tear starts from the widow's eye unseen or unpitied, 'till not a cry of the orphan comes up from the cheerless hearthstone unheard, 'till Charity, Philanthropy and Mutual Relief shall have made more, and wider, and farther conquests than glittering spears or gilded crescent or waving plume," 'till throughout this vast world of ours the song of rejoicing shall drown the wail of anguish, 'and earth keep jubilee a thousand years.' "

After the benediction was pronounced the Order and many of the ladies proceeded to a large, airy room, where the noble-hearted ladies of Vevay had prepared a sumptuous dinner "for the good of the Order." Five tables 100 feet long, capable of accommodating over five hundred persons were groaning under the substantials and luxuries of life, and if more than five hundred Odd Fellows and ladies, didn't do ample justice to the choice articles before them, I am no judge. The ladies deserve much credit for this voluntary contribution of theirs to the Order, as the whole proceeds of the dinner were donated to the Order for the purpose of fitting up their Lodge room,—and if the brethren manifest as much taste and judgment in fitting up their hall, as the ladies did in furnishing the dinner, it will surpass, in utility and beauty, any hall in this State—if not in the West.

At 2½ o'clock, P. M., the Order and the public

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assembled to witness the M. W. G. Master, O. Dufour, assisted by P. G's W. M. French, G. B. Jocelyn, C. Richardson, and Geo. Green, dedicate in "ample form," the fine hall to the "business and purposes of Odd Fellowship, and the propogation of the principles of benevolence and charity." The form of service used in this solemn and beautiful ceremony is that given in the "Odd Fellows' Text Book." The audience were well pleased with the ceremonies.

Prof. Larrabee was then introduced to the assembly, and delivered one of his chaste, beautiful and eloquent addresses. The part in which he referred to the hall—its position near the green hills upon the banks of the beautiful Ohio, was surpassingly fine. To him the hills and groves here seemed as full of classic lore as the hill of Parnassus, or the groves of Arcadia,—and "La Belle Riviere" as suggestive of beauty and rich thoughts, as those streams where in ancient times the fabled gods and goddesses bathed their limbs, and drank those draughts that gave them immortal youth and beauty. I am sorry I cannot secure several extracts from this address, I shall have to content myself with one. After having spoken of man as a component of social life—his necessity for society—and the fitness of Odd Fellowship to develop the finer feelings of the heart, and pronounced his beautiful dedicatory remarks, he closed as follows:

"The day will surely come, when through the diffusion of the principles of universal benevolence, the world shall become a paradise. Then shall the valleys of earth and the high arches of heaven ring with a song of triumph—and in that song shall the tongue of the philanthropist join, and he shall say, Rejoice, O, earth, and be glad, for thy redemption is come. Ceased is the din, and hushed is the clangor of arms. No more on thy battle plains shall the mother search for her murdered son, nor the wife wipe from the brow of her fallen husband the cold sweat of death. Broken is the oppressor's rod, palsied the tyrant's hand, nerveless the despot's grasp. Dried up is the venom of revenge and powerless the grasping clutch of avarice. From the hand of bigotry the torch is wrested; her faggots are put out, and her victims escaped from the stake. The spell of vice, whose Circean wand transformed men to beasts, and scattered their bones to bleach around her magic isle, is broken forever. The reign of virtue is begun, her enemies are conquered, her votaries are happy. Ye heavens rejoice and be glad for the earth is redeemed."

The Order and its friends seemed well pleased with the exercises of the day, and I do not wonder at it, for the day was beautiful, the speeches eloquent, the music fine, the dinner sumptuous, and the ladies pleasant and good-looking. What else need Odd Fellows, (or in fact any other class of people) to cause them to pass one day in pleasure and enjoyment?

Lawrenceburgh, June 22.

After a short but pleasant trip on the mail boat I reached this place. The situation and appearance of the city are fine, but, I am informed that it is so low that in high water almost the whole place is submerged. In company with an old schoolmate I had the pleasure of visiting the city and surrounding country.

I found a gentlemanly set of Odd Fellows here. I had not the privilege of meeting them in the Lodge, but saw many of them as I passed about the city. The Order is composed of the right material, and is doing well. Bro. J. Woods, of the National Hotel, keeps a fine house, and does everything in his power to render his visitors comfortable. The Magazine will take well here.

Aurora, June 23.

I reached this place last night, and had the pleasure of meeting with the Order in their hall. The Order here is prospering finely—two initiations last night. The members are active, and devoted to the interests of the Order. They have built them a neat hall, which they own from the ground up, and have paid for. As they are now out of debt, they intend to fit up the Lodge room in elegant style. Hitherto they wisely preferred to meet in an almost unfurnished room, rather than incur a heavy debt. This was right, and may their future success be as the past, and much more abundant.

I found at the hotel of Bro. J. Emrie a first rate table, and other fixtures for the comfort of his guests.

Rising Sun, June 25.

In the appearance of no place which I have visited was I so much deceived as in this. To the mere passer up and down the river, the town presents a very ragged appearance. The pig-pen end of a huge distillery forms the frontispiece of this place, but if you once ascend the bank, you will find yourself in one of the neatest, shadiest, handsomest places of Indiana. I spent most of my time under the hospitable roof of Judge A. C. Downey, G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Masons, and in the sanctum of Bro. W. French, of the Republican.

I found here very pleasant friends, and also had the pleasure of attending with the Masons the celebration of St. John's day. Prof. W. C. Larrabee was the orator, and gave, of course, one of his beautiful addresses. About 100 masons, were in procession, and after the services we had the pleasure of sitting down to one of the most sumptuous dinners I ever saw. The bill of fare comprised everything that was good; and those ladies of the Presbyterian Sewing Society know how to please the

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palate. At such a table a poor dyspeptic like myself is apt to do that which days of penitence will not undo.

The members of the I. O. O. F., as far as I became acquainted with them, are right side up with care. I spent the time very pleasantly with them, and do not regret my visit here. Here as everywhere I find the Degree of "Daughters of Rebekah," very popular, not only with the men, but also with the women. The great regret being, as one of the "Daughters" said, "that after so beautiful a portion as they had received the whole was not given to them." Bro. Schuyler Colfax has built for himself a monument in the hearts and memories of the ladies of our Order that shall remain long after his body shall have mingled with the dust. No man in our State, has so many and so warm admirers among the ladies. He seems in the estimation of many of them, to be the embodiment of the Order.

The Magazine will do well here, and I think that we shall be able to make it worthy of the patronage of the Order in the West.

For the present, good-bye.

ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE I. O. O. F. OF INDIANA.

Office of the Grand Secretary,
Indianapolis, June 28, 1852.

The R. W. Grand Lodge will convene at Odd Fellows Hall, in the city of Indianapolis, on Tuesday, the 20th day of July, at 9 o'clock, A. M., in Annual Communication.

WILLIS W. WRIGHT, G. Sec'y.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

The R. W. Grand Encampment of the I. O. O. F. of the State of Indiana, will convene at Odd Fellows Hall, in the city of Indianapolis, on Monday, July 19th, at 9 o'clock, A. M. All Encampments under this jurisdiction will please forward their reports prior to that time to the undersigned.

WILLIS W. WRIGHT, G. Scribe.

LOCAL AGENTS.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as our Agents in their respective places, and are authorized to receive subscribtions, and receipt for money on account of the Magazine.

I. Stevens, Vevay, Indiana,
J. Y. Allison, Madison, Ind.,
A. J. Gray, Lawrenceburg, Ind.,
W. W. Conway, Aurora, Ind.
D. Moss, Esq., Rising Sun, Ind.,
Mrs. E. Loring, " " "
J. B. Maynard, Cannelton, Ind.
Geo. Armstrong, Pendleton, Ind.
O. J. Innis, Rockville, Ind.
Jackson Douglass, Frankfort, Ind.

ORIGINAL.

TO A DEPARTED BROTHER.

Rest thee! Brother! Rest in peace
In thy cold and lowly bed,
Near thee strays the pensive breeze
Sighing for the lovely dead.

While with us, thy cheerful smile
Kindled joy in every heart.
Who shall now our grief beguile
As from thee we're called to part?

Throbbed thy heart for others woes,
Full thy hand their wants to chase,
Now to thee, in sweet repose
Gratitude thy love repays.

Oft for thee, the burning tear,
Starting from the weeping eye,
Speaks a mourning brother near,
Bound to meet thee in the sky.

And, when twilight dews descend
On thy green and blooming grave,
Praying friends will o'er thee bend,
Asking God for grace to save.

When the night of death is spent,
And our spirits joined above,
Holy melodies we'll chant,
Fraught with Friendship, Truth, and Love.

New Albany, June, 1852. S.

I. O. OF O. F.

LIST OF OFFICERS FOR CURRENT TERM.

New Albany Lodge No 1.—L. W. Stoy, N. G.; E. W. Sinex, V. G.; P. E. Slocum, Sec'y; J. C. Jocelyn, Per. Sec'y.

New Albany Lodge No 10.—W. Pierce, N. G.; J. R. Parker, V. G.; A. Daniels, Sec'y; A W. Bentley, Per. Sec'y.

Hope Lodge No 83.—P. M. Wilcox, N. G.; V. A. Pepin, V. G.; S. H. Owen, Sec'y; A. M. Jackson Per. Sec'y.

James Lodge No 100, *Cannelton, Indiana.*—W. H. Bicknell, N. G.; M. Fitzpatrick, V. G.; J. B. Maynard, Sec'y.

Jerusalem Encampment No 1. *New Albany, Ind.*—A. Hamilton, C. P.; Aaron Daniels Scribe.

A Capital Pun.—The Milwaukie Advertiser thus sums up the hanging question: "After a careful consideration of all the arguments for and against capital punishment, we have come to the conclusion, that the 'debt of nature' should never be paid, if it can't be collected without an 'execution.'"

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ORDER OF ODD FELLOWS.

What shall I say of those associations of benevolence, which we find spread abroad through our happy land, for the relief of suffering humanity, and the distress of our fellows? These are, emphatically God's blessings. Brethren, when the legitimate tendencies of that charitable institution, to which some of you, I believe, belong, shall be properly felt; when the banner folds of its charities shall fall, like the drapery of heaven, around society—it will need no seer to tell its future glory. In the strength of numbers, as well as in the consciousness of doing right, there will be a steady acquisition of power and stability. Her foundation is upon a rock; and upon its surge repelling base, prejudice will beat but vainly. Our rock will stand, while, on its brow, the dew of centuries shall fall; and around it, the storms of centuries may howl; and, cold and cheerless, around its foot, the gloom of despondency may settle: yet, it will shine bright and pure, and holy, amid the war of pride, bigotry and prejudice; and, like some fair column of marble, that laughs at the 'pelting of the pitiless storm,' while it stands, unmoved by the shock, proudly erect; with the fair and holy inscription at the head, 'In God we trust;' at the foot the Heaven-descended principles, 'Friendship, Love and Truth.'

Rev. C. W. Whitehall.

Pity and Charity Inculcated.—The very pirate, that dyes the ocean wave with the blood of his fellow beings, that meets with his defenceless victim in some lonely sea where no cry for help can be heard, and plunges his dagger to the heart that is pleading for life—which is calling upon him by all names of kindred, of children, and home, to spare—yes, the very pirate is such a man, as you or I might have been. Orphanage in childhood, an unfriended youth, an evil companion, and resort to sinful pleasure, familiarity with vice, a scorned and blighted name, seared and crushed affections, desperate fortunes—these are steps which might have led any one among us to unfurl upon the high seas the bloody flag of universal defiance—to have waged war with our kind, to have put on the terrific attributes, to have done the dreadful deeds, and to have died the awful death of the ocean robber. How many affecting relationships of humanity plead with us to pity him? That head, that is doomed to pay the price of blood, once rested upon a mother's bosom. The hand that did that accursed work, and shall soon be stretched, cold and nerveless, in the felon's grave, was once taken and cherish d by a father's hand, and led in the ways of sportive childhood and innocent pleasure. The dreaded monster of crime has once been the object of sisterly love and all domestic endearments. Pity him then. Pity his blighted hope and his crushed heart. It is wholesome sensibility. It is reasonable; it is meet for frail and sinning creatures like us to cherish. It foregoes no mortal discrimination. It feels no crime; but feels it as a weak, tempted, and rescued creature should. It imitates the great Maker; and looks with indignation upon the offender, and yet is grieved for him.—*Rev. Orville Dewey.*

Of what Use is Odd-Fellowship.—This is a question which is frequently asked, by not only our opponents, but by many, no doubt, who would at once become members of the Order if they rightly understood its principles and objects.

The advantages to be derived from a connection with the Order of Odd-Fellows are numerous and invaluable, when we take into consideration the beautiful and benign precepts which its laws inculcate, and the kind and fraternal feelings with which it endows its votaries. The Odd-Fellow that is in good standing in the Order, however far he may travel from kindred and friends and among strangers, if by accident or misfortune he is reduced to want or laid upon the sick bed, will then find those which are friends in *deed*, and friends that are sure and steadfast, if he can but converse with the cabalistic signs.

Odd-Fellowship not only renders pecuniary aid in time of need, but teaches us many useful and salutary lessons, if we will but profit by them. To obey its injuntions makes us better men, better citizens, more liberal hearted and more sympathizing.

These are some of the benefits derived from a connection with the Order. The husband and father on his death bed, who is about to bid his companion and offspring the last farewell, and who has but a scanty pittance to leave for their maintenance and support, has the consolation of knowing that they will not be left to the mercies of a cold hearted public, to suffer and grow up in ignorance, but that their wants will be relieved, and the orphan educated and fitted for after life.

Though Odd-Fellowship has already done much for the relief of the widow and orphan, we believe it as yet to be but in the dawn of its mission of good works. As its principles and objects become better known, and its benefits more visible, the acquisition of members and consequent funds will be such as to enable it to bestow still greater favors, and ere long be allowed by all as the most benign of all human institutions. What a world this would be if everybody were *true* Odd-Fellows!—*Exchange.*

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THE GOOD ODD-FELLOW.—The good Odd-Fellow is always happy and contented, from the fact, that in his breast has been sown the fruitful seeds of Charity and Love Divine. From the deep fountains of his warm heart gush up living streams of kindness—of goodness, which are intended to be beneficial to all. He feels for all who are in trouble, and when he sees the poor and distressed in want, he is always ready to lend a helping hand, to raise them from their unpleasant situation, that they may be enabled to go on their way rejoicing. When any of his fellow beings, around him, depart from the paths of duty—when they have injured him, he does not harshly condemn them, but points out to them the evils complained of: and if need be, mildly rebukes them, and bids them go and sin no more.

He carries about with him, the majesty of goodness—the commanding influence of greatness. While he lives, he is loved and admired by all; and when he dies, sorrow and lamentations are heard, for all who knew him, revere his memory. He is never forgotten, for he has an enduring monument, reared, in every heart—all cherish with lively recollection his many virtues and amiability of character.

Let us all endeavor, as far as in us lies, to be good Odd-Fellows—true to ourselves, our Order, our country and our friends. Then, when that solemn time comes, for parting with all that we hold near and dear on earth—when we come to bid a final adieu to the scenes of this world, and are about to launch our frail bark upon that vast ocean which has neither shore nor bound, and sail to that unknown world, from which no traveler ever yet returned, we will be enabled with cheerfulness and unshaken confidence, to resign our spirit to God, who gave it; we shall then be able to give the parting hand to all, in pure friendship, for we would not have an enemy.

Con. O. F.

PROSE EPIGRAMS.

Morality, without religion, is only a kind of dead-reckoning—an endeavor to find our place on a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives to their feelings—as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil; that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Men of genius are often dull and inert in society; as the blazing meteor, when it descends to earth, is only a stone.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND RELIGION.—Odd-Fellowship has a religious phase; there is a religious element in its character—this we distinctly claim for it. Many of the principles of Christianity are inwoven in its constitution; in fact, they constitute the life of the institution. Strip them away, if such a thing were possible, without destroying the very form of the institution, and it would instantly become a dead letter. The magnetic force that now holds its thousands of members in such strong embrace, would be at once dissolved. Still, while we thus claim for the institution a real active religious character, and as resting upon principles whose influence can only be moral, we would by no means convey the impresson that Odd-Fellowship is all the religion man needs, or any thing near it. No such foolish mistake is ever made by an enlightened member of the Order. It were worse than madness to substitute the human institution of Odd-Fellowship for the divine institution of religion. There are a thousand offices which religion fulfils for which Odd-Fellowship has neither the wisdom nor the power. The soul has wants which nothing but the immediate religion of Heaven can rightly understand and meet.

It is not the business of Odd-Fellowship, it is not among the things with which it pretends to concern itself, to save the soul, in the highest significance of that term. It is a good institution; it is moral; it has a religious feature in its character, and cannot otherwise than exert a religious influence; it has done good, much good, already—it is still, on a gradually increasing scale, doing the same; indeed, it does a part of the great work of religion—but, after all that can be said in its favor, we should be exceeding sorry to see any Odd-Fellow rash enough to declare it a sufficient religion for all the spiritual necessities of humanity. Much as we are interested in Odd-Fellowship, and highly as we prize it, we should still profoundly pity the man who had no wants that were not immmeasurably beyond the reach of this, and all other human institutions. But we know no such shallow hearted Odd-Fellows. We say, therefore, to those who accuse us of making Odd-Fellowship our religion, that they do us the greatest injustice; we are not guilty of any such folly or madness; we have not the hardihood to practice such irreverence. We accept and employ Odd-Fellowship as a help to some beneficent ends in life; but as our guide to spiritual duty and heaven, we look to Christ alone.

Con. Odd-Fellow.

Taxes for education, are like dews from the earth which return to beautify and adorn it.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1852. NO. II.

From the Knickerbock.

THE WARDER'S TALE.

BY HENRY FENTON.

It is said that the wandering Arab, after emerging from the burning sands and heated air of the desert, into the sheltering groves of some friendly oasis, will recline for hours beneath their inviting shades, listening to the long-spun stories of one of their companions; and I confess that I have seldom contemplated this feature in their vagabond kind of life without a feeling akin to envy. Repose is of itself a luxury when preceded by its necessary antithesis; but with such an accompaniment it possesses a double charm. Stories, in one shape and another, form the great staple of amusement for the human family. Children, the world over, exhibit a remarkable fondness for them, and men in this as in other things, are but 'children of a larger growth.' Why it is so, it is needless to inquire. A modern philosopher would doubtless dispose of the question by pointing to the organ of marvellousness, and saying that the whole subject lay 'in a nut-shell;' meaning, perhaps, the shell of a cocoa-nut, as the human cranium is sometimes disrespectfully termed. And this, perhaps, would be a sufficient solution of the mystery.

Doubtless some of our distinguished *novelletists* might dislike to be told that there is no vast difference between their vocation and that of those Oriental wonder-mongers to whom allusion has been made. Yet their calling is in some respects the same. Not that I would detract from the dignity of the craft. A path of literature which has been ennobled by the pens of Irving and Dickens, may not be lightly spoken of. For myself I confess to a great fondness for stories, provided they possess a reasonable degree of interest, and are related with a reasonable degree of skill. In the generic name of 'story,' however, I do not mean to include the higher branches of fiction. Novels, long involved and complicate, are well enough in their line, when the requisite degree of genius is brought to bear upon their construction. But I speak now of the brief and well-conceived tale, which stares at you from the freshly printed periodical, promising a half hour's relaxation and amusement, when the mind has long been burthened with weightier thought; one that the eye may roam lazily over, when, amid zephyrs and shades, you seek refuge from the sultry sun of June, or when partitioned off from the howling storms of November, you repose indolently, beside the glowing grate.

But I must not forget what has probably been anticipated, that I have myself a story to relate, and unless I hasten to its commencement, I may find myself in the unenviable plight of a certain verbose author, who wrote so long a preface to his book that he was obliged to publish it in a separate volume.

Let me therefore introduce to the reader a worthy and ancient gentleman, who formerly occupied a station which afforded him opportunities of becoming acquainted with many strange and secret pages of human life. Many years ago, Colonel Rushton was the principal keeper of a State Penitentiary. He was moreover, what the incumbent of such a post ought always to be, a man of great probity and humanity. The following tale of events connected with his former occupation, is one of many with which his memory is stored, and which, thanks to the garrulity of age, he now takes pleasure in relating. If it should be thought to possess a romantic character, but little in keeping with the spirit of this 'working-day world,' or approaching too near the marvellous for easy credence, let it be remembered that the incidents which it records, occurred in those times

'—— when worth was crowned, and faith was kept,
Ere friendship grew a snare, or love waxed cold
Those pure and happy times; the golden day of old.'

Lest, however, my informant may be considered to have violated any confidence reposed in him; by divulging certain portions of the following narrative, it is proper to state that Time has wrought his usual changes with the principal actors in the scenes about to be described, and whatever

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reason for secrecy there may once have been, has long since ceased to exist. With this brief explanation, my venerable friend shall be allowed to speak for himself.

THE WARDER'S TALE.

It was drawing-room night, to borrow a trans-Atlantic phrase, at the Governor's house in the city of ———, and a crowd of gay and fashionable people, interspersed with many grave, and a few seedy-looking politicians thronged the spacious halls and corridors of the executive mansion. To the eye of an attentive observer an amusing contrast was afforded by the aspect of the different coteries thus brought into juxtaposition. Here, a fair daughter of Eve, with possibly a spice of Eve's old antagonist in her composition, but radiant with the light of a thousand charms, reigned supreme over a little group of spell-bound admirers, while, removed but a few feet from the magic circle, a knot of intriguing politicians, heedless of the dangerous vicinity, were eagerly discussing the approaching campaign. Others, equally forgetful of the festive occasion which had drawn them together, were openly censuring, with true republican freedom, some recent public act of the chief magistrate, and stigmatizing as a demagogue the man whom but a few moments before they had cordially taken by the hand. Ignorant or heedless of these things, which he well knew how to appreciate, the distinguished functionary alluded to, occupied a prominent part of the principal saloon; the centre of a continually shifting group, who, having paid their first salutations there, retired and mingled with the crowd. Having myself performed this duty, and being nearly a stranger to the buzzing throng around me, I had stationed myself in a favorable position for beholding the actors in this little drama.

There have been many individuals since the days of Shakspeare to whom have been applied the Hamletonian epither, 'the observed of all observers.' There was certainly one at the Governor's levee. Of unusual elegance of figure, face, and apparel, of graceful and prepossessing manners, this cynosure of a hundred eyes was a stranger, of whom nothing seemed to be known by the crowd with which he was mingling. In vain were the questions of the curious set on foot. Mammas managed and daughters ogled, all in vain. He sought no introduction to the ladies, but remaining near the Governor for a much longer time than etiquette would warrant, availed himself of every opportunity to renew what seemed an almost importunate conversation with that gentleman. Whatever the subject matter of this colloquy may have been, it was evidently urged in that respectful and gentlemanly manner, which forbade the idea of reproof. When finally forced, by the press of other claimants to relinquish his post, it was only to seek the most influential of the state officers, with the same winning manners and earnest air. His remarks to all of these individuals were made in a semi-confidential tone, and seemed to be respectfully received. These circumstances of course, tended to heighten curiosity, and having partaken somewhat largely of that infectious feeling, I soon found myself, unconsciously, drawing nearer to the object of it. When I had approached within a few feet of this notable personage, our eyes inadvertently met. What was my surprise when I saw a sudden color suffuse his face, succeeded by as sudden and remarkable a pallor. He faltered in conversation, and despite his former self-possession, remained silent for several seconds, staring fixedly at me. For one instant I was astonished—appalled. The next, a light flashed upon my mind. Memory held up her mirror, and within it, faint, vague, indistinct was the countenance of the stranger. Gradually the clouds passed away, the picture grew more vivid and the truth became apparent. He had been a convict and an inmate of the prison under my charge. The recognition, which was mutual and complete, had occupied but a few seconds and as we were still gazing at each other, he gave me a deprecating look, and withdrawing his eyes, continued a conversation with one of the secretaries with tolerable composure. Five minutes afterward he drew me aside, and with his former equanimity fully restored, remarked:

'I believe from your countenance that my secret is safe for the present. If on the morrow, I cannot give you sufficient reason for continuing to keep it so, you shall have full liberty to divulge it. In the mean time accept this pledge, that to-morrow I will see you again.'

So saying, he placed in my hands a small parcel, and disappeared before I could reply. His sudden exit was the cause of no little sensation, and finding myself likely to become a lion in his stead, I soon followed his example. During my homeward walk, my mind was fully occupied with reflections upon this extraordinary occurrence. My first impulse had been to publicly expose so insolent a trespasser upon society. But while I hesitated, his words and still more his manner decided me to forbear. Although a smile of seeming composure had accompanied his remarks, I fancied I could perceive that forced resignation of expression, which marks the countenance of one inured to suffering and prepared for the worst. The mystery of the affair was in no degree lessened upon my

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arrival at my room by an examination of the parcel which he had given me. It proved to be a miniature painting of a female face, young and of exceeding beauty. It was richly set, and in every way a choice work of art. Satisfied that my inanimate hostage could not fail to be redeemed, I deposited it in a place of safe-keeping, and awaited the result.

The appointment was faithfully kept. On the ensuing morning, the stranger was shown to my room at the —— hotel, and I was not a little amused to perceive that his distinguished appearance visibly increased the respect shown to myself by the domestic who ushered him in. When we were at length entirely alone, his deportment changed, and he addressed me as follows:

'You think me an impostor, and are perhaps prepared to denounce me to the world as a convicted felon. If this will be a pleasure to you, it is one from which I have no disposition to debar you, excepting for a specific object. The world and its opinions I hold in disregard. Deceived by ornament, judging from false premises or falsely from correct ones, condemning the innocent and upholding the corrupt, its censures and its adulations are alike unworthy of notice. I, myself, degraded by its judgment, you will say, do, not occupy a sufficient elevation from which to exercise this assumed contempt. If disgrace consists in punishment, instead of crime, I do not; if innocence is the same in the sanctuary and the cell, I do. You smile, and I probably understand your meaning. One who has long occupied your situation, becomes accustomed to these protestations of innocence and learns to hold them cheap. The graduate of a prison can hardly hope to retain a reputation for veracity. It matters not. I have it in my power to compel belief to a portion of what I am about to tell you, if you will listen, and as to the rest, you yourself, (excuse me,) are only an unit of that great world, whose opinion in the mass, I have already dared to despise.'

So saying, and assuming an air of gayety that left me a while in doubt whether to impute it to a consummate skill in acting, or to a natural buoyancy of spirits, he continued, or rather commenced his narrative as follows:

'I have been a prisoner. Let met me begin there. It is the proper centre of my story. Your true romancer stations himself, spider-like, in the midst of his plot, whence he can spin his thread in every direction. Why may not the historian do the same? But my simile is unhappy. I am rather the unsuspecting fly, caught in such flimsy toils. The *spider* is yet to be introduced. I repeat then, I have been a state prisoner. Let me reverse the words, and say a prisoner of state. It sounds better. Regulus and Bonaparte were the same. Nor is there any thing very dreadful in the doom. Apart from the consciousness of guilt, which I had not, and the disgrace which I felt not, there is really but little to be endured. Who is not a prisoner? My limits were narrower than yours. But what were yours? A speck amidst immensity. A little ball of earth, to which by viewless chains, we are all bound down. The relative size of our prison-houses is nearly the same compared with that larger liberty to which we all aspire. You, who have often seen me in the situation to which I allude, will think, perhaps, that my deportment there did not always give evidence of such an immunity from grief. Alas! I had other cause for sorrow, of which you shall hear. Four years ago, at the early age of twenty-two, I held a responsible post in a large banking establishment in the city of ——. It is unnecessary to say that I possessed the entire confidence of my employers, both in regard to capacity and integrity. To one, the principal officer and capitalist of the institution, I was under the most weighty obligations. It would be tedious to you, were I to relate the particulars of my position and affairs. Let it suffice that I was parentless and poor. But I had been taught that talents, integrity, and address were in themselves a valuable capital. How valuable they proved to me in combatting the first ill-winds of fortune, you shall judge.

'Although my occupation was one that allowed me much leisure, I had but few companions. One of these, whose portrait adorns this bit of ivory,' he continued, opening the miniature-case, and gazing with evident emotion at the picture within, 'too fully engrossed my thoughts to leave me much interest in general society, or in associates of my own sex. Of her my account must be brief, for language is inadequate to depict her worth. Of her exceeding beauty this little sketch will indeed afford some slight idea. But beauty was the least of her charms. She was an orphan-niece of Mr. Elton, the friend to whom I have alluded, and a member of his family. She was, however, without expectations from her uncle, whose family was already large when this precious charge was devolved upon his care by the sudden decease of her parents. There were, therefore, no motives of delicacy to restrain my addresses. Her situation in life was singularly similar to my own. Our acquaintance soon ripened into affection, and, as she subsequently gave convincing proof, her attachment to me suspassed even the proverbial love of woman. It was single, sincere and devoted. I am convinced that no earthly ob-

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ject which could have come in conflict with it would have possessed the slightest relative value in her estimation. That love was as fully reciprocated as my less noble nature would admit. Such was Louisa Wentworth, and such the nature of the ties which united us. No cloud rested upon our happiness; the present was gilded by affection, the future was illumined by hope.

'I have sketched the picture of an angel; let me draw by its side the demon whose dark shadow fell so soon across our Paradise. The world contains many varieties of villains, but there are none at once so despicable and so dangerous as those who hide hatred under a mask of friendship, and plot their neighbor's ruin with a smiling face. Of this class was Henry Leeford. And when it is remembered how difficult it is to detect the lineaments of a depraved and fiendish heart under a pleasing exterior and graceful address, it will be no matter of surprise that for a while we were on intimate and friendly terms. A confidential clerk in the same institution with which I was connected, young, well educated, and of respectable family, there seemed no reasonable barrier to our intimacy. I little dreamed that even then a long course of secret dissipation had wasted his patrimony, and left him a prey to temptations which he had no virtue to resist. The repulsive features in his character were not suddenly developed. One by one they became visible, like stains in silk of richest fabric, the more foul by contrast with his seeming excellence. Perhaps it have been my lot, seduced by such a tempter, to break through the barriers erected by early education and descend with him along the flowery paths of vice. But this one pure image, enshrined upon the innermost altar of my heart, proved a protecting talisman against all the blandishments of pleasure. Alas! that the same cause which restrained me from the commission of guilt should devolve upon me its severest punishment!

'Leeford could not tolerate a superior. In his view, to be surpassed was to be degraded. When I say, therefore, that he had been a rejected suitor for the hand of Miss Wentworth, you will understand in some degree the character of his real feelings toward myself. Charity may suggest a doubt whether for this cause alone he would have sought my utter ruin; but when it became necessary to find a victim for guilt which could no longer be concealed, he effected a double object in selecting me, and effected it the more easily because of our seeming friendship. Prominent among the vices to which he was addicted was that of gambling. This from a pastime had grown to an unconquerable habit, and was at length resorted to solely as a soure of gain. Driven to desperation by large and repeated losses, and sanguine with the hope of retrieving his fortune, he abstracted a large sum from his employer's funds. Nearly all of this, as I have recently learned, was in one night, and at one sitting, transferred to other hands. On the ensuing morning, although he well knew that on that day the embezzlement must be discovered, he appeared with smiling and undisturbed countenance at his accustomed post, and went composedly through his ordinary duties. When the astounding disclosure was at length made, Leeford was the man who first turned the current of suspicion upon me. Himself and a principal officer of the institution called upon me together, and with significant looks suddenly communicated the intelligence. I felt that I was suspected. Indignation and shame drove the quick blood to my cheeks, and a revulsion of feeling as naturally left me with a corresponding pallor. Shame on the idiots who could construe such an effect into the evidence of guilt! Yet it was considered sufficient for my arrest, and proof was not wanting to complete my ruin. The particulars it is unnecessary to relate. The web was artfully woven, and the victim was snared. It was not without the utmost reluctance, nor until proofs seemingly the most convincing were produced against me, that my former friend and patron, Mr. Elton, yielded credence to the charge. Prominent among the proofs alluded to, and one that weighed heavily against me, was the circumstance that several hundreds of the stolen funds were found concealed in my room, a fact which ought rather to have aroused suspicions of a very different nature. To have perpetrated such a crime, and left such palpable traces of my guilt, I must have passed at once from at least an ordinary degree of intelligence and integrity to the very depths both of stupidity and crime.

'Although from the first I had suspected Leeford's guilt, I did not know it. I could obtain no tangible evidence against him, nor could I fully believe in such total depravity. It would have been worse than useless to suggest suspicions so feebly entertained, and which admitted of no confirmation. But amid all this persecution there was one unfailing source of consolation. Louisa Wentworth placed the most implicit faith in my integrity. Never for one moment did she swerve from a full conviction of my innocence. Her distress was at first of the most intense and harrowing kind. But during the few weeks which elapsed before my trial, her appearance underwent a remarkable change. Tears and anguish gave way to smiles and cheerful words. She did not indeed predict my acquittal; of that there seemed no rea-

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sonable prospect. But she spoke of brighter days in reserve. She taught me to despise a world so easily misled, and pointed forward to the time when, with herself fond and faithful at my side, with a consciousness of integrity, and probably a retrieved reputation, I should smile at the memory of present griefs. The picture brightened beneath her touch, and I felt at that moment what I have never since ceased to feel, that the possession of such a heart was of infinitely more value than all the world beside.

'My trial resulted as was foreseen. Let me not dwell on the painful particulars. Every exertion was used in vain by the friends of Louisa to detach her affection from an object deemed so unworthy. But to the last she continued firm and faithful, and replied only with the most indignant reproaches against those who had so readily deserted me. 'Tell me not,' she said, when conducted from the court-room, where she had persisted in being present at the trial; 'tell me not that he has been convicted by an impartial jury and an upright judge. To the great JUDGE OF JUDGES I appeal, the foundations of whose throne are justice and equity.'

'At our final separation each, with forced composure, strove to animate the other. For myself, although in public I had been able to manifest all the equanimity which innocence properly inspires, I found it a task more difficult to restrain the convulsive throes of grief at this last sad interview.

'It would be equally useless to harrow your feelings by a recital of my sufferings during the first few weeks of my confinement. It was less, however, the gloom of the cell, or the degradation of the workshop, which I mourned, than the prospect of so prolonged a separation from her who now constituted the light and joy of my life. But my grief was not destined to be without alleviation. A letter, mysteriously introduced into my cell by night, greeted my eyes one morning on rising from my couch. A blissful presentiment filled my mind. My whole frame shook with the violent pulsations of my heart. Tremblingly I seized the treasure; but it was not until several seconds had elapsed that my fast-flowing tears would allow me to distinguish, in the address, the well-known hand of Louisa. It was filled with the same fervor of affection, and assurances of the same unfaltering faith in my innocence, of which she had already given such convincing proof. She also earnestly enjoined upon me to forbear any attempt to ascertain the agency by which the letter was received; and as a compliance with the request was made the condition on which depended a repetition of the favor, you need not doubt my obedience. It was easy to conjecture that some subordinate officer of the prison had been found who was not too rigid a disciplinarian to perform so humane and harmless an act. But in what manner Louisa could have secured his services was more difficult to determine. After a few weeks another letter was received, with an assurance of their probable continuance. In this Louisa informed me not only of her own health, but that she had means of keeping advised of mine. Thenceforth these mute messengers were the solace of my life. To think of them by day, to dream of them by night, to watch for them at dawn, became an occupation and amusement. How indelibly was every sentence imprinted on my heart! How were every margin and corner searched for some isolated word that might have escaped my first eager perusal! They continued to arrive at irregular intervals, but no clue was afforded to the invisible post by which they arrived.

'Time rolled on. I become in some degree reconciled to my lot. The rocky walls and grated windows of my cell began to look less harsh and forbidding. Nor was the workshop without its amusement. The state had kindly undertaken to educate me to the honorable handicraft of a weaver; and although my fingers were doubtless, better fitted for the pen than the shuttle, I did not dislike my new occupation. It proved an agreeable pastime. I even began to take some interest in my fellow-prisoners, and to wonder whether there were not others among them as guiltless as myself. There was one employed in the same department who had particularly attracted my attention. He was young and pale, and, despite his felon's garb, had an amiable and innocent look. His loom stood at some distance from mine, but its position was such that, when at work, we sat nearly facing each other. He had evidently discovered that I took an interest in his fate, for I often encountered his large dark eyes gazing earnestly at me. There was a varying expression of resignation, sadness and hope, in his countenance, and although we never interchanged a word, I cannot doubt that there was a warm and mutual friendship sprung up between us. The human heart, like the gentle vine, is ever putting forth its tendrils, and, thank Heaven! there is no place so desolate but that some object will be found around which they may cling.

'But I shall cease to interest you with these minute details of a life necessarily monotonous. Two years and a half rolled wearily away. They were not, indeed, unimproved, although but little opportunity for mental culture was afforded. But Affliction is a valcable teacher, and one whose lessons are

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seldom eradicated from the mind. I had reason to hope that during that period I had acquired the elements of that high and holy philosophy before which the light of human learning 'pales its ineffectual ray.' The term of imprisonment for which I had been sentenced was three years. But six months of this period now remained unexpired. The thought of again meeting Louisa produced a pleasure almost insupportable, while the few intervening months appeared longer in prospect than the years which had elapsed. Judge of my delight when I received the unexpected intelligence of my pardon. Thrilled with irrepressible ecstasy, yet bewildered with doubt and wonder, I hastened after changing my apparel, to seek from the principal keeper a solution of the mystery. You were then absent, and your place, as you are aware, was temporarily supplied by another. In his apartment, anxiously awaiting my arrival, I found Mr. Elton. With unheeded tears coursing down his cheeks, he grasped my hand, and as rapidly as his choked utterance would permit, informed me that circumstances had recently come to light fully establishing my innocence; that Leeford, exposed, had fled the country; and that the directors of the company were desirous to give the strongest evidence by installing me at once in his vacant post. As soon as I could possibly interrupt the torrent of his words, it was to inquire after Louisa. A sudden cloud overspread his countenance, as he proceeded to inform me what little he knew of her fate.

'For a few weeks after my removal she remained gloomy and despondent. Then she had suddenly disappeared, leaving a brief letter of explanation, and intimating that search for her would be useless. She had in view, she said, a safe retreat from the contumely and pity of the world. 'God grant that it may have proved so!' exclaimed the old man, 'but we have sore misgivings. Notwithstanding our most earnest search, no word or token or rumor of the unhappy girl has since reached us. Could we but find her now, my dear boy,' he continued, 'in safety and health, this sad affair would yet have a most happy termination.'

'In reply I hastened to inform him of the mysterious letters, and of my full belief that Louisa was residing somewhere in the immediate vicinity of the prison. So elated was I with the hope, that I did not suffer a doubt to dwell on my mind of immediate success in discovering her retreat. But, alas! after three weeks of diligent and futile search, I began to entertain the most serious alarm. I reflected that since the receipt of her last letter nearly three months had now elapsed; a period sufficient in this world of change to contain almost the whole catalogue of human calamities. That she who had kept so vigilant a watch over me while in confinement, whose spirit seemed to be in some mysterious manner ever near me, could, if still in life and health, be ignorant of my release, began to appear the height of improbability. That she could intentionally remain concealed, knowing me to be at liberty, was still more difficult of belief. The officers of the institution severally disclaimed any agency in the transmission of the letters, and concurred in the conclusion that the delinquent was one who had been recently superseded for some other infraction of the rules. For this individual search was also made in vain. Some fatality has seemed thus far to attend all our investigations. I came to this city lured by the very shadow of a hope. It had been rumored that Louisa had at one time made personal application to the Governor in my behalf. If so, there was a possibility that officer might possess some information in regard to her. I arrived late yesterday afternoon. My anxiety would not admit of delay, and learning that a levee was to be held on the same evening, I resolved to mingle with the crowd, and obtain, at all hazards, an immediate interview with the chief magistrate. I need not say that my inquiries were fruitless. Petitions of this kind were too numerous to admit of his retaining any distinct recollection in regard to them. It was doubtless to get rid of my importunity that he referred me to other officers, who sometimes shared with him the burthen of examining into merits of such applications. But all was in vain. It was while conversing with one of these gentlemen that our meeting and recognition took place. You were a witness of the agitation which it naturally produced in me. I had disclosed my name to the govdrnor only; no one else knew aught of my history. Had you proved indiscreet I should have been placed in a most painful dilemma, perhaps rendering necessary a public and humiliating explanation.'

I had listened with eagerness to this extraordinary tale, but it was with an eagerness produced not alone by its intrinsic interest; for although the narrative had closed in uncertainty and doubt, a light of startling intensity had flashed upon my own mind. Fearful, however, of exciting hopes which might not be realized, I forbore any allusion to my suspicions, but assured Mr. Lincoln (such was his name) of my sincere sympathy, and promised to co-operate with him as far as possible in seeking to elucidate the mystery. We then parted, and on the next day, my business in the city being completed, I set out for home.

While we are performing this journey let

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me explain to you the circumstances on which were based my expectations of bringing this strange affair to light. About two years and a half prior to the time of which I have been speaking, I was called upon by a young man of pleasant and modest deportment, who desired me to favor him with a private in;erview. He was slight in frame and well apparelled, and had in every respect the appearance of a gentleman. It was not until he had received from me an assurance that his communication should be regarded as strictly confidential that he proceeded to unfold the nature of his business. Judge of my astonishment when he requested to be admitted into the penitentiary as a convict! He was willing to conform in every respect to the prison discipline, desiring only the privilege of selecting his occupation and his cell. His labor, he said, should be faithfully performed, and would remunerate the State for his support. If at any time he failed in this respect, he would consent to be expelled without complaint.

It was with difficulty that I could believe the evidence of my senses while listening to his request, and to the earnest and humble voice in which it was preferred. Not that the application was entirely without precedent; distress and poverty had sometimes driven their victims to seek so miserable a boon; but the indiuidual before me was of a different class. So far from exhibiting any evidence of destitution, he even proposed to place security in my hands for the faithful performance of his duty. Not wishing to directly deny a petition so earnestly urged, I proceeded to expostulate with him on his absurdity. It was all in vain. He insisted that there was sufficient, though secret cause for his conduct, which he knew must seem remarkable.

Vou will be surprised when I tell you that, after a little reflection, I decided to make the experiment of admitting him. I had taken much pains to avail myself of the singular advantages which my position afforded in making observations upon human nature, and I thought this an opportunity not to be lost. It is true I might render myself liable to censure for transcending my official powers; but while no actual harm could ensue I had little fear of the result.

I informed him of my decision. I told him that he might choose his employment and his cell, but in every other particular he would be required rigidly to adhere to the rules. The felon's garb, the felon's diet and labor, and, if refractory, the felod's punishment, should be his. No individual excepting myself and the clerk of the institution, who must necessarily be admitted to the secret, should know or have any reason to suppose that he was not a convict; but the term of his imprisonment was to depend entirely upon his own will. If at any time he desired to be released, he was only to signify his wishes to me, and he should be set at liberty. This event I predicted, would speedily take place, but he as resolutely asserted the contrary. An examination of the prison, which I allowed him to make in company with an under-keeper, resulted in the selection of the weaving business for his employment; he also designated the number of his cell. I ought not to omit to state that he had also stipulated for the use of writing materials; which being a favor then not unfrequently accorded to the better behaved convicts, I did not hesitate to allow. He gave his name, which he acknowledged to be an assumed one, as Edward Green. On the next day he made his appearance at an appointed hour, and after going through the usual initiatory proceedings, was conducted to the weavers'-shop and duly installed at a vacant loom. He made rapid proficiency in his trade, at which he soon became so exceedingly apt and ingenious, as to become a great favorite with the contractor in that department. He was in other respects equally exemplary. For many months I closely watched his conduct, but at length insensibly acquired the habit of regarding him as a convict, and seldom thought of the circumstances attending his incarceration. It will not be a matter of surprise if I say that I thought of them now, and sought carefully to recall every trifling particular of his appearance and deportment. Everything seemed to confirm my suspicions, and my first official act, on arriving at home, was to summon him before me. In a few moments he entered the room, pale, languid and trembling:

'I have sent for you, Mr. Green,' I said, 'to offer you your liberty. In so doing, doubtless, I anticipate your wishes.'

'I know not by what means you have discovered my thoughts,' was the quick reply, 'but such is certainly my desire. For several weeks I have been anxiously awaiting your return, for this purpose.'

'You must not be alarmed,' I rejoined, 'if you find me in possession of secrets in relation to yourself of much greater moment than this.'

A quick suspicious look was the only reply to this remark.

'Do not believe me capable,' I continued, 'of feigning a knowledge that I do not possess, for the purpose of entrapping you into disclosures prejudicial to your interests. A desire for your welfare, and that of him for whom you have suffered so much, alone induces me to give so much pain to *Miss Louisa Wentworth!*'

I was talking to marble! Breathless, pale,

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and statue-like, she stood for a moment before me, and then fell fainting into my arms. She soon awoke to consciousness, attempted hesitatingly and with much embarrassment to speak. I interrupted her as follows:

'Do not speuk now. Be not distressed. Your secret is safe, even from Mr. Lincoln, if you desire it. For that gentlemen I will despatch an immediate messenger. In the adjoining room you will find the trunk which you left in my charge, and which will doubtless furnish you with the means of making your toilet. When this is done I will conduct you to Mrs. Rushton, who is fortunately so good a wife as to have no curiosity at my bidding.'

Looking the thanks which she could not utter, Miss Wentworth withdrew into the apartment designated, and in a short time reappeared, neatly and tastefully arrayed, and looking, I think, as truly beautiful as any being I had ever beheld. Yet there was a decided shade of care upon her countenance. We were about leaving the room, when she detained me, and speaking for the first time in her true character, though evidently not without great effort, she said:

'You have spoken of Mr. Lincoln in terms of respect. Tell me if you too believe him innocent?'

'His innocence,' I replied, is fully established.'

A gleam of rapturous delight illumined her beautiful features for a moment, and was as rapidly succeeded by a gush of tears. 'Thank God! it is enough!' she exclaimed; and sinking upon the sofa, for many minutes her sobs, and the convulsive heavings of her breast, testified her irrepressible emotion. She had before heard of his pardon, but knew nothing of its cause.

When she had become sufficiently composed I introduced her to my family, in the best manner I could without infringing upon her secret, and by the stage-coach of the same evening sent an express messenger for Mr. Lincoln. In the mean time Miss Wentworth manifested the greatest solicitude lest her adventure should be discovered. Although she seemed to repose great confidence in me, and talked freely with me on the subject, it was never without the most profuse blushes. She even designed to conceal it from her lover; and it was not without many arguments that I persuaded her to the contrary. I believe it was only the idea that it would be positive injustice to withhold from him the most important secret of her life which finally induced her to change her mind.

The mystey of the letters was easily and satisfactorily explained, without reference to the agency of a third party. The particulars it would now be tedious to relate. The two cells were in immediate proximity, and only a moderate degree of ingenuity was requisite to effect such an object.

Within a few days Mr. Lincoln arrived. I shall not be guilty of the folly of attempting to describe the meeting between him and Miss Wentworth, of which I was unavoidably a witness. Imagination, with her Daguerrean powers, will readily draw a picture here which would defy the portraiture of words.

The world does not often atone for its wrongs. When it does, its reparation is ample. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln took at once the highest stand in the respect and affections of society; and their continued devotion to each other was a rare and beautiful specimen of that love which constitutes the few points of contiguity between earth and heaven.

FIDELITY.—Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather around, and sickness falls upon the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—is the time to try true friendship The heart that has been touched with true gold will redouble its efforts, when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn aside from the scenes of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and proves that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who in reality loves you, and who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness to you is appreciated, and that his love and affection was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare; but it is strongly fixed in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power who never relieved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy. The good and kind, the virtuous and affectionate, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts, real, true friends, and countless favors when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

A poet says—

Oh, she was fair,
But sorrow came and left its traces there.

What became of the balance of the harness, he don't say.

Another "sentiment" by JINGO—

The sky is clear and bright, love,
And all is blest but me,
I cannot shed a tear, love,
But if I had an onion, and some snuff, and some tobacco, I think I could TE-HEE!

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From Dicken's Household Words.

THE HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

A Traveller, from journeying
In countries far away,
Re-passed his threshold at the close
Of one calm Sabbath day;
A voice of love, a comely face,
A kiss of chaste delight,
Were the first things to welcome him
On that blest Sabbath night.

He stretched his limbs upon the hearth,
Before its friendly blaze,
And conjured up mixed memories
Of gay and gloomy days;
And felt that none of gentle soul,
However far he roam,
Can e'er forego, can e'er forget,
The quiet joys of home.

"Bring me my children!" cried the sire,
With eager, earnest tone;
"I long to press them, and to mark
How lovely they have grown;
Twelve weary months have passed away
Since I went o'er the sea,
To feel how sad and lone I was
Without my babes and thee."

"Refresh thee, as 'tis needful," said
The fair and faithful wife,
The while her pensive features paled.
And stirred with inward strife;
"Refresh thee, husband of my heart,
I ask it as a boon;
Our children are reposing, love;
Thou shalt behold them soon."

She spread the meal, she filled the cup,
She pressed him to partake;
He sat down blithely at the board,
And all for her sweet sake;
But when the frugal feast was done,
The thankful prayer preferred,
Again affection's fountain flowed;
Again its voice was heard.

"Bring me my children, darling wife,
I'm in an ardent mood;
My soul lacks purer aliment,
I long for other food;
Bring forth my children to my gaze,
Or ere I rage or weep,
I yearn to kiss their happy eyes
Before the hour of sleep."

"I have a question yet to ask;
Be patient, husband dear.
A stranger, one auspicious morn,
Did send some jewels here;
Until to take them from my care,
But yesterday he came,
And I restored them with a sigh:
—Dost thou approve, or blame?"

"I marvel much, sweet wife, that thou
Shouldst breathe such words to me;
Restore to man, resign to God,
Whate'er is lent to thee;
Restore it with a willing heart,
Be grateful for the trust;
Whate'er may tempt or try us, wife,
Let us ever be just."

She took him by the passive hand,
And up the moonlit stair,
She led him to their bridal bed,
With mute and mournful air;
She turned the cover down, and there,
In grave-like garments dressed,
Lay the twin children of their love,
In death's serenest rest.

"These were the jewels lent to me,
Which God has deigned to own;
The precious caskets still remain,
But, ah, the GEMS are flown;
But thou didst teach me to resign
What God alone can claim;
He giveth and he takes away,
Blest be His holy name!"

The father gazed upon his babes,
The mother drooped apart,
Whilst all the woman's sorrow gushed
From her o'erburdened heart;
And with the striving of her grief,
Which wrung the tears she shed,
Were mingled low and loving words
To the unconscious dead.

When the sad sire had looked his fill,
He veiled each breathless face,
And down in self-abasement bowed,
For comfort and for grace;
With the deep eloquence of woe,
Poured forth his secret soul,
Rose up, and stood erect and calm,
In spirit healed and whole.

"Restrain thy tears, poor wife," he said,
"I learn this lesson still,
God gives, and God can take away,
Blest be His holy will!
Blest are my children for they LIVE
From sin and sorrow free,
And I am not all joyless, wife,
With faith, hope, love, and thee."

Temptation is thrown, to a greater or less degree, in the path of every man. He, therefore, who would successfully resist, should be well established in the principles and precepts found in the Bible.

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OBLIGATIONS OF ODD FELLOWS.

BY P. G. D. P. BARNARD.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows exacts from its members duties which, while they ought not to be burthensome to him whose moral training has been such as to pave the way for those fruits in after years which prove him to be truly "an honest man, the noblest work of God," are strongly obligatory upon every individual. Many of our duties, which, compared with others, are of minor importance, are doubtless, well attended to, because they are particularly applicable to our standing in the Order and the full enjoyment of the privileges of membership. With such matters we do not intend at this time to meddle; but it is our object to invite attention to those higher and more exalted duties, which, inasmuch as they are cognizable by society at large, demand our special observance, because they constitute the fruit by which our Order will be judged, and by such judgment, stand or fall. Those duties are embraced in what are termed the moral obligations of an Odd Fellow, binding upon all the members.

At the meetings of our Lodges none but brothers of the Order are privileged to attend, and because of the exclusion of all others, Odd Fellowship is styled a secret society by those who are without the pale of our Fraternity. In no other respect can such a charge be well sustained; because the fact of the existence of our Institution is not a secret; nor are the objects of our Order secrets, inasmuch as the Constitution and By-Laws of our Lodges are published, and may be seen and read by any one desirous to peruse them; nor are the names of our members kept secret, but on the contrary they are annually published, and may be read by all: nor have we discovered any secret gem in the mines of literature, science, or the arts, which we studiously conceal from public gaze. In all these respects we are not a secret society; nor do we in any point of view resemble those secret institutions which have proved dangerous to the well-being of the community at large. Such societies have invariably had some test, deemed an indispensable qualification, such as peculiar political, religious, or moral views, in strict unison with those already admitted to membership; but Odd Fellowship meddles not with the political or religious sentiments of candidates for membership; all it requires is a good moral character. Nevertheless, as it is popular to style us secret societies, it devolves upon us to convince the world that we, as Odd Fellows, have high moral obligations, and are bound faithfully to observe them.

In the early history of the adjoining State of Connecticut, as human law-makers were scarce, the good people of that commonwealth resolved that they would be governed by the laws of God, as laid down in the Holy Scriptures, which in their judgment contained all that was necessary for the civil as well as religious government of man. So, with Odd Fellowship, the Bible has been adopted as an indispensable appendage to every well-regulated Lodge; not to be used, as the ignorant frequently suppose and charge, by us for the administration of dreadful oaths to our members; not to be kept and looked upon merely as a piece of furniture, yet have no influence on our conduct or proceedings; but as the unerring standard of Divine Truth, a Light to our way, and a Lamp to our path, teaching us our duty to God, our neighbors, and to ourselves, enabling us to discharge faithfully those duties as children of this earth, and fitting us for the enjoyment of those blessings which are promised in another, and a better world. We are, therefore, under an obligation to make the Bible our study, that we be more frequently admonished of those practical duties which Odd Fellows seek to perform.

No duty ought to be more strongly enforced upon our members than a frequent attendance at our Lodge meetings. They will thus become familiar with those wise precepts of charity which all are bound to carry out in practice. They will then be disposed to take upon themselves those offices, the duties of which relate to visiting the sick and distressed, and the destitute widow and orphan. They are made familiar with the wants and distresses of others, and become habituated to the practice of affording relief. There have been times at our meetings, when, on some minor affair of business, our discussions have waxed warm, and become exciting; but even at such times, who has not felt an enviable glow of pleasure pervade his bosom, at witnessing the respectful silence which all have observed when a brother has taken the floor to report the case of another in sickness or in need, or a widow or orphans in distress, and the ready and unanimous response which all have given to a proposition embracing full and adequate relief? Such scenes are frequent, and their very frequency calls out our charitable feelings so often, that to the regular attendant at our meetings, they become a part of their nature. Many have been initiated into our Order whose ears were scarcely or never open to a charitable appeal, and yet by a constant attendance to our meetings, they have become alive to the reality of distress, and have been amongst the foremost in affording the necessary relief. So far, then,

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as charity is concerned, those of our members who attend our meetings with regularity are by no means deficient in the practice of that virtue. This is but another illustration of the rule that "practice makes perfect." With our physical nature, the constant exercise of the hand, the arm, or any other limb, strengthens and enables it the more easily to repeat the same exercise: so, with our intellectual nature, the frequent exercise of a particular intellectual faculty makes such exercise easy. And if with these, how much more with our moral nature, which is so intimately connected with the best affections of the heart! In the buoyancy of youth, before our feelings have been benumbed with the world's chilling touch, how warm are our affections—how pure our feelings—how generous our emotions! But as years roll on, and we approach to manhood, other feeling usurp those of nature, and smother their existence, and the first years of manhood may be styled the most selfish of all. Soon a feeling of loneliness disposes to marriage and awakens the social affections. But something more is necessary to be awakened; our charitable feelings yet remain dormant—our individual means may be too much straitened to enable us to adopt any systematic scheme of benevolence. Unless we associate with others, we may never, until too late, have an opportunity to exercise our kindness to any extent. In our Order this association can be found. The small sums contributed by each member form in the aggregate a sufficient sum for great good, and it is freely devoted to that purpose. We have only to cultivate this feeling, and do all the good we can, and we will thereby discharge a great obligation to our Order, because we will command from the world without, that tribute of praise which is freely paid to the accomplishment of good.

The obligation of justice is not less binding on our members than on all others of the human family. To do unto others as we would have others do unto us, is a rule to which we cannot too closely adhere. Justice teaches us never to wrong one another as brothers; it also teaches us never to wrong any one, be he a brother, or be he a stranger. If we would more closely adhere to this rule, and feel that we do so as an obligation we owe to the Order, how great would be the respect which we would receive as individuals, and as a Fraternity which exacts from its members the performance of such duties? The Order enjoins these duties on our members, and he is wanting in fidelity who disregards such an injunction.

The obligation of Temperance is amongst our earliest lessons. It is too late to deny the fatal consequences of intemperance upon our moral, physical, and intellectual natures. If any vice is more severely punished than others, with us, it is this. If any stronger objection can be urged against a candidate than a suspicion of drunkenness, we have yet to learn what it is. If anything lowers a man more quickly in the esteem of our members, we know it not. Long before those societies which have so successfully promoted the temperance reformation in our land had an existence, Odd Fellowship in America raised its warning voice against drunkenness. It discountenanced even occasional convivial meetings in our Fraternity, and has reaped the fruits of its early stand in favor of temperance, by a rapid accession of members whose usefulness has been proportionate to their sobriety.

We have thus referred to those duties, the performance of which are as apparent without our meetings as within them. The faithfulness with which they are adhered to, will elevate or depress the character of our Institution. We do not claim those virtues as peculiar only to Odd Fellowship. They exist elsewhere, and adorn all societies which adhere to them. In fact we make no exclusive claim to the practice of any virtue, for virtue *was* before Odd Fellowship existed. We have deemed Odd Fellowship well adapted to the practice of virtue, and we have enrolled ourselves amongst its members; and without disparaging others, or arrogating more to ourselves than is justly our due, we have only to follow the good old paths laid down for us by our predecessors in the Order, and we will convince the world, not only that we are not the characters that some have supposed us to be—not a secret society whose motives are bad—but that we are actually an Association whose objects are to serve the human race, and that much good can come out of those whose simple motto is

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AND TRUTH.

HOW TO PRESERVE HEALTH.—Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, and indiscriminate dosing and drugging, have ruined the health, and destroyed the life of more persons than famine, sword and pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink wholesome things, sleep on mattresses, retire and rise very regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin, and when sick, take counsel of the best physician you know and follow nature.

Where the world rebuketh, there look for the excellent.

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(From the Boston Odd Fellow.)

TENETS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

LOVE.

In the chain enclosing our brotherhood, there is another link akin to Friendship, an elder sister—"meek-eyed Love." While the former, as we have said, is identified with Odd Fellowship by peculiar and collateral interests, while it binds them as a band of brothers together, exerting its claims with earnestness and affection, the latter cements more firmly the bond, diffusing its warmth and shedding its heavenly radiance around, about and above, crowning the labors of our Order with success, and lighting its pathway upon the right hand and the left, with the brightest beams of its gorgeous sunlight.

"Love is not passion in that narrow sense,
That links the heart to others of its kind."

Nor is that uncontrolled desire which madly wastes philanthropy and pity, and scatters waste in profusion around the needy and suffering—it is a higher and a holier virtue, having

"No thought of self,
Not being bought with ruthless usurer's gold,"

given to earth, the prototype of Heaven, to show by dim, imperfect reflection, the duty, the mission of man.

In our state of mutual dependency, in the world composed of a variety of conflicting interests, of souls unlike in passion, hope, desire or tendency; in this medley creation, this moving mass of breathing clay, what associative principle, by man defined, or by human genius devised, could have touched all hearts alike, and awakened in each a vibration which in all should well and sweetly accord, producing unmistakable harmony—sounds that the whole, the mass, could utter and appreciate, vieing in matchless intonations with the "music of the spheres." What philanthropy, what disinterestedness, has ever been universally admired, what kindness has been too manifest to have been misconstrued, what proudest charity of humanity has not been reviled and abused—yet who has spoken against true love, pure and sparkling, gemmed with the dew of the heart's first freshness?

"Love, alike to soothe or save,
Kindly watches o'er us,
From the cradle to the grave,
And with every tossing wave,
Soars and sings in chorus.

Love is Life's pervading charm
In bright or angry weather,
Let the pure flame keep us warm,
And light us all from hate and harm
In brotherhood together."

Therefore it is that we cherish it as Odd Fellows; yet our secluded habits, our closed doors, seem, it is said, to preclude this holy desire. Men imagine we are only Odd Fellows only in the Lodge room—but here is a great mistake. "Let your light shine before men," is no less recognized as the commands of our Saviour by Odd Fellows than by any class, but rather on the contrary, they have have the precept in their hearts; their daily walks, their lives, their communion with the world and its entire population, all should be beaming and overflowing with Love.

Friendship, Love and Truth, the arch of our association, falls when the keystone crumbles. Love overthrown, its beauty is forever lost, and the noble pillars are no longer united, the fabric's perfection is bartered, and a mere wreck is left to mark the grave of its grandeur. Love is the incentive which binds us to the world, as Friendship binds us to one another; it is the medium whereby our associative goodness does affect the general welfare, for being within us, it must break forth; it were folly to strive for its concealment, its nature is impulsive, its kindness can in no wise be controlled, or its liberty curtailed; it will brook no bonds, and scorns all binding—the race is the divine object of its yearning solicitude, and there are only the wide-spread limits of creation to its influence.

Talk of making Love a secret virtue,

"You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual tide,"

as hope to keep it in your narrow circle; let the defamer of our Order remember of Love, in the words of the poet Wilson:

"Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth,
Love dwelleth here 'mid toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there."

It is no venal virtue, that returns only, or gives scantily, meting out with the hope of reward sparingly, yet ever spreading forth the grasping hand ready to receive, to hoard, to gather. It is the smile of Heaven reflected in mercy, and it is received by the spirit with joy, it is entertained with gladness; each resource of the human heart is drained to give it hospitable cheer and kindly welcome, to all; it is a guest that bringeth gladness. It receiveth the admiration of all tongues, and no one despises its communion—therefore it ornaments our Order with a brighter than earthly lustre, and adds honor to our age.

"Shut not thy bosom to the tenderness of love, the purity of its flame shall ennoble thy heart," said an ancient, yet a deeply philosophical writer, an author who had studied assiduously the heart, and has left behind him a work which, side by side with the highest of books, shall pass from generation

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to generation, read by the wisest and the best; and it is echoed by our institution in its motto; it is in its practice glorified, and "Love one another," is its first great principle. As christianity is based upon the two great laws, so is Odd Fellowship based upon this maxim, this the spirit of all laws. Love one another, and the world shall receive you to its bosom echoing your watchword, beholding the unity of your design, the singleness of your purpose, the height of your aim and the propriety of your conduct. Love one another—the sharing of labor, the division of happiness would give to each a goodly share; then strive to bring so desirable an end about, anxiously weed your hearts of hatred and envy, look upon your fellow men and love them. Then shall your heart gather strength from your adherence to our tenets, and you shall know the truth of the following lines:

Abou Ben Adhem, (may his tribe increase,)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily's bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold;
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low.
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light.
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed.
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

A True Gentleman.—Show me the young man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age—who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years have deprived of charms—show me the man who is willing to help the deformed who stands in need of help—show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon—show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches, and family—show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns, as he would a coward, the ridicule of women's foibles, or the exposer of womanly reputation—show me that man who never forgets, for an instant, the delicacy, the respect that is due to woman in any condition or class—and you show me a gentleman—nay, you show me a better—you show me a true man and a christian.

THE TWO SACKS.

IMITATED FROM PHŒDRUS.

At our births, the satanical elves
Two sacks from our shoulders suspend:
The one holds the faults of ourselves;
The other the faults of our friend:

The first we wear under our clothes—
Out of sight, out of mind, at our back;
The last is so under our nose,
We know every scrap in the sack.

[Household Words.

WHAT OUR ORDER CAN DO.

How often we are asked what Odd Fellowship can do to benefit mankind? No one sees it in its silent work, and no one heralds its benefactions to the world, but it *does* work for all that. If not seen, it wields an untold influence for good. We will specify some things it can do for the welfare of man:

1. It gathers together a group of men from the several grades and class of respectable society, and instructs them in the fundamental principles of social duty, and enjoins them to go out into the world and practice accoding to their instructions.

2. Under the influence of these instructions they do mingle in the crowd of human beings, and as a necessary consequence, impart something of their own principles and feelings to them. They feel all to be brothers, and as such, to be entitled to consideration and respect.

3. Seeking to rule the world by love and kindness, rather than by harshness and force, it gradually assimilates the characters of its members to its principles, so that they more and more feel that it is "good and pleasant for brothers to dwell together in unity."

4. By the influence now exerted upon society in almost every village and hamlet of our country, community is brought to feel its common bond of union, and the well-tempered cement of brotherly love, unites the different stones that constitute the living temple, into one common mass.

This is what our Order is doing! This is what it can do! This is what it will and must do! With no flourish of trumpets does it go on its mission, but still as the "small voice" of Truth, but mighty and powerful as that of Truth in its most potent phase, it overturns error, subdues opposition, and conquers all foes; and he who opposes its progress, must also oppose the march of truth which is even now causing misery to flee, and the mourner's tears to dry—the countenance of despair to light up with the smiles of hope, and Hope herself to anticipate a better day than has yet dawned on earth.

Such persons should pause and consider, lest haply they be found fighting against God.—*The Quiver.*

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[From the Ark, and Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

PLAIN FACTS.

It has been charged that Odd Fellows are bound to coutenance one another in wrong-doing—that one cannot appear in court and testify against a brother member. There is not a word of truth in the charge. Odd Fellows are bound to support the laws, and the initiate is told at the outset that he cannot become a good Odd Fellow, or be a good citizen, unless he is faithful to his country, and supports its laws and institutions. The Baltimore Patriot has the following sensible remarks and plain facts in regard to this subject:

Everybody who knows anything about Odd Fellowship, knows that it is purely a benevolent institution; and that brothers testify against each other in the Lodge, as the published proceedings of the different Lodges show, or how else could a brother be tried and expelled for intemperance, &c. Out of the Lodge, as our legal tribunal show every day, one Odd Fellow looks upon another Odd Fellow, when the laws of our country are concerned, as a fellow man and fellow citizen, having rights, and being amenable to the same laws with himself and other citizens, and acts accordingly. It is when he sees a brother in distress, that the laws of the Order bind an Odd Fellow to make the condition of the friendless brother known to the brotherhood; and they are bound to aid him, if he is in good standing. The faithfulness with which the brotherhood attend to the sick and distressed of their Order is a matter of daily occurrence, and makes comment unnecessary.

Odd Fellowship has done incalculable good. In a country like ours it is calculated to do incalculable good. More than any other people, we wander east and west, and north and south, over an extent of country which, to a European, is marvellous—and our young men, mechanics and others, on leaving home, cast themselves abroad to seek their fortunes, often without any aids save their own energies. But if they are Odd Fellows, they have the conviction that they may make acquaintances and friends wherever they may go, by drawing their cards and entering a Lodge in the place where they may become residents. They feel that they have some one to look to in sickness and distress. Their friends feel it also—and the fears of all are lessened. The wanderer from home gains confidence, and his friends there feel that he is not friendless, though away from them. Besides, the widow and orphans of an Odd Fellow are cared for by the brotherhood. But we must not enlarge on this subject, though we could not but say this of an Order, which numbers so many of our respectable citizens in our midst, and which has done no evil that we know of, and so much good at our very doors.

[From the Ark and Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

"WATCHING."

In the laws of the Subordinate Lodges there is a provision which secures attendance upon the sick or disabled Brother. Whenever it comes to the knowledge of the proper officer that a Brother is sick, and in need of watches—that is, persons to attend him through the night—that officer gives notice to the Secretary, and it becomes the duty of the latter to notify two members of the Lodge to attend and watch with the sick Brother every night so long as it may be necessary. The Brothers are always taken in rotation, so that one may not attend to this duty oftener than another.

This is one of the great benefits of Odd Fellowship. "We command you to visit the sick," is inscribed upon our banners. It is intended that the sick and disabled brother shall be attended to, and himself and family cared for. Is this duty always performed as it should be? As a general thing, it undoubtedly is. But instances have come to our knowledge where Brothers who have been notified to watch with the sick, have neglected their duty. In some cases frivolous excuses have been made for their failure. This neglect should never be tolerated unless for the best of reasons, and the Lodge ought always to inflict the severest penalties provided for such neglect.

We fear that occasionally one may be found who will endeavor to keep away from a sick chamber—one who dislikes to sit up and lose his sleep. The Odd Fellowship of such many well be questioned. Is there any good Odd Fellow who would evade this duty, and permit his sick Brother to be neglected, and suffer thereby?

In cases of infectious and contagious diseases, members could not we suppose be expected or required to attend the sick. But in such cases, the committee of relief should promptly hire nurses, and secure good attendance. Some of the Lodges of this State have provided for such cases, but not all of them; certainly all should do so. A brother who may have the small pox, or other contagious disease, is as much entitled to attendance as one sick with a fever; and this attendance can be secured by procuring faithful and competent nurses.

Good nature is one of the sweetest gifts of Providence. Like the pure sunshine it gladdens, enlivens and cheers. In the midst of hate, revenge, sorrow, and despair, how glorious are its effects.

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VISIT THE SICK.

Yes, visit the sick, is a command uttered by Odd Fellowship, and binding upon every Odd Fellow, who should strictly and punctually attend to this highly important matter. We should not only be ever ready to take our turn, in rotation, to sit up with him through the dark and silent hours of midnight, and render him all the assistance in our power; but as it is our right and our privilege to visit a brother in sickness or distress, we never should wait for an invitation to do so. And when we make these visits of mercy, we should not make them merely a business matter, because we are bound to their performance by our laws; but we should do so from a cheerful dispostion to do good—from a sympathetic feeling to mitigate the sorrows and woes of others, to bind up the broken-hearted; well knowing that it will not only be gratifying to the brother, but equally so to his friends and relatives. When a brother is laid low on the sick bed, whose frail body is racked with tormenting pains, oh! how pleasant and agreeable to receive the visit of some true and faithful brother—with what a thrill of delight does he receive the friendly hand! how consoling are these kind acts to his troubled spirit.

When the cold and icy sweat-drops of death are standing upon the pale and wasted countenance of a worthy brother, who is about to sleep in the long and silent sleep of death—when the vital spark is about to flit away for the world above—when he is about to bid a last and long farewell to all he holds near and dear on earth, oh! then above all other times we should be there, that his last look may be turned upon us, in feeling of gratitude and friendship, for this last kind and filial act of goodness. Ah! when my time comes to "shuffle off this mortal coil"—when about to launch my frail bark upon the dark and mysterious ocean of eternity, may I have the inexpressible delight of seeing clustered around my dying couch the well-known and familiar faces of my beloved brothers, that they may wipe my pallid brow, cheer my weak spirit and bid me "trust in God." And when they have performed the last sad duty of depositing my cold rigid remains in the house appointed for all, laid them low in the cold damp grave, may they there shed over me the tear-drop of affection; and after casting upon my coffin the ever-green, the emblem of immortality, may they, under its chastening influence, sacredly renew to each other the warm pledge of Friendship, Love and Truth.

When God, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, takes away from this mundane world a worthy brother of the mystic tie, who leaves a widow and young orphans, see to it, brothers, that they receive your labors of love and mercy. Remember that there is no cessation from labor so long as there are any of his family left, who may be in need of your charity and kind acts of benevolence. Call often to see his bereaved widow, and tender her those consolations which you may be able to offer; and make all needful inquiry concerning her prospects and her situation; and if she is in want, make it known to the Lodge, that it may make the proper provisions to supply her need. Never let it be said that Odd Fellows neglect those placed under their charge; but be always ready to wipe the falling tear from tne weeping eyes of the disconsolate widow, and hush the cries of the mourning orphans. Let that heavenly grace, pure charity, predominate in all your proceedings, both public and private. Never let it be said in truth that the sorrowing child of humanity—the true Odd Fellow, has applied in vain at your doors for needed assistance. Never let it be said that a worthy Odd Fellow has taken up his abode in the poor house, or is dependent on the cold charity of the world for support.

PRINCIPLES OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The principles of Odd Fellowship are well known. They are the light which have guided the footsteps of the virtuous, and have been the doctrines of the holy in every age. The friendship of David and Jonathan; the love of him who laid down his life for his enemies; "who died that they might live;"—and the martyrdom of Stephen for the cause of holy truth, are the most gloriously triumphant scenes in the history of man. All the sweets of true affection, all the ravishing beauties of true generosity, and all the grand and commanding scenes of noble magnanimity which adorn the pages of history; are bound by the golden chain. Against the principles of Odd Fellowship, Friendship, Love and Truth, no man dare bring a railing accusation; and to the enemies of our Order let me say, that our doctrines may be likened to an house built upon a rock; the rains may fall and the storms may beat against it, but its foundation moveth not. All men are mostly agreed upon what the principles of virtue are, but in the manner of carrying them out in the action of life—the great difference in religion, and the many divisions in society, proclaim the great variety of opinions. We are the foes of no sect;—when we see a benevolent act performed, we care not of what persuasion the benefactor may be, we "write him down a lover of his fellow men." The principal weapon used against us by the opponents of our Order, is, that our association is secret, for if our object is good

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why keep its transactions in darkness?" Undoubtedly secret societies may be the means of doing much evil; that depends on the manner in which they may be conducted; but they also may be, and have been, the most powerful engines in doing good. When Prussia and Austria were ground to the dust to pay the heavy contribution levied on them by the iron hand of Napoleon, it was the Thugenbund which broke the yoke of oppression and set the crushed peasanty free. And it was to those secret associations that Metternich and Hardenberg looked for their country's salvation, and were not disappointed. We believe that the manner in which we carry out the principles already spoken of, is the best and most brotherly performed. It once was, when the Church held that "feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and relieving the distressed," was the first and principal doctrine of Christianity. It is for the Church to judge and reflect upon what place this doctrine now holds. We cannot interfere in any way with operations of Christian Churches; it is for them to convince and teach people the holy principles—we would lead men in the best manner to practice them. To Odd Fellowship the following lines may be strictly applied:.

"Friendship! the golden beams, illume
The dreary pathway of the life we tread;
Bearing a brother to his silent tomb—
Watching in sickness, by the lonely bed."

And the principle of Love, how sweetly is it illustrated in the beautiful anecdote in the last "Offering," "He is a Brother." In the spirit of our Order's affection, truly may it be said,

"Love, love, thou art no common bond,
Binding to wealth, or pomp, or pride—
Thou art our Order's azure zone,
Circling broad earth and ocean wide."

One great truth we can declare; the State is not troubled with our poor. We watch in sickness by the couch of a brother, and we strive to provide things honest, in the sight of all men; whoso doeth not these things, is not a true Odd Fellow. Our Order is a noble tree; its roots strike deep into a goodly soil, and its branches spread far and wide. Our cause is onward—our principles are eternal.

"Kingdoms shall totter to the dust,
An end at last will come, to time,
The wheels of universe shall rust,
But Truth—eternal—stands sublime."

TEMPTATION.—You know not the power of temptation. Associate with a vicious person but one day, and you will receive a serious injury; then what must follow if you are on the strictest terms of intimacy with such a character? By little and little you will be assimilated to his practices, till at length you will be his equal.

ASSOCIATIONS.

By the term *associations*, I mean to express a particular part of society, a body of men who, though members of, and subordinate to the general system, unite themselves into distinct communities or societies, for their own immediate advantage, and relatively for the public benefit. If we look to these, we shall find men entering them upon different views—with different motives, and to answer various purposes. In our Order, it is to be feared there are some who have been induced to join it by motives they would dislike to avow. If, regardless of the general good, they sought initiation, merely that they might draw upon the funds of the Order, they should now submit themselves to the wholesome and generous teachings of the institution, and be assured that there are other and weightier reasons why they should strive to preserve and perpetuate Odd Fellowship. They should learn that we assemble with men of different nations and tongues, not out of necessity, for the preservation of our lives; but to render them more beneficial to others and to ourselves; by enabling us to perform those duties, and afford that assistance to each other in a united capacity which as individuals we were unable to do. We may enumerate as many duties as we will, that we pledge ourselves to perform; and in guaranteeing succor to the sick and distressed, burial for the dead, protection to the widow, and education and support to the orphan, we believe we assumed duties which, while they benefit the Order and those dependent on its members, are conducive to the public benefit. Our association, then, is not wholly selfish—it provides for its own, and by commanding and illustrating the principles of Friendship and Charity, it imparts more of that generous spirit to the community—it helps to stamp the age as one of benevolence and progress. It helps to fraternize the great mass of the people, and gives a new impetus and a practical power to brotherly love. If we have entertained motives unworthy of a true Odd Fellow, let us banish them; let us see in Odd Fellowship an institution founded on the benevolent intentions of extending and confirming mutual safety and happiness on the best and truest principle of moral order and social virtue. Then shall we labor to preserve the purity of its principles, and to gain for it increasing influence. Then shall we sustain it, and hand it down to later times, a blessing to the world.—*Covenant.*

Are you stepping upon the threshold of life? Secure for yourself a good moral character. Without virtue you cannot be respected; without integrity you can never rise to distinction and honor.

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BIBLE.

BY RALPH HOYT.

BIBLE!—Blessed Bible!
Treasure of the heart!
What sweet consolation
Doth thy page impart;
In the fiercest trial,
In the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort,
In each holy leaf.
Bible,—let me clasp thee,
Anchor of the soul!
When the storm is raging,
When the waters roll,
When the frowning heavens
Darken every star,
And no hopeful beacon
Glimmereth afar,
Be my refuge, Bible!
Then be thou my stay,
Guide me on life's billow,
Light the dreary way,
Tell me of the morrow,
When a sun shall rise,
That shall glow forever,
In unclouded skies,
Tell me of that heaven
In the climes above,
Where the bark rides safely
In a sea of love.

Bible!—let me clasp thee!
Chronicle divine,
Of a world's redemption,
Of a Saviour, mine!
Wisdom for the simple,
Riches for the poor,
Hope for the desponding,
For the sick, a cure.
Rest for all the weary,
Ransom for the slave,
Courage for the fearful,
Life beyond the grave!
Bible!—Blessed Bible!
Treasure of the heart,
What sweet consolation
Doth thy page impart;—
In the fiercest trial,
In the deepest grief,
Strength, and hope, and comfort,
In each holy leaf.

How small is the diameter of the human throat, and how short its measure! Yet it will give the same note with the pipe of an organ *eight feet in length!* and the valve which covers it, and plays with electric swiftness, (imitated by the reed of the organ,) is, as all know, a very small thing; yet with the contractions and expansions of the throat, it will utter a scale of seventeen degrees.

CHARITY.

Essays tending to illustrate the moral virtues, or to enforce their observance are of more immediate utility than those of an abstruser nature. These commend themselves to the practices of all: those are speculations that need to be speculated upon, before they can be made subservient to the general interests of mankind. By this remark it is not intended to undervalue any department of human knowledge. What we wish to hint is, that the various branches of information are of use only in so far as they tend to strengthen man's attachment to those great principles that God has revealed to the mind of man. Upon the plans of the Creator it is in vain that we seek to improve. *He* has placed the principles embodied in the decalogue far in advance of all others in point of importance; and it is the consummation of human wisdom to accord with the Divine perceptions and will. Many have been the efforts to undermine the importance of those simple but sublime principles, of which the beauty and grandeur of the external universe are only the insignificant appendages; but those efforts have proved nought, save the folly of the essayist, and the superior wisdom of the plan against which his spleen and prejudice had been hurled; for while schemes of sceptical philosophy have lived, flourished, and passed away, the simple plan of Revelation has continued to live, and has gathered new lustre from every succeeding period.

Among the several moral virtues, charity occupies a very prominent station. It is not indeed, so much an independent virtue, as it is the element in which the other virtues move and operate. Like its mother christianity, its influence is remote rather than immediate; and like it, its excellence is seen to the best advantage, when observed in the various accidents and circumstances of practical life. When we think of charity, we think of it rather as an energy to give tone and character to other graces, than of something which is in itself a grace. Performed in the true spirit of charity the simplest act wears an aspect of beauty and simplicity: apart from its presence and influence, the most important action appears altogether hideous and revolting. Hence an inspired writer has aptly called it "the very bond of perfectness;" which is in effect to constitute a sort of atmosphere for the other virtues to move in.

Charity is that universal feeling of good will and kindness, which rejecting local circumstances and prejudices, is willing to embrace the breathing universe in the spirit of concession and compromise; and which, where its object is smitten by the hand of poverty, is desirous of displaying itself in

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acts of pecuniary assistance. If you would make a just estimate of its importance, go look abroad upon the face of the peopled earth. See you the myriads upon myriads of active beings dwelling upon its surface, who as civil and social beings, are bound together mainly by the cold law of selfishness; consider the numerous weaknesses and errors of human judgment; mark the perpetual liabilities to collision of feeling and interest; and you may then be prepared to form some idea of the importance of charity. It is true that man, as an individual, possesses sympathies and inclinations that lead him to seek with avidity the fellowship of his species; but so soon as he enters into a state of society, his feelings of selfishness gain the ascendancy of all the rest: hence the necessity of some strong opposing principle, which shall be in fact the great conservative principle of humanity. Such a principle is *charity*. Like an angel of mercy it has gone forth into the various departments of society with "healing on its wings;" often humbling and subduing the proud oppressor's heart; and ever seeking to soothe the wretched and disconsolate.

The momuments of charity are more enduring than those of the hero, for they speak not of devastation and blood, but of positive deeds of mercy that can never be forgotten, until nature has forgotten to do its wonted work upon the memory of man. And when systems that have grown weak from age shall have fallen with a crash that shall shake the earth; it will be the province of charity to gather up the fragments that lay around, and march on to shape, to better purposes, the destiny of the coming period.

But if charity be thus important in itself, institutions tending to extend and perpetuate its influence, must be of vast utility also. Such an institution is Odd Fellowship. It is based upon the purest principles of equality, extending like privileges and immunities to all its membership; and rejecting all preference for any particular creed in religion, it clings with the utmost tenacity to those great moral principles, which are shadowed forth in the impressions of nature, and confirmed by the precepts of Divine Revelation. Its membership, particularly those of more elevated condition, learn to lay aside feelings of pride and ostentation, by the frequent recurrence of scenes of sorrow and wretchedness; while from those scenes they gather a practical commentary upon the unstable character of earthly pomp and glory. Lessons taught by example are more thrilling than those gathered from the history of past events. There is no school so good as that of self-experience. We read of events of gone-by generations as things about which we are concerned but little; and of those, who were long since subjected to the sad fluctuations of earthly fortune, we are too apt to feel that they were beings, with whose destinies our own are but slightly identified. We read of Xerxes, who marshalled his millions upon the plains of Asia Minor, and fancied himself capable of shaking the pillars of the universe. A moment more we see him flying from a handful of detested Grecians. We read of "Tadmor in the Desert," whose splendor almost added additional lustre to the sun. Alas! she is gone now; and she and Xerxes sleep in the same oblivious tomb. We read the sad illustration of the fleeting nature of earthly glory: it is an old story; and our hearts turn away but slightly affected. But when from a tragedy which was acted many centuries ago, we turn aside to gaze for ourselves upon a scene of wo and wretchedness, the tear of sympathy will glisten in the eye; and the visage, despite of itself, will begin to express the commiseration that rules the heart within. Such feelings indicate the true spirit of charity, and such feelings Odd Fellowship is well calculated to create and preserve.

But while Odd Fellowship thus fosters charity and extends its influence, as a social principle, it strips it of its more revolting character, when made to assume the garb of almsgiving. To a sensitive being, however desolate his condition, the idea of being the receiver of accidental charity is a loathsome thing. This feeling Odd Fellowship takes away; since in sending its alms to the desolate widow—who stands in silent, but speaking wretchedness over the couch of her dead husband—it places in her hand as that which is hers by right of inheritance. This is an incalculable good. It is not enough that alms be given; they must be so given that the subject does not feel the sad necessity he is under to receive them. Otherwise in relieving an immediate necessity, alms-giving would often lead to a remote and fearful evil, by making its subject repine at his lot, and curse the hard hand of Providence for subjecting him to so sad a state of vassalage.

In saying God speed Odd Fellowship, then, we are praying for the promotion of charity, and the best interests of humanity. Together may they run out into the various departments of society until they shall have compassed the four corners of the earth; and while charity shall erect its temple in every land, may benevolence and love rule the feelings of every breast.

Independent Odd Fellow.

True philosophy, says Plato, consists more in fidelity, constancy, justice, sincerity, and in the love of our duty, than in a great capacity.

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LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The birds, when winter shades the sky,
Fly o'er the seas away,
Where laughing eyes in sunshine lie,
And summer breezes play.
And thus the friends that flutter near
While fortune's sun is warm,
Are startled if a cloud appear,
And fly before the storm.

But when from winter's howling plains
Each other warbler's past,
The little snow-bird still remains,
And chirrups midst the blast.
Love, like that bird, when friendship's throng
With fortune's su n depart,
Still lingers with its cheerful song,
And nestles on the heart.

GOOD ADVICE TO ODD FELLOWS.

BY BRO. JOHN B. DICKS.

Brothers, it is our duty, a duty we owe to God and man, as far as lies in our power to alleviate the distresses of all men: sympathize with and offer our condolence to the afflicted, more particularly in our own circle and community: make ourselves generally useful, without however injuring ourselves or our sacred institution by so doing. We should guard well our conduct in life, weigh well every motive before we act; let our actions with the world be such that by the powerful impulse of right our prosperity will be onward! onward!

In all our temporal affairs our path of duty is clearly marked out. Among the important principles whereby we should be governed in our daily pursuits are those of honesty and truth. Honesty is emblazoned before us as a jewel upon which we should set our affections, and by which we should be guided in our every action. It should be the day-star of our existence, and the bright luminary by which we should be governed in our thoughts by day and in our reflections at night. Actuated by a principle for honesty we are sure to arrive at and attain to a sphere of usefulness, whether of humble or dignified character.

Brothers, let me admonish you that you be governed by a love for truth. Possessing a sound principle and strong relish for truth in our own minds, we are enabled to test this quality in others; also detect false notions, see through false manners, and to despise false attractions. It is the study and practice of truth that enables us to establish a character for sound integrity and veracity. A detestation of falsehood should be strongly impressed upon our minds by the following couplet:

"Oh what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive."

It is not enough that we possess truth as a principle, we should ever cherish it as an object of affection; delight in it as a matter of taste, and detest nothing so much as false coloring or artifice. The adorer of truth is placed above all things earthly; he stands firm in the midst of temptation, and frank in the midst of treachery. The possessor of truth will be attacked, however, by those who have prejudices, solely for the reason that he is without them. The poisoned barbed arrows of falsehood, accelerated by the low artifice of calumny, may be aimed and directed towards us, but we will stand unharmed, protected by the invulnerable shield of truth.

Brothers, we should live in friendship with all mankind. Friendship springs from the kind and amiable dispositions of the mind; it betokens the absence of selfishness, and those discordant passions which disgrace our nature. It is truly ranked among the virtues. It is the source of a large portion of our happiness—it is the tie of congenial souls. Surrounded by the snares and deceitfulness of this world, when so wild and tumultuous are the passions and pursuits of men, where disinterestedness is seldom found, and where "justice often holds unequal scales," how necessary to our peace and comfort is that friend in whom we place implicit confidence; who shares alike with us, whether in adversity, or in prosperity, his warmest friendship. No one dare say that friendship is forbidden, or not encouraged by the scriptures. The principles of religion excite us to cultivate every amiable disposition, and allow us every indulgence not inconsistent with duty. The following, drawn from holy writ by an able pen, illustrates the strong attachment binding together the souls of David and Jonathan in bonds of friendship:—"When Saul and Jonathan were slain, David seized his harp, and from a soul full of sorrow poured forth his inimitable elegy; pursued with his sighs the spirit of his departed friend, and blasted the mountain of Gilboa in the language of poetical indignation." Our Savior, independent of all other instances, gives a sanction to the cultivation of friendship; for proof of this, he selected John, bestowed upon him his warmest affections, and admitted him to his freest communication. The gradations of affection are various, each corresponding with the different relations of life, and contrbuting their share to that harmony which should reign throughout society.

Harmony should be carefully compounded with our duties. It is instrumental in consummating all our labors. It should be a cardinal point with us, whether in or out of the Lodge, to live in harmony one with another. It is no doubt the fact with some of us, which

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however may be attributed partly to our natrue and dispositions, that we frequently give way to passion, become excited in debate, in the discharge of our duties as members of the Lodge, or as members of society without the pale of our institution give utterance to sentiments derogatory to the peace and happiness of those to whom we stand variously related by social connexion. So far then as these are faults, it should be our duty to soften them in our naturre, and eradicate them in our dispositions.

Brothers, let us be governed by that harmonious spirit taught by the principles of Odd Fellowship, and not only be governed thereby when assembled within the walls of our hall in our official capacity, but we should be governed thereby at all times, in all things; be governed thereby in the discharge of the several duties incumbent upon us as husbands or fathers, as advisers or instructors.

Before I close I wish to remind you, that to facilitate the operations of our honorable institution, to render Odd Fellowship popular and generally *useful*, we should be punctual in attending regularly our Lodge. Many of us have been remiss in the discharge of our duty in this particular, thereby weakening our institution, and retarding the operations of the few who labor incessantly for its advancement. Very often men in affluent circumstances have not at heart the welfare of any benevolent institution, nor do they feel the wants or experience any of the cares of the world; their fortune is to bask in the sunshine of wealth and repose upon the lap of ease, enjoying their own created selfish happiness, if I may be allowed the expression. But alas! they although fortified as they were in their imaginary stability of wealth, are too soon overtaken by a sad reverse of fortune; they become miserable, wretchedly miserable. Yes! miserable from the fact, that in the pompous hour of their greatness they constituted only selfish friends; not friends who, in the hour of adversity, would voluntarily sympathize with and alleviate their distresses. Brothers, let us fall not into this error, but by our diligence and attention at all times to our Lodge, constitute friends, true friends; entitle ourselves to the sympathies of our brethren, we may then share all the benefits to be derived from Odd Fellowship, do honor to ourselves and to our common cause.

If you love others they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

THE SLAVES OF THE LAMP.

BY AGNES N. BEACH.

A party was sitting over their wine and dessert. One peach, and only one remains upon the table. It is very rich, very ripe, very luscious, very tempting. Every body has offered it to his neighbor, and everybody's neighbor has politely declined it. There appears something greedy in seizing the last morsel on the table. Everybody then envies the peach, yet leaves it unappropriated on the table. Everybody appears careless of that about which everybody is interested. Everybody is greedy, but none will own it. The peach is the cause of all white lies, the petty envy, the paltry covetousness, which even that respectable party —for they were all respectable, and not one of them cared a pin's head about the peach in the abstract—could not help giving up a little corner of their breasts to, as a passing place for shelter.

Suddenly the lamp went out, and as the room was left in darkness, six hands, simultaneously stretched out, encountered each other in the dish; the whole party, with one united effort, strove to appropriate the peach.

When the lamp was re-lit, they were ashamed to look each other in the face. They felt how paltry they were; with what petty cowardice—with what shabby cunning, with what sneaking selfishness they had acted. 'Twas long the burning of the lamp which had kept them decent. They were slaves of the lamp.

Your neighbor's advantages are our peaches. Society and society's law burns the restraining light, and mal-contents who disclaim the fruit while they long for it—whose tongues refuse the morsel, while their teeth water for its ripeness.

So many different men—so many different peaches. Crime is the ruffian's forbidden fruit—punishment the lamp which scares him from it. But, albeit, we hope we are no ruffians; we have all of us our peaches. The spark of a diamond or the texture of a dress, may it not be a peach, which, were the lamp of conventional usage out, a lady might not scruple to vow she coveted! For mark, we do not speak of those who actually snatch their fruit, were law extinct, or opportunity convenient, but those who are ashamed by the conventional virtue—or, perhaps, the decent hypocrisy of society, from avowing their longings—of speaking plain truths in plain words—from saying they would like to have the peach.

The discovery of what is true, and the practice of what is good, are the two most important objects in life.

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ORIGINAL.

CHARITY.

BY LICINIUS.

The bleeding heart, the wasting frame
Of mortals scattered round the globe,
Call for relief, and loud proclaim
Their hopeless state,—their poor abode.

A sordid world looks coolly on,
And no emotion moves the soul;
It asks no questions, pro or con,
While selfishness still has control.

But from a throne of heavenly light,
True CHARITY,—forever kind,—
Looks down, and dissipates the night,
That gathers round the troubled mind.

She brings the glorious light of day,
And scatters every doubt and fear;—
To wand'ring ones points out the way,
And leads where skies are ever clear.

This is the bond of perfectness;
The blessed pledge to mortals given;
The glorious crown of righteousness,
Our trust on earth,—our joy in heaven!

NEW ALBANY, July, 1852.

(ORIGINAL)

A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF A LODGE.

BY REV. T. M. EDDY, P. H. P.

The charge of secrecy is constantly urged against us. We have a disposition to-day to risk consequences and "reveal" a portion of the "acts and doings" of a certain Lodge, that the veil may be stripped off and the nude ugliness of Odd Fellowship—which, according to a certain Reverend gentleman, is a "brat of Hell"—may be completely exposed. The *well-informed* persons who have discovered that Odd Fellows are solemnly bound to kill, with all refinement of torture, every one who shall "reveal any of the awful and august secrets of the Order," will see the propriety of my withholding names of the persons and of the Lodge.

Imagine yourself, reader, seated in a long room, carpeted neatly and comfortably arranged, surrounded by some twenty or thirty Odd Fellows, appropriately, or if you please, "fantastically" clothed in the regalia of their various degrees. All is order and attention. The "order of business" is progressing. That gentleman with "a gavel" in his hand is the N. G. The usual opening services have been held—prayer has been offered to the great Father. They are ready for business. The N. G. calls for the "reading of the journal." To the items of that journal, reader, we ask your attention.

"Does any one know of a sick brother or a brother in distress?" "The relief committee heard that a strange brother had been landed from a southern boat in distressed circumstances. They went to see him. He was indeed a pitiable object. His card and his statements showed that he left his home some months ago, bound for California. Upon "the plains" disease overtook him. He struggled bravely for a time, but found he must submit to return home, broken in health and involved in temporal ruin. Slow and painful had been his march; disease grew more violent. He had taken his passage on the steamer for ———, but they, the *noble* boatmen, saw he must die, and thrust him ashore, without means, and almost in a dying condition. We removed him to a comfortable room where the members of the Order have carefully tended him. The gratitude he manifested has moved every heart. We telegraphed his family, and yesterday his wife and oldest son arrived. Their meeting may be imagined—not described. The poor lady could only weep her estimate of the treatment her husband had received. The suffering invalid is now in her hands. But he still needs the attention and sympathy of the Lodge. A competent physician is in constant attendance upon him—we hope soon to report him cured."

"Any communications?"

The Secretary answers, "There is. Here is one from Mrs. C.:" "The letter containing a draft in my favor was received. I will not attempt to tell you my feelings. Since the untimely and sudden death of my husband I have suffered much in reference to the education of my fatherless children. With most careful and unremitting toil I can only earn with my aching fingers a scanty subsistence. There seemed no alternative but that my children must grow up in ignorance. This was, to me, a heart-rending conclusion. But there seemed no help. The rich cared not for the son or daughter of their seamstress. But last week brought your letter. I read it and almost fainted with joy. It enabled me to take my children from the streets and place them in a good school. More would I write, but *I cannot*. May the blessings of the Widows' God and the Orphans' Father abide forever with your noble institution.

Yours, AMELIA C."

Not a word is spoken until a deep and choked voice orders the letter to be "filed with the papers of the Lodge." Aye, there are many such memorials there; memorials the world never sees.

"The minutes of the *called meeting* will now be read."

"HALL OF —— LODGE, June, 1852.

The members of —— Lodge were called together by the N. G., on Wednesday at 9

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o'clock. A. M. After opening the Lodge he announced the death of Bro. ——. The members of the Order had become much endeared to him. Long was his illness—painful his suffering—but he is gone. The N. G. was authorized to draw upon the treasurer for fifty dollars to defray the expenses of the funeral. A voluntary contribution of half that amount was also made by the brothers present for the relief of his widowed mother, who is left, all desolate and alone. The Secretary was instructed to enclose the sum in a letter of condolence and sympathy, assuring her that, although her son died among strangers, he was not neglected. That, although he passed away in the morning of his life, christian brethren stood beside his couch—told him of the "Lamb for sinners slain," and heard him whisper as he smiled in death,

"My Mother, my Saviour,"

and thus he passed away!

The eye suffused in tears, glances around the hall—the symbols of the Order, the regalia of brethren, and the Holy Bible are all dressed in mourning!

"If there are no objections the minutes will stand approved." Is there one objection? Reader, opposed as you are to secret societies, disliking Odd Fellowship as you do, can you assign any reason why these minutes should not *be approved?* Does not conscience approve them? Does not that God approve, whose Son hath said, "By their fruits ye shall know them?"

Again, reader, we repeat, "If there are no objections the minutes will stand

Approved!!

Many such entries are made upon the journals of the Order. Odd Fellows are often unworthy—often unfaithful. Still upon the Order has come, "many a time and oft," "The blessings of those that were ready to perish." No man can be long a faithful Odd Fellow and not "taste the bliss of doing good."

"Can any good come out of Nazareth? And he said come and see."

How strong is the influence of a mother? Among the last things forgotten by age, are the first things taught us in boyhood. Many a pilgrim of three-score-and-ten retires to his nightly rest uttering the same little prayer which rendered him fearless of 'the dark' during his school days.

'Now I lay me down to sleep, &c.'

You may plunge an ambitious man into politics till he forgets conscience, into business till he forgets death, and into philosophy till he forgets God, but nothing can make him forget the first little prayer his patient mother taught his lisping innocence.

Original.

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY REV. BRO. H. GILLMORE.

It seems the order of providence, and perfectly natural, for the human heart to seek *companionship*—to look abroad for sympathy and protection.

In union there is strength; and, in many instances, even the life of crime depends on association. We need a soul-uniting power, and that power is found in the angel of *Brotherhood.* This forms the cord that unites all nations; the cement that blends the hearts of rulers and subjects; the power that transforms the will, and guards the character, and interests of all the good. Its name is Odd Fellowship; and its motto, *Friendship, Love* and *Truth.*

Here we behold an organization of principles, drawn from reason, and revelation,—principles strictly, profoundly philosophical and in their influence of untold value to all the intelligent tribes of earth.

It is not the only work of man, to "control the elements, to measure worlds, to give omnipresence to his throughts by electric fires, and print the power of intellect upon the material universe!" It is not only his to "live in the momuments of art, and have an immortality in science; to scan the mysterious laws of matter, and philosophise upon the power of the mind;" but it is his also, to allevate the sufferings, and supply the wants of the destitute; and employ means for the purification, and moral elevation of his fellow man.

Among the numerous associations whose object is to ameliorate the condition of human soceity Odd Fellowship takes a noble, and lofty position. It claims, upon the principle of justice, to be placed among the greatest benefactors of the world.

In consequence of its pure objects, its moral teachings, its active benevolence, its extensive patronage, its diffusive character, and its immovable basis it demands the well wishes, and admiration of all mankind. The resistless influence of our Order has already been felt by millions of our race; and the social, and moral leaven is at work, that shall transform the entire mass, spread over the face of the globe!

At this moment the banner of Odd Fellowship proudly floats over the abodes of poverty and sadness in many a clime; and its soft voice like the sweet tones of Æolian harps, is heard among the sick, and dying.

It has a heart to feel for humanity in distress; and a benevolent hand to bring relief to those who lean on other hearts.

Wholesome sentiment is rain, which makes the fields of daily life fresh and odorous.

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ORIGINAL.

SONG OF MIRIAM.

Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath he thrown into the sea.
Exodus, xvi. 21st.

Oh, sing with glad voice—and with timbrels and dance
Give praise unto God the most high!
He hath shattered the quiver, and broken the lance,
And Israel's oppressors now lie
In the depth of that ocean, whose waters now roll
In majesty over the dead,
And sigh a sad requiem to the lost soul
That to earth's strange allurements was wed.

Ah! murmur no more at the mercies of God,
But bow to his righteous decree;
And when tempted to shrink from the "chastening rod,"
Remember His goodness to thee.
What tho' to thy heart there come many dark hours,
There's a joy for each moment of pain;
And altho' round thy pathway, dark storm-clouds may lower,
His voice will make all bright again.

Then cast away sorrow—and sing with glad voice,
Oh! Israel, unto thy God!
And with songs of thanksgiving and praise now rejoice,
That the "vale of affliction" is trod.
Rejoice, that no more to the tyrant we bow,
But forever from bondage are free;
"For the horse and his rider, so gloriously now,
He hath thrown in the depths of the sea!"

INDIANAPOLIS, July, 1852. EARNESTINE.

ORIGINAL.

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered before Johnson Lodge No. 76, I. O. O. F., of Ind., by P. G., F. M. FINCH, under a resolution of the Lodge, that suitable addresses be delivered before it monthly, by its members, and now published by request of the Lodge.

The distinguishing feature of this age, from preceeding times, is its utilitarian tendency. The belief is gaining ground, that every existence, whether physical or intellectual which has no practical, useful end and application, has no intrinsic value. The ultimate advantage, is the true test which is beginning to be applied to *principles*, *means*, and *ends;* as they are severally presented for popular approval. The old test was how much labor and expense have they cost!—how much glitter and glare will they exhibit!

Society is filling up, slowly, but surely, with practical minds, instead of speculative theorists that once filled all the highway of thought, and trod the paths of learning. The school of abstractionists, who fill'd all the avenues of thought, with their cold, and abstruse speculative theories, have been succeeded by a class of reasoners who think for man as *he is*, and, point him to what he may become.

A review of the past shows us that even in the practical application of the physical sciences, so far as anything really practical, was attempted, the effort formerly was not so much to attain something conducive to *demonstrative* good, as to fix an elementary discovery, or sustain a baseless chimera, or by some ponderous fabric, to perpetuate a still more ponderous conception. Hence elements of inestimable value, and discovered at immense cost, when discovered became scon neglected. Their *discovery* was the end, and satisfied their thriftless ambition. And when, as was occasionally the case, science was called into the aid of material force, it was not to benefit the common race of man, but to devise some ingenious means for the destruction of human life, or to aid in the resistance of provoked violence. For example were a building to be erected, it assumed the form and appearance of a fort, or a walled castle. Were a momument to be reared it commemorated some terrible death struggle, where *man* had been the victim of the combinned achievements of art and science in the destruction of our race. In the plan of that lordly mansion, no thought of human happiness ever formed a part,—in you solid mausoleum no deed of virtue, or of benevolent selfdenial is commemorated. But glory, the glory that washes its hands in blood, and whitens them over dead men's bones—is handed down to admiring posterity. The mechanic arts only attained excellence, in those branches, which contributed to the taste of that rude and barbaric age. The manufacturer of the Damascus blade would have looked with contempt at the inventor of the Virginia Reaper had they stood side by side.

The domestic, social, and political relations of life, were of a character consonant with the dominant view. The rod ruled the household,—the sword governed the State, and chains and dungeon the culprit. *Force* was the only eminence of supreme power, and personal aggrandizement was estimated as the GREAT GOOD. Truth necessarily broke slowly through these intellectual and moral brambles: and many recesses are yet impervious to its gentle rays. Happily for mankind, however, the "Age of *Iron*" has passed away—and although its immediate successor has been named the age of *bronze*, the tinsel of that period is as bright as the wit of the cogomen. Much, doubtless, was and still is devoted to mere show; by far too much to the gratification of sickly vanity and childish pride. But the pervading idea of this age, as we find it Americanized, is UITILITY—the profitable—the USEFUL—the GOOD. Hence the ingenuity of the wise, the learned, the experienced, the cunning, has

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been taxed to excite, and to gratify this prevalent feeling. A consequence of which is marked in a multitude of inventions, discoveries, and improvements, supposed at least, to minister to man's good, and to promote his happiness. And although much, very much, of deception and quackery is mingled in the cup of happiness he is from these drinking: and many *lees* are in the wine of his enjoyment, thence derived; and although a set of harpies have been in this wise fostered and fattened on those whose credulity has exceeded their judgments, yet beyond all controversy, the permanent happiness of the race, has been greatly promoted by a great number of inestimably valuable, —and highly useful discoveries and inventions, which are the legitimate offspring of these investigations of the USEFUL.

And in this regard the cup of knowledge is not yet full, nor is the tree rifled of its last golden friut. Much remains to learn. We have irrefragable proof that *utility* is just beginning to shed its benignant beams upon mankind. From a long sleep of fruitless struggle, and wasted energies, man is just awaking to perceive where to direct his efforts—in what his enjoyments consist—and to discriminate between the *Real* which *is* and the *Imaginary* which *seems to be.*

Aggregated good, the ultimate attainment of specific objects and the effects of such attainment upon the mass of society, are objects now sought for and admired. Mind without some practical, useful end in view, is more justly esteemed as valueless—no matter what its strength may be, than the wild alluvial soils of our far off forests and prairies —whose luxuriance is wholly expended upon brush-wood and grass. Efforts and exertions, which have not the increase of man's real happiness in view, by the gratification of some rational want, no matter how skilfully performed nor how beautiful they may appear, are worthless, and futile as the plowman's upturned field which lays unused through the season. And like that thriftless husbandman who neglects to pursue to its legitimate results. his own labor is he who sows the seeds of a vagrant fancy and an unbridled passion, regardless of what fruits may thence spring up will gather a harvest of *tares*, if happily he gathers not young dragons, from the teeth he has sown. It is in vain that the human drone struggles against the destiny, which envelopes him

> "There's a Divinity which shapes our ends
> Rough hew them as we will."

Once to give unbridled leave to a fruitful imagination—in idle sophisms, was merely negative in character. In this age of *human* progress,—of wakeful *entity*, it is positive, positive too in Evil. We *must* act whether we would or not. Our actions will be effective regardless of our option If we act efficiently and profitably, so that our foot prints upon earth, may be seen. by our contributions to the common stock whence happiness is derived, it shall be well for us and for the world. If as drones and dead weights our actions but crush out the life of society and clog the advance of the age's progression, it will be ill with us and the world will shed no tear when our names are blotted out of memory's calendar.

This subject has a direct application to us as Odd Fellows. Our organization is one emphatically and expressly of *uitity* and we may at once recognize as one of the cardinal maxims of our Order that the useful alone, is the *valuable.* From this proposition the reverse postulate is apparent. If the useful and the good which are identical constitute the Right—which they must do—it follows, that the *needless* the *wasteful* and the *inutile,* form the wrong in human life and action. Were it necessary to make a more direct application of these principles, to every day life, it could be easily shown that every action which has not a *positive* good, is both wrong and criminal—in some degree. Hence an aimless life, misspent time, profit less, and expensive habits, and inattention to some productive vocation, fall under the ban of our consideration. Odd Fellows may not pursue them. Can the life which from day to day is spent in idle amusements, in pointless gossip—in insipid scandal or scurrilous jest be other than a vicious life? Can you conceive that a man endowed with the full paculties of reason, and recognized as a *free citizen*, who whiles away his days in "masterly inactivity" at hotel steps, street corners or grocery counters, whiffing away existence at each expulsion, from a "long nine" or a nasty common, from which his nonentity seeks "aid and comfort"—his energy and his manhood oozing out of his thumb joints in an exciting game of marbles—or in the sweeter opiate of street twaddle—can he be other than a wrong doer?—towards society for the bread and meat he consumes, which could be better expended—and towards God, for the breath he wastes? It is no answer to allege that society does not punish these things as offences, society cannot take cognizance of the inaction of all its drones. It is well employed in watching and providing for the conduct of those, who have life and energy to act upon each other. Those who merely act upon themselves injure themselves most greatly, and will eventually, bring down condign pumishment. Doubtless God had a special design in placing us upon the earth at this precise time. A part of that design was surely, that we should aid in rolling the on-

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ward movement of progress—progress in human happiness, more impetuously—and in demonstraing the ultimate good to which man may attain. As men, as citizens of a great and glorious country—glorious for its diffusion of human happiness—whose brilliant testimony has cast a halo of light far—far away beyond our own limits, as Odd Fellows, I warn to meet this great demand, and by you actions and your *exrtions* leave the world the *wiser*, *happier*, and *better* that you have lived upon it.

REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

A few days before Christmas, in the year 1840, a Russian clergyman was going home from a place at some distance from the village where he lived. Evening was coming on; and it was growing so bitterly cold, that it was almost dangerous for any one to be out. He was wrapped in a fur cloak, and traveled in a sledge, which went fast over the hard smooth snow. As he went along, he saw something lying on the ground, and stopped to see what it was. He found that it was a soldier, who seemed to have fallen down exhausted with the cold and to all appearance was dead. The good clergyman, however, would not leave him on the road, but lifted him into the sledge; with his gun which lay beside him, and drove on as fast as he could to the next inn, which it took about an hour to reach. He was not satisfied with leaving the poor soldier in the care of the people there; but although he was very anxious to reach his home, he stayed for an hour directing and helping them to do all that was possible in order to bring the man to conscious life again, in case he were not really dead. And at length their endeavors were successful, and his senses and the use of his limbs gradually returned. Then the clergyman set off homewards, having first rewarded the people of the pay inn, and also given them money to buy good meal for the poor man, before he should go forward on his journey. As soon as the man was refreshed, and felt able to go, he insisted on doing so, although the people did all they could to persuade him not to venture out again that night.

But he said he was carrying letters which were important, and he must not delay any longer than was quite necessary. So taking his gun, he proceeded on his way, which he found would very soon bring him to the village where the clergyman lived to whom he owed his life. He reached the place before long, and though it was now very late at night, he could not forbear going to the clergyman's house, that he might, if possible, see and thank him for what he had done.

As he went up to the house, he saw that, though it was so late, there were still lights in it; and as he came nearer, he heard loud voices and great confusion within. He hastened to the door, but it was fastened; and without waiting to knock. he ran to the window close by, and looked in, saw the clergyman surrounded by four armed robbers. They had just tied his hands and feet, and were threatening to murder him if he would not tell where his money was to be found. The soldier instantly forced his way, in, fired his gun at one of the robbers, and killed him on the spot. The others attacked the soldier, but he disabled one with his bayonet, and the other two were then seized with fear, and rushed out of the house, leaving the clergyman, as may be supposed, overpowered by astonishment and gratitude for his sudden deliverance. And then his still deeper and happier feelings may be imagined when he found that the poor man, whose life he had saved only a few hours before had now been made the means of preserving his own.—*Episcopal Recorder.*

Don't Fret.—It is unamiable. A fretting man or woman is one of the most unlovely objects in the world. A wasp is a comfortable housemate in comparisor—it only stings when disturbed. But an habitual fretter buzzes if he don't sting, with or without provocation. "It is better to dwell in the corner of a housetop than with a brawling woman in a wide house." It is useless; it sets no broken bones, stops no leaks, gathers no spilt milk, cements no smashed pitchers, cures no spoiled hay, and changes no east winds. It effects nobody but the fretter himself.—Children and servants cease to respect the authority or obey the commands of a complaining, wearisome, exacting parent or master. They know that "barking dogs won't bite," and fretters don't strike, and they conduct themselves accordingly.

Ky. Family Mirror.

Never Be Idle.—Our years are but few, and every minute of indolence, by taking a grain from the heap, shortens our span. If we knew that but a day remained for us to live, and we had some great work that we could just finish in that period, with what industry would we labor to complete it. We would strain every nerve, and grudge every second; watching the sun's decline with trembling and fear. Yet life is but a day, and we will have more than enough work to perform. The river of time rolls by without ceasing, and on its bosom we are hastening to the great ocean of eternity.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

VISIT TO INDIANAPOLIS.

During our last visit we had the pleasure of attending the Annual Communications of the Grand Encampment, and Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., of Indiana. More Representatives and Past Grands were in attendance than at any one session before. Much business was done, as will be seen from the hurried, though we think correct abstract of their proceedings, which we furnish in a few extra pages, without lessening our usual amount or variety. In our abstract we have given no reports in full, nor have we pretended to give the phraseology of the resolutions. We think our readers may rely that they have the substance.

Upon several questions introduced some unnecessary debate was had, but upon the whole, the business was promptly attended to.

It will be seen by our abstract that the G. Lodge has instructed its Representatives to the G. L. U. S. to oppose the abolition of Grand Encampments, and the merging of the Patriarchal degrees into the Subordinate Lodge. We wish every Grand Lodge and Grand Encampment within the jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S. would instruct its representatives one way or the other, and thus settle for a generation at least, if not forever, this question. The question should be settled—and now is as good a time as any to settle it; and we trust the various publications of the Order will keep the subject "before the people," until the G. L. U. S. does or does not issue the mandate to merge—a mandate that will be peaceably and promptly obeyed, if made by Representatives under instructions from the State Grand Lodges and Grand Encampments.

From all the information we can gather we are led to believe that the Order in both of its departments is in a remarkably healthy condition in this State. More than FIVE THOUSAND Odd Fellows good and true weekly surround our altars dedicate to Friendship, Love and Truth, over ONE THOUSAND of whom have sat beneath the Patriarch's tent.

There are now one hundred and fifteen working Lodges, in Indiana, and thirty working Encampments. Well may the members of our Order feel proud, not only of the number of Odd Fellows, in this State, but also of the talent, position, and influence of many of its most devoted adherents.

We had anticipated the pleasure of forming a personal acquaintance with Bro. A. E. GLENN, of the "ARK." In this we were disappointed; but we read a letter from him to G. Rep. P. A. Hackleman, in which he speaks very favorably of our enterprise, and wishes us abundant success. The tone, the language, the sentiment of his letter stamp him as an Odd Fellow indeed and in truth. It was nothing more than we expected from one whose character had been drawn for us by an intimate friend of his. Success to you Bro. Glenn—and may your 'Ark' ride as safely as did the Ark of old.

Our 'Magazine,' met with numerous friends and we trust will merit the encomium passed upon it by the M. W. G. Master in his report, and reiterated by the Committee on the State of the Order, and receive that "MATERIAL AID" so necessary to the success of a work of this kind.

During our stay, we called upon the young poetess, 'EARNESTINE,' and MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON, both of whom have promised to contribute to our pages. "Earnestine" is a young lady of fine talents and accomplishments, and one whose initial efforts promise for her no mean place among the writers of the West.

Of Mrs. Bolton it is useless for us to speak, for her name calls up so many bright gems of poetic beauty, that have elicited encomiums from pens so much better than ours, that we will remain silent, remarking only, that she is as pleasant and companionable in social life, as she is beautiful and chaste with her flowing pen.

We have also secured the services of several other good writers, who with those we had before will form an excellent corps of correspondents.

The attendance upon the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge left us but very little time to look about the city. Indianapolis still continues to improve in business and population. Several fine buildings are in process of erection, in one of which a hall for the I. O. O. F. will be fitted up. It is a shame that the Order has not a building of its own in the capital. The new census gives the City of Railroads a population of 10,815.

Leaving the "Wright House," where, although it was crowded from cellar to garret, we had spent a very pleasant week, we, in company with some other representatives from our own city, were soon in the cars for Columbus. Here we filled three two-horse carriages, and after passing over sixteen miles of rich, well-cultivated land, reached Rockford, the present terminus of the Jeffersonville railroad. The three hours we spent here, were occupied in resting our wearied bodies, instead of examining the town. At 5½ P. M. we reached Jeffersonville, and in about one hour after we were AT HOME.

And here, kind reader, in our little sanctum, tired and used up by the trip, we may be found giving a few finishing touches to the copy for the August number of the Magazine, while our co-editor (J. B. A.) is luxuriating amid the sublime and beautiful scenery of the Niagara Falls and the St. Lawrence river.

Agents and subscribers may remit money to us for the Magazine, by mail at our risk, if mailed in the presence of the postmaster.

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OPPOSITION TO ODD FELLOWSHIP.

The fraternity of Odd Fellows in the United States, in common with other societies whose conferences and work are held by their members concealed from the world without has met with opposition from individuals and communities, who though honest in their intentions, do, through ignorance of that which they oppose, great injury to men who merit at least respect from the communities in which they live. In the various departments of science we consider men incompetent to advance an opinion, unless they have made the particular subject in question the object of careful study and research. Hence at the bar, in the pulpit, and the sick room, we find men who have devoted a large portion of their lives to the study of their several professions. And though all the departments of science are open to the investigation of all, we admit and are influenced by the opinions of those only who have fully prepared themselves to give such opinion, by long and careful examination of the various subjects of their professions; nor do we admit the opinions of these on subjects out of their particular studies. No man feels himself called on to receive the opinions of a clergyman on subjects of disease and cure. The machinist does not call on the chemist for counsel in the application of power to overcome resistance. Why then should men, who are utterly ignorant of the operations of Odd Fellowship, so freely advance opinions as to the character and aims of the Fraternity? Like the imponderable agents, heat, light and electricity, Odd Fellowship can be judged only by its effects, and by these effects only should it be judged. Since the uninformed are incompetent to form any opinion as to the peculiar teachings of the Order in its internal organization, let them take the visible outworkings as data, and on these base their judgment.

In every community in our country, where this institution has obtained a foothold, are to be found men of unblemished character—very often consistent members of the church of Christ, and not unfrequently clergymen of various denominations uniting with the Order, and not only so, but REMAINING in such connection. Did a majority or even a respectable minority of such men as we have described abandon the institution, then would there be some ground for the bitter opposition so often raised against it by the uninitiated. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, in most communities where Odd Fellowship exists, the most devoted members of the Order are those who stand highest in the opinion of their fellow-citizens as men of probity and integrity.

That there may occasionally be found members of the Order unworthy, both as Men and as Odd Fellows, we do not attempt to deny; but does this argue anything against the character or the propriety of the aims of Odd Fellowship? Who, in his sober senses, attempts to subvert the truths of Christianity by pointing out unworthy men who have crept into the fold of the professed followers of Christ? or to deny the divine character of the Savior of the world by instancing that one unworthy disciple who, after having enjoyed for years the instruction and companionship of the God of heaven, betrayed him to his enemies? This question is promptly negatived by every candid reader.

If men then will oppose the Order, it behooves them to point out some evil that it does. If in this they fail, common justice requires that they do not detract from the good it may do, nor create prejudice against those of their fellow-citizens who belong to the fraternity, and of whom they know no other evil than that they are Odd Fellows.

Credibility in any witness requires that he have had opportunity to learn the facts attested, capacity to understand them, and truthfulness to relate them. As no one out of the Order can possess ALL of these requisites, and as no witness is competent to bear testimony who does not POSSESS ALL, we are brought back to the original proposition, that Odd Fellowship must be judged of only by its effects. Left to stand or fall, as its out-working is found to be productive of good or of evil, its members have nothing to fear as to its stability. Opposition even cannot subvert its foundations, but it may work evil to individual members of the Order by creating prejudice against them, based upon a merely imaginary cause.

In a future number we may point out some of those visible characteristics and effects by which men should judge of the Fraternity.

THE ORDER IN INDIANA IN JUNE, 1852.

The following—furnished us by the R. W. G. Secretary, since our return home—when compared with the statistics in his report, shows a healthy condition of the Order in Indiana, and the increase and working during the last term:

Initiations,	667
Rejections,	60
Admitted by card,	175
Withdrawn by card,	261
Reinstations,	19
Suspensions,	81
Expulsions,	21
Deaths,	21
Past Grands,	750
Contributing members,	5,111
No. of Brothers relieved,	353
No. of widowed families relieved,	17
Resources of the Lodges,	$73,020 37

The above embraces the reports of all the lodges to No. 112, except Nos. 26 and 70, from which no reports have been received, and Nos. 5 and 16, defunct.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CANNELTON, July, 2, 1852.

This place is destined to become one of the most important in Indiana. Its position, its vast manufacturing resources, and its intelligent and industrious citizens have in the past few years attracted the attention of many of our first capitalists. I intended to give a full description of the huge, though beautiful Cotton Factory now in operation, the number of hands employed, kind and value of machinery used, amount and expense of labor performed, the quality of the goods manufactured, &c., &c., but cannot at present. I took no notes of these things while I was passing through the immense building, for a friend who was acting as "guide," promised to send me a full and correct exhibit of all that would interest the general reader. Owing to his sickness that exhibit has not reached me, and I am unable to give any definite information upon these interesting subjects. I trust it will reach me in time for the September number.

The town is improving rapidly. I recollect that a few years ago it was a small, unsightly town, in which there reigned the stillness of perpetual Sabbath; now it is well, and tastefully built up, and the hum of machinery, and the music of the shuttle and the loom are ever—except on the Sabbath—in your ears, reminding you that energetic, effective labor is working out for this village a destiny that will make it the Lowell of the West.

The Odd Fellows have a fine lodge here, and as their hall was fitted up, in part; by "Ancient Odd Fellows," the appearance of it reminds you of things as they were ten or fifteen years ago. The Order is doing well here.

I had the pleasure of spending a short time with friend Archer, of the "Express." He is an excellent companion and a fine writer, as the columns of his paper clearly evince.

PATRIOT, July, 12.

I reached this place on the evening of the 10th, just in time to meet with the brethren in their Lodge. As the large majority of the members live in the country, there were but few present. Their hall is tastefully fitted up, and adorned with a fine set of emblems. The Order is in a prosperous condition.

The town is much smaller than I expected to find it, with but little to interest the stranger. I was pleasantly entertained by Bro. Howe, who keeps a very fair hotel.

MADISON, July, 13.

After a very pleasant trip on the "HOOSIER STATE," I am again in Madison. Some one had told me that the Hoosier State was far inferior to the mail boats, in comfort, accommodations, &c., but I was agreeably disappointed. Her accommodations are as good, her officers as gentlemanly, and her servants as careful and attentive. I was glad I came down on her and saw for myself, that prejudice or ignorance must have prompted the remark.

I found Bro. Allison, Agent for the Magazine, taking great interest in the work. A few more such as he is and success is certain. While looking over the papers the following paragraph attracted my attention, and I was led to inquire for the particulars:

"We said yesterday, speaking of the death of Mrs. Hanford, that we had 'heard a tale about this matter, which we shall not now make public.' A correspondent of the Banner, whom we know to be a gentleman worthy of respectful answer, calls upon us to give the facts. We shall do so briefly, but without mentioning names. We understand, that when Mrs Hanford was taken off the boat, applications were made at several establishments in this city to take her in, but she was denied admission. Well may our correspondent say that this is a blot upon our place. Well indeed, may he call for the establishment of an asylum here.—But she was cared for at last, and those messengers of peace, and friends of the afflicted and distressed—the Odd Fellows—to their honor be it spoken, administered to her wants and soothed her dying moments. Her husband was with her, and is himself a member of the order. She was buried yesterday.

How cheering to the heart of the poor wanderer to feel that in this cold world, there are some whose souls respond to the voice of sympathy! In this instance, the "Daughters of Rebekah" had an opportunity to test their faith by works, and nobly did they perform their duty. Mrs. Hanford was ill with the cholera, when put ashore from the boat. Efforts were made to obtain a place for her to die, but for a time it seemed that no place could be found. As soon as it was told that an ODD-FELLOW'S WIFE was in suffering, nay, dying with a disease whose approach has frequently been the signal for the sundering of the dearest ties, and leaving the unhappy victim to die unpitied, unhelped, and almost unthought of—Odd Fellow's wives, the DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH were seen hurrying to her relief. Though in a strange land, she found sisters—sisters that were bound to her by strong and mystic ties—sisters that feared not the breath of the pestilence—SISTERS that stood around her bedside, and bestowed upon her those delicate attentions that woman's heart alone can prompt, and woman's hand alone perform. 'Tis true they could not stay the hand of disease, nor ward off the dart of death, but they could, and did smooth her passage to the tomb. Honor to those fair ones who thus have proved to the world that our ceremonies have not been undeservedly conferred upon them! And when they die may the hand of Friendship minister to their wants, and the tongues of dear, loved ones whisper words of consolation to their departing spirits. Brother Hanford has seen, though mournful the occasion, that

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our ladies can act as well as feel—and may the darkness of the hour of his bereavement be somewhat relieved by the thought that his companion was not uncared for, and that kindred hearts beat in melancholy sympathy with his own.

NORTH MADISON, July, 14.

This is a flourishing town on the hill north of Madison. I spent but a short time in the place, but during that time I found that it was a place of much mechanical business. Here the cars and other fixtures for the M. & I. R. Road are manufactured. It has a lodge composed of active, energetic members. I formed some very pleasant acquaintances, and although the weather was so warm as to prevent my going around the town, I was favorably impressed with what I saw.

VERNON, July, 14.

This place calls up a reminiscence of my schoolboy days. Some twelve years ago, when but a lad, I was here a total stranger, far from home, and out of money. Such, however, was not my situation this time; for, with a letter from Bro. Allison to Bro's Story and Cowell, I soon learned that I was among friends and brethren.

The place has improved much since 1840. An active, healthy lodge exists here, and the members appear to be actuated by the true spirit. I spent but a few hours here, and as I was very anxious to pass on, I took the afternoon train for Columbus.

COLUMBUS, July, 15.

Here, I was just in time. With a letter to Bro. Terrell, I was soon at home. I visited the encampment, assisted in the installation of their officers, and in conferring the Patriarchal, Golden Rule and Royal Purple degrees, upon two brothers from Edinburgh. The encampment works exceedingly well for a new one, and bids fair to do good service in the great cause of humanity. The place is improving rapidly. The citizens are much rejoiced that the Jeffersonville and Columbus Rail road is so nearly completed. In a few months more they will be bound to us by iron bands, and the "Iron Horse" will rush through their streets damp with the mists that rise from the Falls of our own beautiful Ohio.

At Bro. Jones' Hotel I found all that was necessary to my comfort.

SHELBYVILLE, July, 16.

After a short ride upon the slowest and roughest rail road I ever traveled upon, I reached this pleasant and thriving town. If, however, the road was rough, the officers were not. More gentlemanly officers I never saw. No haughtiness, no foolish assumption of dignity characterized them.

Having been at Shelbyville before, I had no difficulty in finding friends and acquaintances. Under the hospitable roofs of Rev. Bro. Sullivan, and Bro. Hacker, I had an opportunity to recruit my worn out system. For, suffering as I was, I needed some quiet place that would remind me of home—some place where the sweet voice of childhood, and the calm peace of domestic quiet would call up an image of my own home, and permit me to enjoy one of those beautiful and bewitching day-dreams,—half memory, half anticipation—more invigorating to the mind and body of the tired wanderer than any panacea medical science ever compounded.

The members here have built a fine hall, 80 by 70 feet, three stories high. It will add much to the appearance of the place, and when finished and dedicated, (which will be sometime this fall,) it will be one of the finest halls in the state. The brethren deserve much praise for the energy and perseverance they have manifested, since the fire, in sustaining the cause and building their hall.

ODD FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLAND.

We noticed in a late number of the Golden Rule a letter from a correspondent in London, dated June 12, that the London Order of Odd Fellows had petitioned the Grand Lodge of the United States to be united to the Order in this country. We have looked upon such a result, since the rejection of the overtures of the G. L. U. S. by the Manchester Unity in 1841, as certain, and our only surprise is that it has not come to pass long since. The intimate connection of the people of the two countries, and the high moral stand our Order has assumed in the United States, has produced this result, and we hope the G. L. U. S. will at once carefully consider the subject and make such arrangements, if possible, as will unite the Order throughout the world in one indissoluble bond of Fraternal Love. Our organization is peculiarly adapted to the wants of the people in England, as its entire work will have a decided tendency to break down the more than social qualities of our Manchester Unity Brethren.

Since writing the above paragraph the following copy of the "Memorial" of our English brethren has been made public, and we suppose done so by the authority of those who have taken the initial steps in the proposed union:

To the Worshipful Grand Lodge of the United States of America, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Greeting, in F. L. T.

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS:—Unforeseen circumstances has thrown two of your brethren on our shores, unfortunately for them, in a state of destitution; but should this be the means of realizing the object of this communication to you, it may prove of vast benefit to the world at large. It appears that it is not customary with you to assist the brothers of the Independent Order that may arrive from England in distress, (still, we feel proud to understand you are not backward in assist-

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ing the unfortunate from your own private resources); neither do you admit the brothers that may feel disposed to visit your Lodges. The principal object of this communication is, if possible, to effect a union between the Independent Order of America and Ancient Independent Order of England. The Ancient Order of England and Australia are united in one holy bond of brotherhood. Surely, there cannot exist any just cause why we and you should not be united in the bonds of brotherly love and friendship. What, though a few thousand miles separate us from each other, does not one and the same spirit animate our fraternity! Are we not both seeking the same object, the relieving the necessities of our brethren, and cultivating the minds of those who are ignorant of the true principles of the Order!

If our information is correct, the first Odd Fellows' Lodge established in the United States, was founded about the year 1806, by five Englishmen, a long period before the I. M. U. O. F. came into existence, who must therefore, have been members of the Ancient Independent Order. This, we think, is a just ground why such union should subsist between us. In the present day you may say our signs do not agree. This can be obviated; we still act upon the original ones, and to prevent impositions we have a check-word which is changed, as occasion may require, which is useful in keeping out of our Lodges any individual, who, by misconduct may render himself unworthy the name of Odd Fellow. Our lecture books may differ from yours in some slight degree; still, this also, may be obviated; we should feel a pleasure in forwarding a copy of ours. In fact, nothing will be lacking on our part to produce a consummation so justly to be desired, as an amalgamation of the whole of the Independent Order throughout the civilized globe. The Indies have their Lodges in union with us. We most cordially invite you to join with us. Then we both shall be enabled to say, that let a brother's lot be cast where it may, he will be certain to find a brother to take him by the right hand of friendship; at the same time, this union will be the instrument of spreading Odd Fellowship into those countries where the least spark of liberty exists, and may ulteriorly be the means of spreading the liberal principles of true Odd Fellowship in the darker places of the earth; and be the means of driving the despotism held over the mind of man from the face of the globe. Odd Fellowship has, from its foundation been the friend of suffering humanity. Come then, and join with us, and the present and and after generations will bless the hour when such union of the Independent Orders was effected between the two most enlightened nations of the earth. The copy of the signatures are in the hands of the Corresponding Secretary of the Delegate meeting, which amounts to 233,000.

Signed on behalf of the Central Corresponding Delegate Committee of England.

P. G. P. L. M., CLOGG.
P. G. P. L. M., MAIR.
P. G. P. L. M. F., WOOD, *Cor. Sec.*

London April 1852.

TO THE ORDER.

The Second No. of of the "Western Odd Fellows' Magazine," is now before the Fraternity. We trust that it possesses sufficient interest to induce each one who may examine it to subscribe for it. The members in Indiana alone are fully able to furnish an excellent list. Come, brethren, we want THREE THOUSAND NAMES in our own State.—Shall we not have them? Let each one "consent," and forward the "material aid." Send early!—Send NOW!!

PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us TEN dollars, we will forward ELEVEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year.

To any person who will send us FIFTEEN dollars, we will forward SIXTEEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year, and one copy of the Digest, the Digest free of postage.

To any person who will send us TWENTY dollars we will forward TWENTY-TWO COPIES of the 'Magazine;' or TWENTY-ONE COPIES of the 'Magazine, and TWO copies of the "Digest;" or TWENTY COPIES of the "Magazine," and ONE COPY of the "Odd Fellows' TEXT BOOK;" the Digest and Text Book will be sent free of postage.

Send on your names.

BACK NUMBERS.—The publishers have printed a sufficient quantity of the First and Second Nos. of the Magazine to supply all who may desire to subscribe with the back numbers.

RAIL ROAD SPEED.—A friend of ours, a few days' since, speaking of the rapidity with which our rail road cars are driven, laughingly remarked that "the constant improvements would make it necessary soon for a man to have some one to hold the hair upon his head when traveling upon railroads." We remarked to our friend that, "such a thing was impossible, as the holder would be in danger of losing his own hair," when a rather droll looking customer, seated at our elbow, cautiously suggested the propriety of employing a "BALD HEADED MAN as a HOLDFAST." We very modestly handed "our beaver," to the originator of this idea, and remained silent for at least ten minutes.

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ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., INDIANA.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 19, 1852.

The R. W. G. Encampment met this morning at 9 o'clock. The following officers were present,

J. P. CHAPMAN, R. W. G. P.,
GEO. B. JOCELYN, M. E. G. H. P.,
T. W. WEBSTER, R. W. G. S. W.,
LAZ. NOBLE, R. W. G. J. W.,
W. W. WRIGHT, R. W. G. Scribe,
G. G. HOLMAN, R. W. G. Treas.,
G. BROWN, W. G. Sen.,

And a quorum of Representatives. After prayer by the M. E. G. High Priest, the Grand Encampment was proclaimed open for the transaction of business.

The committee on credentials having reported, and the various Representatives been introduced and instructed in the Grand Encampment Degree, the M. W. Grand Patriarch read the following

REPORT:

Brethren of the Grand Encampment:

We are again assembled in grand communication, according to the prescription of our laws, to consult together for the promotion of those ends which constitute the just pride and the imperative duty of our association.

I meet you with some emotion. I remember that I was absent at your last meeting, and I am not unmindful that in the order of Providence, I may never meet you again in this capacity, if at all. All of us are sure to become *absentees* in this our active sphere, gradually, but certainly, and each should therefore be admonished to work zealously "while the day lasts, for the night cometh in which no man can work."

With no vain show of idle words, but in truth and sincerity, which each year's vicissitudes makes more real to me, I congratulate you upon the great prosperity of our beloved order, all over this mighty continent—but especially in our own broad and beloved Indiana.

The report of the Grand Scribe will show that since the last session, the subordinate encampments have seemed to be prompted by zealous feelings, and to have been more than ordinarily prosperous, and that they have obtained that reward which is the sure result of well-directed labor.

Let us hope that our transactions at the present session, may have a tendency to perpetuate and increase this prosperity. I am certain that you will join me in this hope, and will labor to secure the ends of our mission.

Entering upon our task with single-mindedness, we may confidently rely upon the divine blessing, which will give strength to our weakness, and aid us in every laudable effort.

J. P. CHAPMAN, *Grand Patriarch.*

The Grand Scribe and Grand Treasurer presented their reports, from which we glean the following statistics in reference to the finances:

Amount on hand at the last cammunication,	$68 24
Received since	391 09
Total	$459 33
Paid out	299 46
Balance in the Treasury	$159 87

Owing to the failure of many of the encampments to report at the close of the term, the Grand Scribe was unable to present in his report the condition of the order at the present time.

There was but little business before the Grand Encampment. Some appeal cases—strictly local in character—in fact nearly all the business brought before the Encampment was entirely local in its nature. So harmonious have been the workings of the Patriarchal branch of Odd Fellowship in this state there was not much for the Grand Encampment to take action upon.

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TUESDAY MORNING, July, 20,

The Grand Encampment held an hour and a half session to-day. Several reports from the Finance Committee, and the Committee on the State of the Order, were received.—The greater portion of the morning was taken up in the discussion of matters of a private nature, and exhibiting the unwritten work.

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WEDNESDAY MORNING, July, 21.

The election of officers for the Grand Encampment for the ensuing year, was the special order of the morning. It resulted as follows:

DANIEL MOSS, of Rising Sun, M. W. G. P.
J. P. WINDLE, of Terre Haute, M. E. G. H. P.
D. F. JACKSON, of Jeffersonville, R. W. G. S. W.
D. M. DRYDEN, of Jeffersonville, R. W. G. J. W.
W. W. WRIGHT, of Indianapolis, R. W. G. Scribe.
G. G. HOLMAN, of Indianapolis, R. W. G. Treas.

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George Brown. of Noblesville. W. G. Sentinel, G. D. Staats. of Indianapolis. W. D .G .Sentinel. S. Colfax. of South Bend. and J. P. Chapman. of Indianapolis. G. Representatives to the G. L. U. S.

After some unimportant business the G. Encampment adjourned until to-morrow morning.

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Thursday Morning, July, 22.

The Grand Encampment met, and was opened in due form. M. E. G. H. P. Geo. B. Jocelyn installed the officers elect.

Resolutions confirming the acts of the G. Patriarch, and his Deputies, so far as they had reported, were passed.

A resolution was passed requesting the Subordinate Encampments to be more punctual in making out, and forwarding their reports to the Grand Scribe, so as to enable him to present to this Grand Body the exact condition of the order at the time of its meeting.

A resolution was passed refusing to pay hereafter the expenses of D. D. G. Patriarchs incurred in visiting subordinate Encampments, for other purposes than those of institution; expense for any other purpose to be borne by the encampment visited.

A resolution authorizing the Grand Scribe to have printed 1000 copies of the proceedings of this communication, for the benefit of the order was passed.

Resolutions of thanks to the various officers, for the faithful discharge of their duties, were passed.

The minutes were read and approved, and on motion, the Grand Encampment adjourned *sine die.*

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE GRAND LODGE, I. O. O. F. IND.

Indianapolis, July, 20, 1852.

The R. W. Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows convened this day, at 9 O'clock, A. M., in the Masonic Hall, and was called to order by the M. W. G. Master, Oliver Dufour.

The Grand Secretary announced that there was present a due representation from Subordinate Lodges.

After an appropriate prayer, by the R. W. Grand Chaplain, the R. W. Grand Warden, by direction of the Grand Master, proclaimed the Grand Lodge open for the transaction of business.

The following Grand officers were present and in their stations:

OLIVER DUFOUR. M. W. G. Master.,
Wm. K. EDWARDS, R. W. D. G. Master,
JOHN DIXON, R. W. G. Warden,
WILLIS W. WRIGHT, R. W. G. Secretary,
J. B. McCHESNEY. R. W. G. Treasurer,
SOL. MEREDITH. R. W. G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.
Rev. GAM. TAYLOR, R. W. G. Chaplain,
Geo. L. GIBBS, R. W. G. Marshall,
Geo. BROWN, R. W. G. Conductor,
C. FRAVEL, W. G. Guardian,
JOHN KELLY. Grand Messenger.

The Grand Master then appointed the Committee on Credentials. Almost the entire morning session was occupied in examining the credentials of the various Representatives, and instructing them in the P. O. and G. L. Degrees;—a larger number being in attendance than at any former Grand Communication.

The minutes of the last communication were corrected as follows: On page 638 of the proceedings of the Jaunary Communication, P. G. John B. Norman's resolution in reference to the lot claimed by Nos. 1, and 10, was ordered to be laid upon the table, instead of being adopted, as the printed minutes have it.

The Grand Master then appointed the Standing Committees, and presented his annual report:

To the Officers and Members of the R. W. G. Lodge I. O. O. F. of the State of Ihniana:

Brethren:—In presenting his report to the Grand Lodge, at this, the annual communication of this Right Worthy Grand Body, the Grand Master avails himself of this opportunity to express his great gratification to the Representatives of the Order here assembled, upon the continued prosperity which crowns the efforts that are being made in every part of our jurisdiction, for the promotion of the cause and principles of Odd Fellowship. At no period in the history of the Order in this State, have we had more abundant cause to offer up our thanksgiving and praise to the Bountiful Dispenser of every good and perfect gift, than the present, for the successful result of our labors, in spreading abroad the great principles of our Order, and the rich harvest that has followed the seed time.

[Here follows an account of eight new lodges instituted under dispensations from the Grand Master.]

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On the 25th of May, I received a petition from seventeen members of the Order, asking for a dispensation for the institution of a German Lodge of the I. O. O. F., to be located in the city of Madison. The high character of the petitioners, the necessity which seems to exist for the establishment of a lodge of that kind, for the accommodation of our German population, together with the recommendation of three of the Subordinate Lodges of Madison, were considerations sufficient for me to have granted the prayer of the petitioners, but for the want of books, printed in the German language, I have not taken any action in the matter. I now beg leave to refer the petition, together with the letters of recommendation, as well as those opposed to the movement, for your candid and careful consideration.

An application has been made to me by Chosen Friends Lodge No. 13, at Aurora, for a dispensation to allow them to have a course of lectures, delivered in the lodge room, upon the principles of Odd Fellowship. Our laws being silent on that subject, I decided that I had no power to grant a dispensation, setting aside the law of the G. L. U. S.; see Division III, Art. III, Sec. 38, of the Digest. I respectfully recommend to your consideration whether it would not be best for the Grand Lodge to consider the question, and give some definite decision upon it, that may serve for the future guidance of all.

I have received the July No. of the "WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE," sent me as Grand Master of the State, to which I desire to call the attention of the Order generally. From the ability and standing of the Editors and Proprietors, with whom I have the honor of a personal acquaintance, I feel free to recommend it as worthy the patronage of every Odd Fellow; and as the first effort of the kind made in Indiana, it has claims upon every member of the Order in the state for *material aid*, which should not pass unheeded.

The reports of the D. D. G. Masters are also submitted to your examination. From them you will learn the condition of the Order in their different districts, and will have the additional proof of the unparalleled success that attends our labors. While this is the case, I rejoice to be able to say, that no difficulty of a serious character, calculated to disturb the general tranquility and harmony of the order, exists in any part of our jurisdiction. A condition of things like this, is, and ought always to be, ample remuneration for all our labors and toils.

The annual communication of the Grand Lodge is, of all others, the most interesting and important, as with it ceases the official capacity of the present officers, and the duty arises of selecting new ones to be invested with the mantle of authority for the ensuing year.

For myself, brothers, I have but little to say. Called, as I was, by the unanimous voice of this R. W. G. Body, to assume the duties and responsibilities of the chief executive office of the Order in this state, I would be deficient in all the attributes and qualities of a man, and certainly undeserving the name of an Odd Fellow, were I not deeply sensible of the honor thus conferred upon me. At no period of my official term, have I felt the altitude of this honor, more sensibly than at the present, surrounded by the Representatives of the Order, who, for their wisdom and intelligence, will compare favorably with any legislative body that ever assembled in this city. And as the hour is near at hand, when I shall deliver up my official authority, to my successor, and take my place upon the level with those out of power, permit me, brothers, to offer to you individually and collectively, my most grateful thanks for this mark of your confidence in me. That I have not erred in the discharge of the various duties, which devolve upon the Grand Master, could not reasonably be expected. That I could not bring to the discharge of these duties greater ability, none can regret more than myself. To the different officers of the Grand Lodge I acknowledge my indebtedness, for the prompt and efficient manner in which they have discharged the duties of their offices. And to the entire membership, I express my acknowledgements for the kind and courteous conduct ever evinced towards me, with the assurance that, to the latest day of my life, the recollection of it will not fade from my memory.

OLIVER DUFOUR, *Grand Master.*

The report was referred to appropriate committees.

The Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer presented their reports, which were referred to the Committee on Finance.

From the Secretary's we gather the following:

During the term ending Dec. 1851, there were

Initiations,	407
Contributing members,	4,582
Brothers relieved,	503
Amount paid for relief of brothers,	$5,835
" " " burying dead,	1,332
" " " relief widow'd families,	224
" " " education of orphans,	236
" " " charitable purposes,	299
Total,	$7,928
Resources of Lodges,	$61,905

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[The neglect of the Subordinates to make out and forward their reports at the proper time, renders the Secretary's report barren as to the present condition of the Order.—The reader will find, in another column, some statistics, furnished us by the Grand Secretary, since the session of the Grand Lodge, which give us a correct view of the order on June 30, 1852.]

Various petitions, appeals, memorials, accounts and claims were presented by the Secretary, and referred to the proper committees.

The following amendment, (see January proceedings page 626,) was called up, and after some considerable discussion,was adopted:

Amend Sec. 7, of Chapter XI., of the General Laws, so that the Lodge that suspends a member, may reinstate such member before the time expires for which he was suspended, by consent of the Grand Lodge, upon application for that purpose being made by such Lodge.

The Grand Lodge then adjourned until 10 o'clock A. M. to-morrow.

—

WEDNESDAY, July, 21.

The Grand Lodge met pursuant to adjournment. The journal of yesterday was read and approved.

The following resolutions offered by individuals, or appended to the reports of various committees, form the substance of the business of the Grand Lodge to-day.

It was resolved, That a Subordinate Lodge has no right to reinstate a member for nonpayment of dues, without a good and sufficient excuse.

Resolved, That if a brother is appointed to watch with a sick brother, the dying of that sick brother does not makea sufficient excuse for his refusal to sit up and watch with him.

In reference to lectures in the Lodge room upon the principles of Odd Fellowship, the Legislative Committee reported, that they did not consider that Article III., page 31, of the Digest, prohibited such lectures. Such lectures, however, to have stated times for delivery, to expire by limitation.

The Grand Lodge also decided that Subordinate Lodges have the right to change their night of meeting, without asking the coucurreuce of the Grand Lodge.

The following is the substance of some questions propounded to the Grand Master, and his answers:

How often may a member become intoxicated, before it is necessary to prefer a charge against him in his Subordinate Lodge?

Ans. Discretionary with the Lodge.

What is the meaning of the word "legal," as used in Sec. 3, Chap. III, of our General Laws?

Ans. According to the laws of the Order, and not contrary to the Statutes of Indiana.

Does a member suspended for the space of six months, who refuses or neglects to pay his dues at the end of each term, become beneficial at the expiration of his suspension, provided he pay his dues at that time?

Ans. No. He is not entitled to benefits under three months from the time he pays up his dues.

When can a petition for membership in a Subordinate Lodge be withdrawn?

Ans. After the report of the Investigating Committee, and prior to the ballot: Report to be entered on the minutes.

The hour having arrived for the election, the Grand Lodge proceeded to ballot, and the following is the result:

JOSEPH L. SILCOX, of Shelbyville, M. W. Grand Master.

WILLIAM HENDERSON, of Indianapolis, R. W. Deputy Grand Master.

JOHN DIXON, of Jeffersonville, R. W. Grand Warden.

WILLIS W. WRIGHT, of Indianapolis, R. W. Grand Secretary.

J. B. MCCHESNEY, of Indianapolis, R. W. Grand Treasurer.

REV. GAM. TAYLOR, of Madison, R. W. Grand Chaplain.

MARSHALL SEXTON, of Rushville, R. W. Grand Marshall.

DANIEL WOOLSEY, of Evansville, R. W. Grand Conductor.

A. H. MATTHEWS, of Laporte, R. W. Grand Guardian.

GEO. D. STAATS, of Indianapolis, R. W. Grand Messenger.

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P. A. HACKLEMAN, of Rushvile, and OLIVER DUFOUR, of Vevay, Grand Representatives to the G. L. U. S.

The officers were then duly installed, and the Grand Lodge adjourned until to-morrow at 10½ A. M.

—

THURSDAY, July, 22.

The Grand Lodge met pursuant to adjournment. The minutes of yesterday were read and approved.

Charters were granted for the following lodges:

Liverpool, No. 110, Washington, Davies County.

Milton, No. 111, Milton, Wayne county.

Utica, No. 112, Utica, Clark county.

Orange, No. 113, Orleans, Orange county.

Bluffton, No. 114, Bluffton, Wells county.

Bainbridge, No. 115, Bainbridge, Putnam county.

————, No. 116, Auburn, DeKalb county.

Versailles, No. 117, Versailles Ripley county.

Making eight new lodges since the last communication, all of which have been instituted and are in fine working order.

The Grand Lodge decided that, No Subordinate Lodge, except at its first institution, is entitled to a certain number of copies of the Revised General Laws, free of charge.

Grand Representative Meredith, from the Committee on the State of the Order, made the following report, which was unanimously concurred in:

To the R. W. G. Lodge, I. O. O. F. of the State of Indiana.

The Committee on the State of the Order, to whom was referred that part of the M. W. Grand Master's report, relative to the "Western Odd Fellows' Magazine," edited by P. G. Rev. George B. Jocelyn, and John B. Anderson, A. M., a large octavo of 32 pages, published monthly, by Anderson & Warren, at New Albany, Indiana, would STRONGLY RECOMMEND the "Odd Fellows' Magazine,' to to the favorable consideration of the Grand Lodge, and hope that the brethren throughout the State will take an interest in procuring subscribers and circulating the work, and furnishing *material aid* for its support. Its editors are men of known talents, and stand deservedly high in the Order.

The Grand Lodge decided, that hereafter it would not pay the expenses of D. D. G. Masters for services other than instituting new Lodges. The expenses incurred in installing the officers must be borne by the Subordinate Lodge receiving the service.

The Grand Lodge decided that violations of the Charges, Lectures, or Obligations—the "higher law" of the Order, subjected the violater to trial, in the same manner as tho' he had violated any of the published General Laws of the Order.

The Building Committee appointed by the Grand Lodge at its last annual session, reported, that they had been unable to accomplish the work assigned them; that the Order did not seem fully ripe for the enterprise, but recommended the districting of the State, and the appointing of agents to solicit subscriptions of stock for the purpose of building a Grand Lodge Hall; and asked to be discharged.

The report was concurred in, but the G. Lodge failed to appoint the agents contemplated by the committee.

On motion, the Grand Secretary, was directed to have bound as many sets of the proceedings of the various communications of this Grand Lodge, as he could make up, and supply, at a fair price, all who may wish to purchase.

The Grand Representatives to the G. L. U. S., were instructed by almost a unanimous vote, to oppose the abolition of Grand Encampments, and also, the merging of the Patriarchal degrees into the Subordinate lodges.

They were also instructed to advocate the getting up of a suitable work, to be used in addition to the present lectures and charges, in conferring the degrees.

The Grand Lodge gave permission for all of its Subordinates to have one public celebration during the current term.

The Grand Lodge decided that a member under charges could not be permitted to withdraw from the Order. He must be tried and dealt with according to law.

The Committee on the State of the Order, to whom had been referred the application of P. G. C. Bucher and others of Madison, for a

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charter to establish a German Lodge in that city, made a majority report in favor of, and a minority report against (on account of an informal petition,) granting the prayer of the petitioners.

After some considerable discussion, the majority report was concurred in by a large majority of the Representatives, the Past Grands being denied the privilege of voting, a vote by Lodges having been demanded.

The Charter was not granted, however, as an appeal was taken to the G. L. U. S., on the facts set forth in the minority report.

The Grand Lodge decided that neither itself nor New Albany Lodge No. 10, had any title to the lot claimed by Nos. 1, and 10.

On motion, the Grand Lodge adjourned until to-morrow morning at 8½ o'clock.

FRIDAY, July 23.

The Grand Lodge met pursuant to adjournment. The minutes of yesterday were read and approved.

The following question was asked of the Grand Lodge: Should a Subordinate Lodge, upon the annulment of a card upon motion, give notice to the holder thereof?

Ans. Yes, if practicable.

The Grand Lodge concurred in a report from the Committee on the State of the Order, approving the course pursued by some of the Subordinate Lodges in establishing Libraries for the use of their members, and recommending the other Lodges, that were able, to "go and do likewise."

The Grand Lodge made it the duty of the Subordinate Secretaries to furnish in their next reports the number of ladies who may have reeeived the "Degree of Rebekah," in their respective Lodges.

The subject of a change in the form of trials was brought up by a D. D. G. Master's report, but the Grand Lodge decided that it was inexpedient to make any change at the present time.

The Grand Lodge also decided that it was the duty of the D. D. G. Master's to prevent violations of law in trials, as well as in any other matter brought before a Subordinate Lodge

The Grand Lodge decided, that, although the following question was not printed in the last edition of the Charge Books, viz: "——— or are you suspended or expelled from any Lodge of this Order?" yet that a suspended or expelled member could get back into the Order, in no other way, than through the same door at which he went out.

The Grand Lodge passed a unanimous vote of thanks to Grand Representative, SOL. MEREDITH, for the faithful and efficient manner in which he had discharged the duties of his station.

A motion to reduce the per cent. to the Grand Lodge to 8 per cent., was introduced by the Finance Committee, which was *not* adopted

Grand Representatives P. A. Hackleman and Sol. Meredith then exhibited the unwritten work of the Order.

The following is the substance of some questions propounded to the Grand Master, and his answers:

Do Charter members, in forming a new Lodge, pay the usual fee of $2, for depositing their cards?

Ans. Yes, if they retain their membership in the new Lodge.

(A question here arose as to the force of the Grand Master's decisions, and the Grand Lodge decided that they were as binding upon Subordinates as were the direct decisions of the Grand Lodge.)

In the absence of all the Past Grands of a Lodge, can a Past Grand of another Lodge install the officers?

Ans. Yes.

Is the possession of a legal card *higher evidence* that the holder thereof has paid his dues for the time his card has to run, than the individual entry upon the Secretary's books?

Ans. Yes.

Does a Subordinate pay per cent. to the Grand Lodge, on unpaid dues?

Ans. No.

On page 638 of the printed proceedings for the January communication, 1852, is the following:

"Can a Subordinate lodge elect a member thereof, to an office in said Lodge, he being absent, and there being no other candidate at the time for the same office?

"Ans. by the Grand Master, No."

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On motion of P. G. M. Oliver Dufour, the answer to the above question was rescinded.

The Grand Secretary was ordered to have 2000 copies of the proceedings of this communication printed.

A resolution reported by Grand Representative Hackleman, from the Committee on the State of the Order, calling the attention of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky to a violation of law, in one of her Subordinate Lodges by initiating residents of Indiana, into the Order in that State, without the consent of the proper Lodge in this jurisdiction, was passed.

A vote of thanks was passed to P. G. M. Oliver Dufour, for the faithful and efficient manner in which, during the past year, he had discharged the duties of Grand Master; also, one to the venerable Chaplain, Rev. G. Taylor of Madison.

A resolution was passed allowing $50 to the Grand Secretary, for extra labors in his office.

The Grand Secretary, just before reading the minutes on the final adjournment, said that he had made a careful examination of the books and accounts of the Past Grand Secretary, Laz. Noble, that he found them correct, and that all balances due this Grand Lodge, at the expiration of Past Secretary Noble's term of office, had been paid into the hands of the present Grand Secretary.

On motion, it was resolved that a vote of thanks be tendered the Masonic brethren for the use of their Hall during the Annual Communication of this Grand Lodge.

The minutes of to-day, were then read and approved, and after prayer by Rev. P. G. Colclazer, the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die.*

At considerable expense and much labor, we furnish our readers with a correct Abstract of the proceedings of the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge at their July Communications. To accomplish this, we have not lessened the amount of ordinary reading matter, as we print EIGHT EXTRA PAGES, this number. The Magazinne is delayed a few days in consequence of it, but we feel confident that the Fraternity will, on account of the interest felt in these proceedings, pardon the slight delay.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BUFFALO. N. Y., July 23.

Here I am at Buffalo, having arrived by the now ordinary means of steamboat and railroad, and without any haste, in the short space of forty hours. By the mail steamer Ben. Franklin our trip was pleasant. From Cincinnati to Cleaveland by railroad we had dust almost beyond endurance. The road from Columbus to Cleaveland was originally, from want of proper material for ballast, laid on cross pieces of plank placed so near each other as to form almost a complete plank road. The motion of the cars gives to the whole superstructure a vibratory motion. in itself exceedingly unpleasant to passengers and at the same time raises such a cloud of dust as to blind every one. I observed men engaged at various points on the road taking up this structure and relaying the road in the ordinary manner, bringing the ballast in some instances I am told as far as fifty miles.

Of Columbus I could see nothing. our stop being too short to allow any one to leave the depot. Arrived at Cleaveland we stepped immediately on board the steamer for this place, warm, dusty and fatigued, to the number of two hundred, and found when too late to correct the error that we were on the regular packet running in connection with the Southern Michigan Rail Road and that not a stateroom, not a berth. not even a chair was to be had on the noble steamer. The regular line boat, the Caspian, had recently been wrecked, and this boat has been engaged to come in at Cleaveland to take up the passengers from Cincinnati,—an arrangement which our party as well as scores of others found unpleasant in the extreme. Notwithstanding these minor troubles we arrived safely at this point, where we have been resting for two days. This morning (Friday) we leave for Niagara en route for Montreal and Quebec.

Buffalo is a large and very rapidly growing city. What first strikes the attention of a stranger is the great width of the principal streets and side walks. Though in laying them out a most remarkable disregard to right angles has been shown. In the suburbs of the city are many and splendid residences the grounds around which are laid out in many instances very tastefully. The city is supplied with water from the lakes, by an arrangement similar to that of Fairmont at Philadelphia, and lighted with gas, and judging from the number and character of the buildings in the process of construction must be increasing even more rapidly than in any former year.

NIAGARA, July 24, 1852.

We left Buffalo yesterday morning by the 9 o'clock train of cars, and in an hour reached this place, took possession of rooms previously engaged for us by telegraph, from Buffalo, in the splendid new hotel, "the International." This hotel was

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opened for the reception of visitors on yesterday evening, we consequently have the best of the house, which is indeed gotten up in fine style, equal to any hotel in the country. No sooner were we settled in our rooms than every one was impatient to see the wonders, and as four hours yet intervened before the dinner hour we took a carriage and crossing the upper suspension bridge, took a look at the falls from all points on the Canada side of the river. I am sorry to find that my favorite point of observation on a former visit—the lower point of table rock is broken away. The gradual detrition of the ledges of rock which form the falls and which has in ages past moved the falls several miles up the river is not perceptible save in cases like this break of table rock and that of the point of rock near the cataract tower on the side of the horse shoe fall next to Goat island. This fall took place only a few months since, and judging from the huge mass of rock lying below must have been by many times greater than that of table rock. After having seen all that we found of interest on the Canada side we recrossed the river by the ferry in a large yawl-boat rowed by one man, who managed to cram into the cockle-shell twenty or more persons. This hero of the oar entertained us during our entire trip by repeated assertions as to the safety of his means of transportation, assuring us that indeed there could not be any possible danger when the boat was managed by a COMPETENT MAN. Then up the almost endless staircase,—some of our party unwilling to trust to the hoisting apparatus started to run up the stairs, but long ere half the task was completed they heartily rued the commencement of the enterprise. Like most enterprises in life the only safe way of getting out of it was to get through it, and in obedience to the old adage touching perseverance, they ultimately succeeded in reaching the head of the seemingly interminable ascent. From the head of the ferry stairs our walk to the hotel was through the grove where very extensive preparations are being made for the coming celebration of the anniversary of the battles of Lundy's Lane, Niagara, &c., on Tuesday next. We arrived at the hotel in time for the first dinner, which was indeed a splendid affair of the kind. One defect it had, and that was of promise to the house—a disproportionateness to the number of guests—which from appearances, must have been much larger than was anticipated by the host. After dinner, the question for debate in our little party was—Shall we go to sleep or to Goat Island. Tho' the fatigues of the morning and the good dinner, strongly disposed us to the former, yet the strong desire to be near the mighty cataract, and to see more of its wonders, determined us in favor of the latter, and we forthwith set out for Goat Island and the Horse Shoe Fall. Driving over a strongly built, but from the position it occupies over the rapids above the American Falls, seemingly insecure bridge, we reached Bath Island, a small but beautiful spot, separated from the main land, by that part of the rapids we had just crossed, and from Goat Island by a narrower part of the same, thence by another bridge to Goat Island. To give anything like an adequate description of this spot, or to depict the emotions its views naturally raise in the mind, I readily leave to more experienced pens than mine. Some description of a few of the points of view of the Falls, however, let me jot down. Following a broad, plain, carriage road, through the thick wood, which, in very good taste, has been left untouched by the axe, we reached a point immediately over the middle Fall, a small sheet of water one hundred feet wide, which is separated from the American Fall by Swan Island, thence by a narrow foot-bridge, we proceeded to Luna Island, and to the very edge of the American Fall. While I was standing on the verge of the cataract, within twelve inches of the brink of the fall, our driver, who also acted as a kind of a guide, remarked; "You are now, sir, standing in the spot from which, two summers ago, a young lady fell over the Falls." The young lady, it seems, was reaching over the edge of the bank for a flower, when the bit of turf on which she stood, gave way, precipitating her into the water. The young gentleman who was at her side, sprang after her, holding on to a shrub in the bank, and succeeded in grasping some part of her clothing; their united weight, however, was too much for the strength of the shrub, and they were both precipitated into the rocky chasm, one hundred and fifty feet below. Accidents of this kind are not unfrequent. Familiarity with danger seems to produce a kind of recklessness. No longer ago than last week, a fisherman living some miles above the Falls, went out in his sail-boat in pursuit of his calling, but without oars. The wind failing, he was of course carried down into the rapids. Opposite Goat Island above the great fall, and at the head of the last rapid his boat foundered on a sharp rock which reaches nearly to the surface of the water, a little point on which he could by no possibility have maintained his footing a single minute, but on which his little boat lay securely wedged for nine mortal hours, when some fearless man, aided by others on the shore, succeeded in bringing him off.

Luna Isle is a lovely little spot, scarcely a minute's walk in circuit, and yet possessing little nooks overhung by hemlock, birch and maple, in which I could linger for days. Thence we went to the Horse Shoe Fall, between Goat Island and the Canada shore. Here the greatest part of the river pours over a barrier one hundred and sixty four feet high. The rock in the middle of the current is broken away to a much higher point that at the banks, giving to the Falls, when seen from below,

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much the appearance of the article for which it is named, but when viewed from Goat Island it shows quite an acute angle. At this point the water being deep, retains its green tinge during considerable part of the fall, but mingling with the air in its descent gradually becomes a brilliant white, which latter color is retained by the river for some hundreds of feet below the fall. On the rocks in the stream some 20 feet from the edge of the fall and 150 from the island has been erected a stone tower, from which the visitor can look down into the great fall. The emotion first raised in my my mind, on viewing the Falls from this place, was terror. On the island the feeling was awe, which prompted me to speak in whispers—now a cry of agony would more nearly have expressed my feelings. This soon, however, wore off and I was enabled to look calmly on this vast illustration of the power and might of Omnipotence. The great river rushing steadily, resistlessly onward—the fearful plunge and awful roar of the waters make the beholder forget himself, and stand wrapped in awe of the hand by which the course of the mighty stream is directed. Niagara is but another illustration—a grand one—of the law of attraction, yet the sublime emotion it raises in the mind causes the greatest, proudest works of man to fall into utter insignificance.

SABBATH EVENING, July, 25.

To avoid the noise and hurry of the hotel, today, I took my book and wandered to Goat Island to muse alone, and listen to "the eternal bass in nature's anthem." Having placed myself in a good position to view the great Fall, I had become wholly occupied with the grand spectacle before me, and entirely unconscious of the presence of any one until I was aroused by the following remarks:

"Dis is von fine place. I tell you, sair, it wort von hundret dollar, for any man to see dis place!"

To these propositions I gave my most unqualified assent, when my transatlantic friend having placed the index finger of the right hand on that of the other, continued

"Sair, I tell you, I have make von calculation in my head. Suppose dis place," pointing to the river at the foot of the fall, "tree hundret feet deep; vat a hole dat would be if 'twere empty!"

The remark brought forcibly to my mind the fact that there were two ends to that fall—the top and the bottom—one only of which I had yet seen, and as there was no immediate prospect of my seeing the other, I resolved to adopt my friend's plan and think "vat a hole dat would be if 'twere empty."

I have amused myself to an almost unlimited extent, by witnessing the emotions raised in the minds of different persons on viewing the Falls.

One gazes at the thing as he would at an ingediously carved toy; while near him stands another, awe-stricken and seeming afraid to breathe. This morning a man, evidently in his Sunday clothes, stepped upon a little island amid the angry rush of the water, placed his arms akimbo, looked first up to the hemlock trees above and then upon the red and trodden turf at his feet, and asked his friend, "why he supposed no grass grew there?" Near him stood a lady of commanding mien, with large and lustrous eyes, gazing out upon the wild rage of dashing waters and wholly unconscious of the passing crowd, while again and again the unbidden tears would well up and dim her sight. But so it is, and well too, 'that we are not all alike.' And yet true feeling will command respect. I have a much higher opinion of the tailor, who, on viewing the falls for the first time, remarked that, "it would be a fine place to spunge a coat," than for the English traveler, Hall. I believe, who stated that any Englishman might gain a very accurate idea of Niagara, by placing himself in a position to see the spray from the paddle-box of one of the steamboats on the Thames.

Of our visit to the Devil's Hole, the Chasm Tower, the Whirlpool &c., &c., I forbear to speak as I have already spun out this sheet to a much greater extent than I intended.

OUR MAGAZINE.

We have been frequently asked, whether it was our intention to devote our Magazine exclusively to Odd Fellowship? In the prospectus in the first number, we say that, "the Magazine will be devoted to the interests of Odd Fellowship, but will also contain matter of interest to others not members of the Order." We design making a paper that will be read not only by Odd Fellows, but also by their families. To succeed in this design we believe that occasional choice literary articles, original and selected will be required. From one half to two-thirds of each number will be given to the Order, sometimes more, never less. We shall, however, be governed in this by the enlightened wishes of our patrons, so far as they can be learned by us.

Could not Bro's Jocelyn and Anderson get some other name for their periodical? This is the name of Bro. Glenn's old and well established monthly, devoted to Odd Fellowship.—Ky. Fam. Mirror.

We could have done so, but we were not aware that Bro. Glenn's excellent periodical was called the "Odd Fellows' Magazine." In our State it is always spoken of as "THE ARK." and although we have been familiar with it ever since our initiation into the Order we never noticed the fact until you called our attention to it. But Bro. Adams, if you will look again, you will not find similarity enough in the titles to interfere. Here is our ☞, the same one you used to shake, years ago, and may your features be "mirrored" in our sanctum, as well as in our heart.

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NEWS OF THE ORDER.

MAINE.—The Grand Lodge of this State met on July, 13, D. G. Master Newell presiding.

The degree of the "Daughters of Rebekah" was unanimously adopted by this Grand Body. We notice the following officers:

Wm. Sripp, of Wilton, Grand Master.

Ben. Kingsbury, of Portland, Grand Secretary.

C. C. Hammon, of Portland, G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.

The following are the officers of the Grand Encampment in this State:

N. F. Deering, of Portland, Grand Patriarch.

B. Kingsbury, of Portland, Grand Scribe.

Jo. Burton, Augusta, G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.

OHIO.—The Order in this State is rapidly increasing in numbers and influence, and is destined to rank the second in numerical strength, among the States of the Union. The sessions of the G. Lodge and G. Encampment were held last month. The Grand Encampment unanimously adopted a resolution opposing the mergement question.

TENNESSEE.—In this State the Order is fast gaining ground. The Degree of Rebekah has been conferred upon a large number of brothers and their wives, and gives universal satisfaction. The Nashville Whig says of the Order that, "In the nation there is no society destined to exert a wider influence upon human weal."

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Keystone State gives evidence of the healthy condition of the Order, by the rapid increase of membership in men of the right stamp.

NEW YORK.—The old Empire State, whose members are of the right material, is still advancing in the cause of Odd Fellowship, and we hope our brethren may ever maintain their proud position.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—There are now in the District five Encampments, thirteen Subordinate Lodges, and one Degree Lodge, all enjoying a high state of prosperity. The Degree of Rebekah has been introduced into this jurisdiction and meets with great favor among the brethren, as well as among the ladies.

FLORIDA.—The following extract from the report of the M. W. G. M. B. W. Taylor, of this State, gives some idea of the success of the principles of Odd Fellowship in this jurisdiction:

"The march of Odd Fellowship in Florida, as well as in the other States of the Union, has been steadily onward. Four years ago, there was only one working Lodge in the State—now there are eight Subordinate Lodges, two Encampments and a Grand Lodge.

MINNESOTA.—There are now four Lodges in this Territory under the jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S. prospering finely. Here, too, the Degree of Rebekah, is received with marked favor by the members and their wives.

ARKANSAS.—A brother writing to the editor of the "Banner of the Union," says: "The Order in Arkansas is fully equal to any other jurisdidiction in spirit, if not in numbers." Success must ultimately crown the efforts of our brethren in this State.

NEW JERSEY.—In this State the Order is progressing finely, and bids fair, in point of numbers, in proportion to its population, to rank No. 1, in the Order.

KENTUCKY.—We learn verbally, from a brother in this State, that the Order is progressing steadily, and that although the increase in membership is not so rapid as in some States, their additions are such as to leave but few, very few chances for the tares to spring up among them. No jurisdiction in the Union can boast of better Odd Fellows, than Kentucky. We have many warm personal friends among them, and we know that they are men who can be relied on, and whose hearts are ever open to relieve the wants of those in distress, in or out of the Order, and we know certainly that the visiting brother not only receives a warm welcome to their Lodge rooms, but obtains the true hand of fellowship where ever he may meet a brother.

THE "MANCHESTER UNITY" in Canada, have it in contemplation to effect a union with the I. O. O. F. in the United States. This we wish could be accomplished, for Odd Fellowship should be a unit. We should speak the same language all over the world. Should such a union take place, the "work" of Manchester Unity must be abandoned for our own.

On the second page of the cover will be found the opinions of some of our brethren of the press. Thank you brethren, and we trust that as editors, publishers and printers, we will continue to merit the good words you have spoken for us, wishing that prosperity and contentment may be the lot of each of you.

On the third page of our cover will be found the list of Agents for the Magazine.

DIED—In this city, on Saturday, July, 31st, ALEXANDER THEODORE, oldest child of P. G. Augustus M. Jackson, (foreman of the "Magazine" Office,) aged 8 years, 4 months and 12 days.

"And the sweet boy———————
————turning from us smilingly,
Gave trustingly his little hand
To One our dim faith scarce could see.

And, O, how much it soothes our grief,
To know that loving hands as ours,
Will gently lead his feet about
Over the heavenly hills of flowers."

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. SEPTEMBER, 1852. NO. III.

EDITH.

BY FRANCES COPCUTT.

He entered unannounced, and his foot-fall made no noise on the soft carpet. He stood still a moment, for he saw before him the being who held his destiny in her hands.

The rooms were separated by an arch and columns only; and Edith sat there, with a single gas-jet burning but dimly above her, and shedding, as it came through the ground-glass, a soft and moon-like light about the room, while it threw into shade the curtained and mirrored vistas beyond. Her dark eyes were bent on the carpet before her, but unconscious of their own gaze. The volume she had been reading had fallen unnoticed from her fingers to the floor; and her arm, hanging at her side, rivalled in whiteness the lace that but partially hid it from view. The other arm rested on the sofa, and her head leaned forward and rested lightly on the ends of her taper fingers. There were no rings in those delicate ears; no bracelet on that graceful wrist; no ring on the slender fingers: and much I love to see beauty *so* adorned.

A grave, almost sad expression rested on her face. Her breath went and came, and her bosom rose and fell slowly: each aspiration left her with a sigh, and the interval was so long that it seemed as if she had ceased to breathe. Selwyn moved toward her, still unobserved His heart beat faster as he approached; he breathed more heavily. A possible future without her! The thought weighed on him like an incubus, and he hesitated before opening the gate that might lead him to a precipice or a paradise.

'Edith!'

The emotion with which her name was uttered lent a thrilling tone to that deep, low voice. She started, and looked up, and met his earnest gaze; but her eyes drooped again to the floor, and the warm blood came to her face and neck, then left them paler than before: but no word followed the glance, and they remained a few moments in silence.

'Edith!'

'Ten years ago, a little black-eyed being, you flitted in my pathway for a moment, and then passed away like a gleam of sunshine through the clouds of a troubled sky. The music of your merry laugh rang on my ear like the echo from silver-bells. The playful archness of your ever-changing ways seemed to rob guile of its meaning; but there was at times in those sparkling eyes a look of earnestness beyond your years, that made the beholder pause and ask a blessing on your voyage of life. You were flowering into existence, and the many-colored petals of thought, of hope, of affection, were opening to life; and the gardener, Imagination, took the plant, which gave promise of such beautiful flowers, and transplanted it into the most hallowed nook of what there is of garden in my being; and he tended, watered, and watched over it, taking here a leaf, there a branch, until he had made it a perfect unity. And the plant grew and grew; and, as it grew, it turned, like the statue of the ancient sculptor, into a new life, and it became one of the planets, and its image was niched in the wall of my soul.

'You came again, Edith, when the girl's form had rounded into womanhood; when the laugh had lost its merry echo, but was deepening to the heart. You came again, Edith, and found my fancy had not overpainted, my imagination had not done justice to your being. Your earnest eyes gazed out upon the plastic world, and sought and recognized all things beautiful and good in nature, art, and sentiment; and thoughts of wondrous depth oft came, and flashed like lightning on the subject that we analyzed; and the quick play of weird and airy fancies, too, as if you sought to hide with flowers the fruit your soul-tree bore. Years have rolled by since then, Edith, and I have always met the same kind, frank, and genial welcoming, no more: no word, no act that hate itself could misconstrue; but, Edith, I have been awakened from this dream of friendship, and, O God! the all I cast upon the hazard of this die.

'Edith! I love you!'

Edith's eyes were still cast down. When he

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first spoke, her bosom heaved with a quickened emotion, and, as he went on, she pressed he handkerchief and hands there, to hide the agitation that was mastering her; and, as the last words left his lips, eloquent with the deep tone that passion had given them, the tears welled from her eye-lids.

They might be tears of pity only—*might* be tears of love.

Selwyn bent to his knee before her, and, taking her hand in his, said:

'Edith, a word before my fate is sealed. I bring no *selfish* love to offer at this shrine. If in the deep recesses of your woman's heart *another* reigns supreme, or even ——'

She raised her eyes to his, and their gaze met in a long, earnest, deep, absorbing look, that joined their souls for ever, and revealed the love she had cherished in her heart for years. He clasped her fair head, sobbing, to his breast; his arms were pressed around her form; his soul blessed her silence; a psalm of thanks-giving went up to heaven from his heart, and his warm lips pressed their first kiss upon her smooth white brow.

'Now, Peter, we are ready.'

How proudly those beautiful bays arched their graceful necks, pricked up their ears, and pawed the crisp snow, as they shook into a merry jingle the circles of silver bells round their bodies, and depending from their heads in a graceful sweep beneath the martingales, impatiently waiting for the motion of the reins or the crack of the whip, as if Peter were a god, and they proud to do his bidding.

'All ready, Peter!'

And off they started; not suddenly or with a jerk, but prancing and pawing their way, as if they too knew the freight of happy hearts they were drawing, and sympathized in their gladness.

And who were the happy beings behind our beautiful bays, to whom the present was like sunshine, the future without a cloud?—the present profound peace, the future without a sigh?—the present a garden of flowers, the future an immortality of fresh greenness and fruit?

Two were affianced hearts and affianced hands, and two in a few days were to stand near them at the altar, when the vows which had been for long years spoken in their heart of hearts before God, were to be shaped into words before man.

First, there was Edith, of the queenly brow and dark, earnest eye, with the ringing laugh that came not often, but, when it did, it came from her heart and found its echo in your own; it resembled the spring-blossoms of the fruit-trees, which fill the eye with a sense of beauty; but they spring from roots which shoot down far into the earth. So it rang gayly on the ear; but your rougher nature was softened under its sweet influence, and you felt that its roots were in your soul.

Then there were Sidnie and Jenny, the chosen friends for her bridal; the first with a calm, gentle, serious face when in repose, which turned, as it became lighted with a smile, (it seemed like magic,) into as mischief-loving a countenance as the sun ever shone upon—the mischief that could not harm a worm, but would leave her face to make room for tears if it hurt the feelings of the meanest. And Jenny, the fair young Jenny, with the white brow and curling light-brown hair, and a neck that might send the sculptor to his studio to work—no need to *dream* of ideals now—the thoughtful, impulsive child of nature, weighing her words in serious moods, but, when the gayer ones came round, no lark's song more impulsive. The words came first, and, as the afterthought showed the odd fancies that her words might paint, her blushes gave them color and relief. Oh, she was more loveable so than thousands who never say a thing amiss, and measure every word!

And Selwyn sat there, in the prime of his manhood, with the happy three: his bark had been tempest-tossed enough, and weathered many a gale of passion and ambition, but now the haven of rest was in view, the sails mostly furled, streamer flying, the music (of his beating heart) sounding from the quarter-deck. With him all was peace, calm assurance of his present and his future, the will, the strength to guide and protect the dark-eyed being at his side, the heart that overflowed with affection, that loved as it never had loved, as it never would again.

Our bays had left the town behind them, and were on the broad, smooth, white avenue; their slender limbs moving quick and regular as clock-work, their silver-bells echoing so musically in the still, cold air; their heads so erect now, their ears laid back: and on they went, with the speed of light, as if they had a human enthusiasm, and were earnest in their work. And dogs ran out from way-side cottages, barking, jumping, and frolicking in the fresh, light snow; springing in and out between the hoofs of the horses, as if they were beings of air, and could not be harmed; frisking about in the snow-flakes, throwing them up, and barking again as they fell about their ears. The air was still as the sleep of a child, and exhilarating as the first glass of the foaming wine. The hoofs trod on the crisp snow, and the runners slid over it with a *crunching* sound. All things were white; fences lay hid under broad fields of snow, on which the sun-light shone, reflected, and

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sparkled; but it was like grace of Heaven to some sinners' hearts—it lay there unmelted and the same.

The trees had veils of white snow-lace hanging about them, as if they were arrayed for the bridal with the coming spring. And the happy hearts in our flying sleigh, what of them! Wit, humor, repartee flew from lip to lip, and from ear to ear, with all the *sparkle* of the scene about them, with all the *warmth* of the June sunshine; and white, and brown, and gray warm furs were around and about them, and hanging from the sleigh in graceful folds; and great odd weird eyes stared out from the furs, as if the life had been taken from the animals with their skins, and retained in them.

Oh, they were gay and mirthful, and merry and arch; and they laughed and talked lightly of their love, with graceful words: but it was like the white foam of the ocean, covering unfathomed depths; like the myriad forms, the graceful beauty of the weed which rests lightly on the surface of the sea; like the airy forms of the fairy snow-flakes, covering a warm earth full of hidden flowers and fruit; like the mist seen from the mountains, hiding for a moment the profound depth of the green vale! On went our gallant bays, as if the goal were before them, covered with thousands to welcome their coming, and the race was for life.

Sudden and startling as the cry of 'fire' in the still night, as the thunder-clap from a sunny sky, came the thrilling whistle of a locomotive, ringing over the fields with an unearthly echo; and, suddenly as a flash, the spirited bays sprang aside from the horrid sound. A moment the runner hung on the edge of the steep bank; another, and they were all dashed from the sleigh, while a shriek rent the air! One of the horses fell, and brought the other struggling upon him. Peter was swung round through the air, but held on to the reins as if it were a death-gripe; and, darting up from the place where he was thrown, he sprang to their heads, before they could rise and make off. Jenny was thrown down the entire bank, but her wrappings of fur and the snow saved her unhurt, and she sprang up toward Edith. Sidnie's head struck first, and for a moment she was unconscious, but the cold snow on her face revived her. Selwyn caught at the side of the sleigh, to keep himself from falling upon Edith: the wrench on his arm was a powerful one, but it brought him to the ground on his feet.

And Edith, poor Edith! she was thrown upon a rock that the snow had but slightly covered, and lay there inanimate and unconscious as the rock which had perhaps given her the death-blow. Selwyn sprang to her side, and snatched her up with the eagerness of terror, but the gentleness of a child. In a moment he had reached the bank, and enveloped the pale, breathless form in a fur-robe. Then he called to the driver of an empty sleigh that was passing, and cried:

'Here, driver, quick! here's gold, *gold*—quick! as you love Heaven, to ——— street!'

In a moment they were seated, and away again. Selwyn clasped the body of poor Edith to his breast, but a tremor shook the strong man, as if he were a child. He had shut his eyes as he placed the furs round her fair form, for fear he *might* see blood, though he did not dare to own the fear even to himself. He might have felt her pulse, to see if she lived. No, he could not do that; his soul clung to the uncertainty, to this agony of doubt, in preference to learning that which might unhinge his reason in despair.

Dead! Dead! The blackness of darkness seemed to be closing on him like the doom of a dungeon, as he shrank back, appalled, from the frightful word.

'Faster! man, faster: for God's sake, faster!'

The horses sprang into a run as they felt the lash on their backs. Houses, fields, snow-drifts, flew past them, but the minutes seemed ages as they went on. Not a word was uttered; no one dared even to look at the other, lest the answering glance should be despair—*death*.

The city is reached at last; spire after spire is left behind. All things make way for the furious sleigh; all lookers-on think the horses beyond control, and so they pass. Another minute, and, covered with foam, they are drawn up at the door.

Selwyn lifted the still, motionless form that rested on his breast, as if it had been a child's, and bore it up the steps. The door opened; he went on, and up again to the chamber, and, laying his priceless burden gently on the bed, fell on his knees and said, or rather groaned:

'Oh, God of Heaven! have mercy on —— Oh, God! oh, God!'

And he placed his hands over his face and burning eye-lids, buried them in the bed, and groaned aloud:

'The strong man in his agony.'

An hour has passed; the surgeon is still at the bed-side; two fractured ribs have been set, and *life* is there, but Edith has uttered no word, made no cry, no movement when the crushed bones were replaced, and she lay there pale and motionless, the faint, faint pulse the only indication of life. Selwyn stood over her with his arms folded, motionless and silent as the dead, but despair in the lines of his face.

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Suddenly a faint flush passed over her cheeks; then she opened her eyes a moment, looked up in her lover's face with an earnest gaze, and said:

'Tell Peter not to drive so fast, please, dear Selwyn!'

He fell on his knees and caught her hand, but the light had faded away again; the eyes were closed; she was motionless as marble, and as white; and so another hour of dreadful doubt passed on.

Again a deep flush colors her face, brow, neck, with an almost purple hue; her pulse beats with a bounding motion, as if it would burst; a groan of pain escapes her lips; it passes away, and she opens her eyes calmly as before, and her consciousness has all returned.

Then Selwyn knelt by the bed-side and took her white hand in his, and she looked in his face, with a fond but sad and melancholy smile, and said in a weak, soft voice, almost a whisper:

'I remember all, dear Selwyn; are *they* hurt!'

'Oh!' she groaned again as the bounding blood shot through her veins, and then left her paler, whiter than before.

Then she opened her eyes once more with a look of infinite pity for *him*, and in a weak, whispering voice, said: 'Be strong to bear, dear Selwyn: I am dying.'

He knew it already in his heart, but the uttered words startled him with a shock of pain.

'God help us, Edith; but the surgeon is here, dear, *dear* Edith. How is it with you? Can he do nothing?'

'Nothing, Selwyn—nothing. I feel it here, thank God without pain now, but bleeding deep down beyond his reach—— Selwyn!'

Her eyes sought his with a look of holy, infinite love; a look that passed into his soul and rested there, a sweet, sad light that clung to him through life.

'Selwyn! *Wednesday* was to have been the day of our bridal, and—and—— I shall be in heaven within the hour, Selwyn.'

A shudder passed over his frame, but, with the effort of a giant, he subdued the outward and visible form of his agony, pressed the white hand to his lips, rose on his feet, and beckoned to the minister, who had been sent for with the surgeon, to approach. Then he drew out the ring that had been prepared for the 'Wednesday,' gave it to him, and pointed to Edith. He then raised her gently from the bed, and passed his arm round her slender waist. His right hand held hers, her pale head rested on his breast, and her eyes were turned up toward his with a look as if her soul was passing to his own.

The minister opened the book and said:

'Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God and before this company, to join together this man and this woman, in holy matrimony.

'I require and charge you both (as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed,) if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it.'

Then the minister continued, and said:

'Selwyn, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as ye both shall live?'

Those who were present sobbed aloud; tear after tear rolled down the cheeks of the minister; and Selwyn groaned, rather than said: 'I will!'

Tears came to his eyes also, the first tears of his manhood; not tears of relief, such as well up from a woman's heart: no; they burned their way to his eye-lids, and left a scorched and acrid path.

The minister said again:

'Edith, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband? Wilt thou obey him and serve him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?'

Edith's gaze was withdrawn from Selwyn's face: she looked at the minister, and closed her eye-lids in token of approval; she could not speak.

Then the minister joined their hands together, placed his own upon them, and said, in solemn tone:

'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'

The fair head leaned more heavily against Selwyn's breast, and he bent down and kissed the pale, white brow of the soulless form before him.

Edith was dead!

Selwyn laid her on the bed again, and stood at her side. His soul seemed to leave him in maddened frenzy to seek his Edith; it seemed to have left his body still with consciousness: he felt numbed and cold, and the blood gathered round his heart, but lent no heat to it; thick blackness seemed to be gathering about him, shutting out all things, coming nearer, nearer, and narrower, until it seemed as if it would crush him, and he wrestled as a strong man with a giant to throw it off; and as this night-mare of the soul passed away, and he opened his eyes again, there lay the cold, marble-like temple

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which had held *his* holy of holies, that God had closed on him forevermore.

Long years have gone since then to the past eternity. Little ones, who were prattling their nursery rhymes, now govern the nations. Trees, whose green foliage shaded the forest-grounds, rot in old ships on the ocean. Seeds, then springing from the earth, now cast their broad shadow over the fields. Many whose fame echoed from shore to shore, and in whose dreams Immortality had marked them for her own, lie unremembered beneath the sod. A few who sank to unnoted, unhonored graves, now shed their light over the nations; and once more we look back and see that mankind had 'entertained its angels unawares.'

The gay young companions of the fatal ride listen to the prattle of little ones who cluster round grand-mamma's arm-chair. But most of those who made the moving, living, breathing 'world,' are where the lapse of time is unnoted and unknown; where the hour and the thousand years are alike.

Do you see that old man upon whose face three-score-and-ten has made its mark; whose hair is all white with the snows of the winter of age, but whose step is yet firm and quick, whose glance is earnest and absorbed, unheeding the crowd about him! Do you note the profound, yet calm expression of sadness, of sorrow over his pale face; a sadness of the soul that seems to be part of his existence, and pervades him like an atmosphere! Do you see him turn at the importunity of that sick beggar, with a quick, penetrating glance, listen to her story, and walk away with her to the cold, wet, fireless *home*, that he may winnow true suffering from pretence, and aid accordingly? It is Selwyn—the lover of a quarter of a century past; the lover, husband, widower, in a breath.

'Twenty-five years ago!' There is the sound of a knell in the sentence. What is *not buried* in that lapse of time? The hopes, faiths, beliefs, expectations, as well as the living beings about us.

Far away from the cemeteries where fashion has set her stamp, and death looks gay; far away from the grave-yards which looks so lonely and sad; far away from the noise or echo of man's busy life, deep in the far forest, rises, among the trees which shadow it, a white marble shaft, pointing to that heaven where the wife of a moment has gone.

There is nothing but 'EDITH' on its smooth surface to tell its tale to the wandering beholder. Few ever see it but the venturing hunter: it comes upon him like a mysterious *presence*; he lays his gun on the grass, weaves his own tale of the strange monument, and the blithe, merry birds fly about unharmed for hours as he dreams. And every year in the autumn-time, when the day comes round that Edith first owned her love; when nature has put on her gayest attire to hide for an hour the gloom of her coming death; when the trees are all decked in their carnival hues, and scatter their bright leaves like smiles to the frolic winds before they enter on their long, cold Lent, their wintry fast, the old man kneels at the tomb of his Edith, and thanks God that he has tempered his judgments with mercy; and his heart swells with gratitude that, though it has been shut like the door of a vault of love, He has opened it with sympathy for the sufferer, and has permitted him to be a comforter to the afflicted, a light to some who are groping in darkness, and enabled him to make some suffering corner of this earth less a Hades—more a Paradise.

And then a tender and sad memory will come, like the recollection of a dream of the Edith of his youth, and of his manhood. And he thanks Him again that he has sent him on this road toward his haven of rest, where perhaps he will recognize and join in eternal thought, in eternal joy, in eternal progression, toward the infinite, the being to whom he felt his soul of souls was united with a love that time and suffering had purified from all it might at first have held of earth. And each year he leaves the tomb stronger to guide, and help, and bear, and feeling nearer to that heaven where he knows that, if he does not join his Edith in actual recognition, he will meet more than his ideal; he will meet the *infinite* of love and beauty, of which his earthly love was but an emblem: and alone, yet not lonely, toward eternity he is 'passing away! passing away!'

MODESTY.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converse. True modesty, everything that is criminal; false modesty, everything that is fashionable. The latter is only undetermined instinct; the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and morality.

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A REQUIEM.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY CLAY.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE A. PAYNE.

Mournfully, mournfully toll the deep bell—
Let it the Nation's wild agony tell—
Let it peal forth on the dew weeping air—
Toll it, the heart-rending tidings to bear:
Gone, ever gone to the tomb!
Be it ye breezes o'er mountain and vale—
Weep ye these words in a sorrowful wail:
Gone to the grave's nightly gloom!

Solemnly, solemnly spread the dark pall!
Widely unfurl the star banner o'er all?
Place the dark cypress wreath over his bier;
Sadly let fall to his memory a tear,
Embalming his glorious name.
Bright as the beaming and glory-fraught star,
Luring the homeless o'er ocean afar,
Gleams forth the light of his fame

Nobly, yes NOBLY his work is all done.
The warfare has ceased, and the laurels are won—
Won! but to droop o'er his death-chilly brow,
Won! but to tell us in agony now,
(Mournfully whispering low:)
Hushed be the music of laughter and mirth!
Fallen is manhood and virtuous worth;
Pleasure is stricken with woe.

Silently silently bear him away,
Nature is shrouded in mourning to-day,
Scatter bright rose leaves around the dim tomb;
Vainly ah vainly they wither in gloom!
A Patriot, a Statesman is dead.
Dead, Fair Columbia, let fall thy dark veil;
Dead, Hear thy grief-stricken children's low wail.
As by pale, weeping Grief they are led.

Mourn for the sun in its glory has set;
Mourn, though the mantle of night falls not yet;
For golden beams brighten the sunset sky
And upward is thrown to the zenith on high
A banner of glorious light;
While beacon stars gleam from the Temple of Fame
And shed a soft halo around his blessed name,
Which never will darken with night.

Hopefully, hopefully look upon high,
To the land where flowers of joy never die:
A glory-crown circles the Patriot's brow—
A crown beaming forth holy brightness, which now
And ever, he gladly shall wear!
Then smile through thy tears, fair Columbia, smile,
And banish pale Grief, thinking gladly the while,
Thy children may dwell with him there.

In every journey there are some tedious passages, the rememberance of which is wearying; and in the pilgrimage of life the analogy holds good in this instance also.

From the Lady's Book.

WOMAN'S BEST ORNAMENT.

BY REV. E. P. RODGERS.

Let me urge upon my female friends, especially those who are in youth, the importance of taking lofty and better views of life than those taught by the vain world. It is a sad thing to see so many of the young and fair whose life is almost a blot; whose keen susceptibilities, whose noble powers, whose deep affections, whose precious time are lavished only upon dress and gayety, and fashionable visiting; who wear the bright apparel of the butterfly, and are as light and graceful, and useless too; whose conversation finds no higher or more improving subject than the idle gossip of the day, the last party, or the never failing topic—dress; whose reading is miserable trash which is inundating every community and enervating and dissipating the minds of our youths whose life seems to be an aimless, frivolous life; and who, as they flirt by on airy wings, provoke the inquiry: 'For what were these pretty creatures made?' I pray you take loftier views of life than those. While I would not draw you from the rational pleasures of society, nor one gloomy cloud upon your youthful sky, I still would plead for some serious hours, some industrious moments, some time appointed to the culture of the mind, the enriching of the memory with stores of useful knowledge; I would plead that the capabilities and aspirations of the immortal part receive some ministration, and that the moral faculties be cultivated and stimulated, and the generous impulses of the soul be expanded in labor for the best good of those around you. Be assured there is no beauty like that of goodness—there is no power like that of virtue. Personal beauty may attract the admiration of the passing hour, but it is the richer beauty of moral worth, the lovliness of the soul, that commands the deepest reverence and secures the most enduring affection. Even men who have no religion themselves, but who are men of judgment, and whose opinion is worth the most, respect and admire the lady most, who displays in her character the 'beauty of holiness.'

If there is one sight more than another, in this world of sin and sorrow, which combines all the elements of beauty, nobleness and worth, it is that of a young and lovely female, youth and beauty, whose depth and richness of affection, and whose powerful influence on human hearts, are all consecrated to the cause of truth and holiness, laid as an humble offering at the Savior's feet. Such a being is indeed worthy of the rever-

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ence and admiration of every true and noble heart, and she will command it, even when the light of her beauty is quenched and the flower of her lovliness is faded. But if there is a sad, heart breaking sight on earth, it is that of one gifted with all the charms which nature lavishes upon her daughters, prostituting them upon the altar of vanity or fashion, and starving the soul on the unmeaning flatery of a vain and hollow-hearted world, running a giddy round of gayety, frivolity and dissipation—laying upon the future a cheerless and forsaken old age, and a miserable, remorsful eternity.

'Oh what is woman? What her smile,
Her lips of love, her eyes of light?
What is she if those lips revile
The lowly Jesus? Love may write
His name upon her marble brow,
And linger in her curls of jet:
The light spring flowers may meekly bow
Before her tread: and yet—and yet,
Without that meeker grace, she'll be
A lighter thing than vanity!'

THE BEAUTIES OF THE ORDER.

We copy the following extract from a letter from California, published in the Carbon Democrat, in order to show the beauties of that heaven-ordained association, known as the Independent Order of Odd Fellows:

"An incident occurred here a day or two ago, which seemed to illustrate most beautifully the benefit of societies to a stranger far from home and relatives. A miner, by name J. G. Garnett, homeward bound, put up one night at the Stockton House. He had traveled some forty miles 'neath the scorching sun, on foot, which seems to have had the effect of deranging his mind. Before retiring, he made himself known to the host as an Odd Fellow, appeared rational, and stated that he had made some little at the mines, and believing that he would not live many days, and that there were Mexicans following him for the purpose of robbing him, he desired the proprietor to take care of what he had, and then retired. In the night he committed suicide by cutting his throat with a pen knife. In view of these facts, the N. G. of the Lodge of this city appointed a committee to prepare his body for the grave, and watch over it during the night. Next morning a large number of the members of the Order marched in procession from the Lodge to the Stockton House, where a hearse was in waiting. Thence they proceeded to the grave-yard; there the ceremony was performed and a short, pathetic sermon was delivered by the Chaplain. After this and a prayer, the brothers advanced, one by one, and in passing, each one broke a sprig of evergreen from his regalia and cast it into the grave.

"This is the first funeral of an Odd Fellow in Stockton City. I do not give it to you in detail, nor dwell upon the solemnities of the scene, more than to show how the unfortunate wanderer, in a land far off from home, with an alienated reason, remembering in the last hour of anguish and despair, the mystic sign, summons a host of friends to perform the last rites—friends who had never seen him before, and whom he had never seen, but friends who knew he was an Odd Fellow—who mourn over his melancholy end, and who will see that his children, his widowed wife, and lone mother are cared for."

TWO YEAR'S IN HEAVEN.

Two years ago to-day, he went to heaven. With us they have been long, long years, since we heard the sound of his sweet voice, and the merry laugh which burst from his glad heart. *He* was the youngest of our flock. Three summers he had been with us, and O! he was brighter and sunnier than any summer day of them all. But he died as the third year of his life was closing. The others were older than he, and all we had of childhood's glee and gladness were buried, when we laid him in the grave. Since then our hearts have been yearning for the boy that is gone. 'Gone, but not lost!' we have said a thousand times, and we think of him ever as living and blessed in another place not far from us.

Two years in Heaven! They do not measure time in that world; there are no weeks, or months or years; but all the time we have mourning his absence here, he has been happy there. And when we think of what he has been enjoying, and the rapid progress he has been making, we feel that it is well for him that he has been taken away.

Two years with Angels! They have been his constant companions, his teachers too; and from them he has drawn lessons of knowledge and of love. The cherubims are said to excel in knowledge, while love glows more ardently in the breast of seraphim. *He* has been two years in the company of both, and must have become very like them.

Two years with the Redeemed! They have told him of the Saviour in whose blood they wash their robes, and whose righteousness is their salvation. The child while with us, knew little of Jesus and his dying love; but he has heard of Him now, and has learned to love Him who said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me.' There are some among those redeemed who would have loved him here, had they been living with us; but they went to glory before him, and have welcomed him to their company. I am sure they know him as our child: and yet do we love to think that he is in the arms of those

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who have gone from our arms; and thus, broken families are re-united around the throne of God and the Lamb.

Two years with Christ! It is joy to know that our child has been two years with the Saviour, in his immediate presence, learning of him, and making heaven vocal with songs of rapture and love. The blessed Saviour took little children in his arms when he was here on earth, and he takes them in his bosom there. Blessed Jesus! blessed children! blessed child!

He often wept when he was with us; he suffered much before he died; seven days and nights he was torn with fierce convulsions ere his soul yielded and fled to heaven. But now for two years he has not wept! He has known no pain for two years. That little child, who was pleased with a rattle, now meets with angels and feels himself at home. He walks among the tallest spirits that bend in the presence of the Infinite, and is as free and happy as any who are there. And when we think of joys that are his, we are more than willing that he should stay where he now dwells, though our hope is darkened by the shadow of his grave, and our hearts are aching all the time for his return. Long and weary have been the years without him, but they have been blessed years to him in heaven. 'Even so, Father.' 'Not our will but thine be done.'

INSURANCE MEMBERS.

In almost every Lodge there are some, whose only object in becoming members of the Order was, for the purpose of effecting an insurance upon their health. They enter the Fraternity under the most solemn obligations, yet their promises of fidelity are as empty as poverty's larder. They never think of attending to the calls of the unfortunate for aid, nor are they seen inside of a Lodge —except to pay up their dues—so as to be sure that, in case of sickness, they would be entitled to benefits. They never watch by the bed of sick brother, nor do they visit the widow and fatherless. They take no O. F publication, and their whole knowledge of and interest in the Order, consists of dues ann benefits. They know that if they pay —— cents per week, they will be entitled to —— dollars per week in case of sickness. The sooner all such are out of the Order the better it will be for the Institution; and we beg of those, who love the pure principles of Odd-Fellowship, never to propose, or vote for any one, whose principal object appears to be based upon pecuniary considerations. There are too many of that class already connected with the Institution. Give us the Odd-Fellow, whose generous soul responds to the call of suffering humanity, wherever it may be found; who extends the open hand of charity to all in need; whose constant attendance at Lodge meetings, is evidence of a correct understanding of his obligations; who uses his endeavors to become acquainted with the excellencies of the Order; whose enlarged philanthropy makes him anxious to get, all the information in his power, of the progress of the Fraternity throughout the world, and who is willing and anxious to inform and improve the minds of others. Such a one, is an Odd-Fellow indeed? Reader, is it so with you?—*Banner of the Union.*

WHAT HAS HE BEEN.

What is that to you! It is of no consequence if he has been one of the abandoned of men. He is not so now. We care not what evil a man has done, provided he has heartily repented and now strives to live an upright, consistent life. Instead of looking back a dozen or twenty years to know what a person is, you should inquire, 'What is he now!' What is his present character! If you find that his reformation is sincere, and that he repents his past errors, take him cordially by the hand and bid him God speed in his noble pursuit. We are no friends to those who would rake up past sins and vices, to condemn one who is resolved to be upright and virtuous. Many a person is driven back to the paths of vice, who might have become an ornament to society, but for the disposition too common among men to rake up and drag to the light, long forgotten iniquities. We always admired the reply of a daughter to her father, who was asked respecting a young man of her acquaintance, 'Do you know where he comes from?' 'No,' replied the girl, 'I do not know where he comes from, but know where he is going, and I wish to go with him.' That is right. If we see a person on the right track, exerting a good influence, it is sufficient without inquiring what has been his character heretofore. If he has reformed, what more can we desire? and what benefit will it be to us to uncover and expose to the light, deeds of which he has repented in dust and ashes?

LOVE.

The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and feeling, that perfect community of the heart's secrets and the mind's thoughts, which binds two beings together more closely, more dearly than the dearest human ties; more than the vow of passion, or the oath of the altar. It is that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give to earthly love a permanence that we find but very seldom in this world.

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streets, and wear broad phylacteries, and make a boast of our works of mercy. I claim for the Order, on this point, the meed of praise, rather than the stigma of suspicion.

Because no form of religion is inculcated in our Lodge rooms, no tenet of orthodoxy is maintained as a part of our essential requisites, the institution is suspected of an infidel tendency. No inference can be wider of the mark than this. There is no better school wherein the best affections of the heart may be constantly brought into action and enlarged by cultivation; and the absence of sectarianism, permitting the free exercise of the conscience in matters of belief, allows the soul to expand and go out from the narrow precints of conflicting creeds, and, rising above the jarring conflicts of human opinions, it perceives the universality of God's providence and love, and thus, upon a broad basis, lays the foundation of a steadfast faith in his Omnipotent Creator that may not be shaken by the warring elements of religious strife around him. His moral sentiments are cultivated and strengthened by constant action; and I sincerely believe Odd Fellowship to be the mortal enemy of infidelity—a successful recruiting station of soldiers for the Christian army. The Bible is our unerring guide in duty; and from its wells of pure water we draw up those streams of silent benevolence that are irrigating the vast domain of society, and making many a desert of humanity to blossom as the rose. Our meetings are opened with prayer, and sincere petitions for divine aid nightly ascend to the mercy seat from secret conventicles of the brotherhood of Love.

And this universal religion of Nature, taught in our temples, what is it? It is Love, manifested in the physical creation by adaptations of powers and properties, conducive to good; and in the moral universe, by similar adaptations, expressed in the exercise of benevolence, kindness, and a pure desire for the unalloyed happiness of all creatures. To the man whose mind is enlightened by the beams of those luminaries, that glorious visible trinity, Beauty, Love and Harmony, is manifest on every side. To his ear, attuned in unison with the vibrations of the chord of universal benevolence, the placid surface of the quiet lake, or the crested billows of old ocean—the tender petal of the flower, or the towery branches of the oak or sycamore—the green, flower-crowned hillock of the mead, or the rough turret of the mountains—the dew-drop in the corrolla of the violet, or the clouds, the cherubim on whose wings rideth the Omnipotent—the soft music of birds, or the startling tramp of the thunder—the pale light of the Hesperus, or the brightness of the noon-tide beams, each forms a part in the grand mechanism of that mighty organ, whose full diapason is perpetually chanting a "Te Deum Laudamus" to Love, the bright and beautiful impersonation of the Great Ruler.

In the various adaptations of the physical creation, there is tangible, all-pervading *Love*. The planets wheel in orbits exactly correlative to the wants of organized life upon their various surfaces; and the great law of gravitation is as much subservient to the wants of the smallest flower, as it is in binding together the ponderous globes rolling in space; and the reciprocal claims of every atom of matter upon its fellow atom, for power to perform its proper functions, and the manner in which these claims are acknowledged and acted upon throughout the whole universe of God, forms a mighty and eloquent priesthood, whose doctrine is universal love, and whose teachings never fail to stir up in man the spirit of devotion, and strengthen his faith as he feels the gentle cord of the universal religion of Nature drawing him insensibly upward to the pavilion of the Almighty.

In the moral world, this religion is tangible to every eye, and its light is seen and worshipped even in the gloomy abodes of ignorance and vice. In all ages of the world, worshippers at the shrine of universal benevolence have stood up like stately cedars amid the barren rocks of the world's selfishness; and never since the morning of creation has the earth lacked a priesthood to minister at the altar of the universal religion of nature.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself" was a glorious recognition of this doctrine by the early Hebrews; and a long line of prophets, by precept and example, proclaimed the reconciliation of man with his Maker, through the instrumentality of Love. And when, in the fulness of time, the day-star of righteousness arose and angels proclaimed to the watching shepherds on the plains of Bethlehem, "Peace on earth, and good will to men," and Jesus, the incarnation of divine love, "spake as never man spake," and said: "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you;" then it was that the doctrine of this holy religion first became fully manifest to the world. Armed with this power, a power which lays hold of the best affections of the human heart, Christianity, the universal religion of Nature, the "Good Will to Man," stepped forth from its cradle, fully panoplied for the great moral battlefield. "The power, the prejudices, the superstition of the earth, were all in arms against it; it had no temporal power or

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sceptre; its founder was poor—its apostles were lowly fishermen—its inspired writers were lowly and uneducated—its cradle a manger—its home a dungeon—its earthly diadem a crown of thorns. And yet forth it went; that lowly, humble, persecuted spirit, and the idols of the heathen fell, and the thrones of the mighty trembled, and Paganism saw her peasants and her princess fall down and worship the unknown conqueror." And this is the religion inculcated in the temples of Odd Fellowship—Universal Love and Benevolence—the Brotherhood of the Race—Practical Christianity.

I would ask, is there a father here whose son is less dutiful because he is an Odd Fellow? Is there a mother here whose son is less affectionate because he is an Odd Fellow? Is there a sister here whose brother or husband is less kind and tender because he is an Odd Fellow? If not, then may we claim the negative merit, at least, of making men no *worse* members of society. On the other hand, it can be easily shown that the moral culture in the school of practical Odd Fellowship makes men *better* members of society. Impulses of kindness and benevolence, before inactive, are aroused, and the moral sentiments constantly brought into play, develope the true dignity of manhood.

To this important fact I would call the attention of the ladies. It is from them that Odd Fellowship has met with much opposition, but it has been an error of the head, not of the heart; and I trust the time is not far distant when female influence, with all its mighty energies, will be thrown into the scale of Odd Fellowship. In no light can the principles or the practices of the Order be considered antagonist to their interests, or happiness. Surely, if the culture of the heart in the school of Odd Fellowship is such as to make men better brothers, better husbands, better fathers, none can be more interested in the growth and prosperity of the Order than you; for by such results your own happiness is augmented. The Grand Lodge of the United States says to every member of the Order, "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, assist the widow and educate the orphan?" And who is the sick to be visited? who the distressed to be relieved? who the dead to be buried? It is your fathers, your husbands, your brothers, your sons—those around whom are entwined your best affections—those in whom much of your earthly happiness is centered—those whom you love as your own selves, and cherish as the apple of your eye! Is it a small thing, when sickness comes, or adversity overwhelms, that to your own affections and sympathies for the stricken one, are linked those of a great brotherhood—a brotherhood whose sympathies and cares will extend even to you and your children in widowhood and orphanage? Surely not; and if these considerations are of any value, ponder them well, and give them their due regard before your opinion shall decide upon the verdict. And I would again express the hope that the tender affections, the warm sensibilities, the generous confidence, and the sweet and persuasive, yet powerful and persevering energies of the female character, will, ere long, shed their light upon our pathway, and add a new lustre to our institution; for, I say it without flattery, that every great moral enterprize in this country, to be successful, must receive the sanction and support of the gentler sex. Although I claim much for Odd Fellowship, yet I do not claim for it a higher purpose, or more lofty patriotism, or purer morality, than many benevolent institutions of the day; yet I do claim for it an equal station in the public regard and confidence, with others; and happy will it be for the Order, happy for society at large, when the rigid laws of our Institution are so modified as to bring the personal services of our mothers, wives, sisters and daughters to our aid in the benevolent labors of the fraternity.

Bretnren of the Order, allow me to say a word to you in conclusion. We have come together to-day to assert our claim to confidence and generous support at the bar of public opinion. Let us always bear in mind that from its judgment there is no appeal; and in all our relations in life, let us so maintain in their purity the principles of the Order, that by our conduct we may secure the righteous and favorable judgment at that bar where our principles are tried. *We* know the value of the Institution, the purity of its precepts, the strong foundation of truth upon which it is based. *We* know the humility of its origin, the struggle of its feeble infancy, the contumely it has suffered, the persecutions it has endured, the warfare it has maintained, and the glorious victories it has won. These are so indelibly impressed that they can never, never be forgotten.

Yet our warfare is not ended: there are prejudices to overcome, suspicions to be allayed, malice and ignorance to be confronted and disarmed. In this warfare let our weapons ever be on the defensive—let us use the shield of *faith in human progress*—the breast-plate of *righteousness*—the helmet of *integrity*—the sword of the *spirit of Truth;* and let our oriflame ever be the *Olive Branch of Peace.* Let us be temperate, virtuous, benevolent, honorable. Let each feel himself to be a representative of the Order, and, under the conviction of this responsibility,

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let us cultivate and practice, in private life, those virtues which make the family circle a type of heaven; let us so fill our social stations as to command the respect and love of all around us. We shall thus subdue our enemies by the noblest of all means of conquest—by making them *friends*. And when we sing "*Io Pœa*," let us not forget the cost of our victory, and the value of our spoils. Let us not repose in security, relax in our duties, nor allow our vigilance to slumber; but now and forever keep every *guardian* at his post, every *warden* on the alert, and let no unhallowed footstep pollute the vestibule of our temple, nor impure sacrifice desecrate our altars.

Our pioneers planted a noble seedling, the grateful tears of the widow and orphan have watered it, and it has been warmed and vivified by the sunny smiles of approving Heaven. It is our privilege to rejoice that

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming in summer, in winter to fade;
But when the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the mountain,
The more shall our brethren exult in its shade.
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
The firmer 'tis rooted, the ruder 'twill blow;
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Greenly to bourgeon and broadly to grow.

PEACE.

How beautiful is Peace—at the home hearth, in society, in the nation, and over all the earth. Obliterator of feuds, washer out of blood-stains, and uniter of earth's races in loving brotherhood. Six thousand years since, Cain smote his brother at the altar, the earth has travailed with war and in blood. The only landmarks spared by the ages, have been trophies of furious conquest. Ruin and terror have swept over hills and valleys, and seas; and humanity, born with such noble and glorious visage, has walked a perturbed and terrible spirit, in this first earth, garden and paradise of God. Peace, which should have been the companion of man, and the inspirer of beauty and joy, has only flashed at brief and wide intervals through the cloud and storm of earth's life. But it will not be ever so. The war of humanity with itself—its suicidal strife—its estrangement from its original nature, and from God, cannot always last. Eighteen hundred years ago, one came upon the earth, heralded by angels, who sang, "Peace on earth, and good will unto men." And the prophecy of that song will come to pass. The unnatural war among men, societies, and nations, must cease. Slowly, but certainly, the cloud and tempest will roll back, unveiling the clear and serene sky, and humanity, self-bound, like Prometheus to the rock, will shake off the vulture which tortures it to agony. Peace will come to all the earth, for God has sent a token and given promise of it. Then shall the dove fly out from the human ark, over the wide sea of earth's ruin, plucking the olive leaf, and the bow of promise shall be hung in the heavens, that the water of war's desolation shall no more cover the earth.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND ENERGY.

I have noticed, says Washington Irving, that a married man falling into misfortune, is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are softened and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is monarch, whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fall to ruins, like some deserted mansion, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverse of fortune.—Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortunes, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its tender brow; so, too, it is beautifully ordained by Providence that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with dire and sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

Close not your hearts against the pleadings of want. To-day you may be surrounded with wealth and affluence; to-morrow's sun may rise and find you a beggar—a suppliant for charity from those, perchance, you have derided. Be charitable, therefore, unto your fellow-men.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE SOUL'S JUBILEE.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

Joy! joy! my soul has burst its prison bonds,
And with glad shout aside her chains has thrown,
That for long weary years have fettered thought.
Now like an uncaged bird she soars aloft,
Trilling sweet lays of freedom, wild with joy,
A strength seems given, "had she whereon to stand,
That would convulse a world."
Oh, heart of mine,
Break forth in rapturous song; strew garlands fair,
And fresh round thy blest shrine; re-light once more
The torch of Hope; burn incense on Love's altar;
Fling out thy folded banner to the breeze,
And by the fount of Inspiration true,
Awake wild music such as angels love,
And deign to pause on their bright wings to hear.
Outspread thy now freed pinions, bend thine eye,
Fierce as the mountain eagle's, on the cliffs
Of far-off Helicon, and upward soar,
Till lost amid the clouds and shadows dark,
That shroud its loftiest peak.
Spirit of mine,
Wreathe, wreathe a chaplet of fresh garlands bright,
And never-fading, on thy aching brow,
That grow in beauty by Castala's fount,
And drink rich moisture from its rainbow skies.
Oh speak, till thy deep music tones shall thrill
All hearts with love, till lofty harmony,
Pure, soft, ethereal, of exquisite sense,
Shall chain Time's mighty charioteer, to list
And linger, reckless of his whirlwind steeds;
Weave every star and moon-beam of the night,
And every ray of day's superior orb,
The glorious beauties of the earth and sky,
The wondrous throbbings of creation's heart,
In one grand, glorious, mystic coronet,
With souls of fire set mid its mighty folds
Sparkling and glowing brighter as the years
Fall o'er its beauties; thus a diadem,
Oh, soul immortal, soul redeemed from sin,
Shalt thou inherit in thy native sphere.
Now, ransomed from the cares and ills of life,
Let thy unfettered pinion wander wide,
And gather from the Universe of God
Its brightest treasures for thy spirit's food.
Chant lays of gladness, first of LOVE divine,
The golden link that binds all tribes and names,
In one vast holy, lofty Brotherhood,
Where like a halo of ethereal fire,
TRUTH binds each brow, until a mystic chain,
Sealed firmly by sweet FRIENDSHIP's steady glow,
Unites so firmly soul to soul, that death
Cannot divide the magic links between.
Sweep with bold nervous arm thy heav'nly chords,
Let full, rich tones well from thy golden lyre;
Sing, when the GREAT ETERNAL made the sun
A thing of glorious, burning, fearful light,
To beam on earth's dark, fallen, erring race;
That when long years of sin and toil and strife,
Lay heavily on Israel's sons oppressed,
How His almighty hand roll'd back the waves
When all before them hopeless seemed and lost,
Then in their backward rush proud Egypt's king,
And mighty hosts, and men of war and might,
Were buried in their ample, dark, deep folds,
When rescued Israel then in lofty strains,
Of music chanted hymns of praise to God,
And Israel's daughters by proud Miriam led,
With tuneful timbrels danced and sang for joy.
Then in thy noble strains, oh thrice-blest soul,
Forget not how the Patriarch's strong faith,
Which knew no other path but holy trust,
Looked up to God confidingly and built
With prayerful boldness, and serenity,
The altar for the precious sacrifice:
"Where is the offering now, my father say,"
Spake out in silvery tones that childlike voice,
Which ever rang like music soft and sweet,
Around that father's heart. The gentle boy
Wist not how God that father's faith would test,
But sweetly trusted what his parent said,
"God would prepare a victim for the flame,
A fitting sacrifice to bleed and burn."
Again, when waters dark swept o'er the earth,
And one vast deluge hid from mortal view
All things created 'neath the azure skies,
When the lone dove could find no resting place,
But homeward bore the peaceful olive branch;
How God's rich mercy to His faithful ones,
Enclosed them in the spacious ark, His love,
As a kind parent, had prepared for them,
A refuge from the storm of wrath and death.
His gracious love,
Now spanned the archway of the heaven above
With one grand, lonely rainbow, whose rich hues,
Will, till creation's resurrection morn,
Tell erring mortals that His promises
Are unforgotten, and not one shall fail.
Then soul of mine, thy glorious jubilee
Will cease not through the endless course of time,
Thy laurels twine in meekness round the Cross,
Where Jesus conquered death and won for thee
A glorious crown of Immortality.

AUGUST 18th, 1852.

True charity is not that which gives and proclaims it from the house-top, and boasts in the highways of its bounty. But it meekly gives, seeking silently amid the miserable and destitute of the world opportunities to afford relief, and from the by-paths returns to her home, and in her closet humbly thanks God that she has wherewith to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. We should endeavor to practice the pure principles of charity, not only in giving of our substance to the needy, but in our intercourse with our fellow-men covering their faults and foibles with the cloak of charity.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL CULTIVATION.

BY REV. BRO. H. GILLMORE.

The intellectual and moral cultivation of man is a subject that should be looked upon with great interest by all who have any regard for their own happiness or that others. Such cultivation is possible, encouraged by various considerations, and obligatory upon all. The possibility is shown not only from the experience of men, but from the expansibility of the human mind. Progression and improvement are not confined to art and science. Man's intellectnal and moral nature is susceptible of great improvement also.

In infancy mind is found in embryo, yet perfect in all in its faculties. The germ is developed by cultivation, and strength and beauty are brought to light by the mind's expansion. "All the faculties and functions of man's intellectual constitution," says Harris, "exist potentially. For their actual awakening takes place gradually. They become adjusted and related to their proper objects in slow succession." Trained in active service the soul, in its intellectual and moral powers, exhibits an elasticity truly astonishing; and shows that thought cannot be confined, and was never designed for mere passivity. These powers, like the muscular system, must be improved by exercise; and though no new powers can be added, yet, activity will clothe the mind in the regalia of matured cultivation; and the capacity for such cultivation is seen in the expansibility imparted to its powers by the Great Creator. But it is ours to control, and give to thought a lawful and profitable direction.

And, if "education forms the common mind,"—if cultivation depends upon our moral and intellectual training,—if mind is ever active within some sphere, and upon some objects, it should be our constant aim to employ the means and all the facilities within our reach, that our passions may be controlled, our desires circumscribed and kept within proper bounds; and all the avenues of the mind kept open for the reception and communication of valuable information.

Judgment, memory, imagination, and all the mental, intellectual and moral faculties are susceptible of endless improvement; and all that memory treasures up, as well as all the exertion necessary to learn and teach, only capacitate the mind for *increased activity*, and unfold more and more its astonishing expansibility. The soul's ability to reason, compare, analyze, combine, elect, discard, to suffer and enjoy, indicates the boundless sphere in which it is designed to move. And when all the objects found in three kingdoms of nature, and all the laws that govern them, and in the kingdoms of providence and grace, are contemplated, its lofty aspirations and expansive desires pass these mundane bounds and range uncontroled amid ten thousand burning worlds that roll through illimitable space! Here it gazes and expatiates for a season, but imagination forbids detention. Onward, and still onward, thought advances, demanding more and more information, more light,—other worlds to explore, other objects of delight, other companions with which to associate! Nor will it rest until it explores every department of the vast domain of the Eternal Sire, until it revels amid the full blaze, and undying glories of the throne of God!

"The aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame ascends—
What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
The Almighty fiat, and the trumpet sound,
Bold, on Creation's outside, walk and view
What was, and is, and more than ere shall be;
Commanding with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new—in fancies field to rise!"

Oh! who has not felt, as well as seen, that mind is designed for eternal improvement? And this improvement should be commensurate with the expansibility; while our usefulness and enjoyment should run parallel with our improvement.

"Nor are our powers to perish immature;
But after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublimary bed,
Shall flourish fair and put forth all their bloom."

Our means of instruction and facilities for intellectual and moral improvement are constantly increasing; and no one that thirsts for knowledge can now complain that the requisite means of acquisition are not within their reach. Never was there a period in the world's history when works on art, science and morality were so numerous and cheap as we now find them. And one great advantage the present age has over any former one is that many of our standard works are not only written in perspicuous and forcible style, but present in the various departments of literature a condensed view of general principles; so that they who have not the time and means to secure an academical or collegiate education, can, nevertheless, through this medium form an acquaintance with the most important general principles. Men are learning the art of abridging both their thoughts and matter in writing for the instruction of others. And a condensation of what has been brought to light by the investigation of ages past, is what the growth of our country especially need; and we trust

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that the time is not distant, when works of this kind will be equal to the demand. In this marvelous age of speculation, industry and improvement in other matters, we cannot even hope for time, means, or disposition for patient, protracted toiling through scores of musty folios, in order to gain a knowledge of first principles, and ascertain the opinions of different authors upon various topics.

We, in America especially, are acting upon rail-road, steamship, and telegraph principle, in almost everything. And as observation and experience have taught us that much can be done in a short space of time, we look for brevity in our mode accumulating knowledge. It is true that this process will not produce as many thorough scholars as former ages, or as the European process; but we may learn the most important lessons in a shorter time, and have more time left for the useful *application* of what we learn. Mere theory in intellectual and moral matters, can be of little advantage without application and experience.

We have also the advantage of common and select schools, seminaries, acadamies, colleges, and universities. These institutions are increasing in number and influence; and add to the facilities of youth for cultivating their minds. With the ordinary means, and comparatively little effort all the advantages of a collegiate education may be secured. But should circumstances withhold from us diplomatic honors, they may by assiduous application, pursue a regular scientific course of study, and thus become eminent for attainments, and usefulness in society. Some of the brightest stars that ever shone in our literary firmament, never graduated from the halls of science. Some of the brightest ornaments in literature and morality were *self-taught* men. Many illustrious examples might be cited. These facts are not adverted to for the purpose of indicating that literary institutions are superceded, but to show what has been and can be done by self-application, and encourage those who are necessarily deprived of their advantages.

Without naming other facilities, let us for a moment consider the obligations, and motives that should encourage intellectual and moral improvement. All the duties of life arise from various relations, and are enforced upon us by obligations imperious in their demands. Whatever reason, conscience, or the Bible demands, whether in relation to God, ourselves, or our fellow-men, is not to be neglected, or observed, as convenience or fancy may dictate. Our obligations are as numerous as our relations, and the benefits conferred upon upon us; and are as strong as the cords of life, to bind us to the discharge of duty, while motives of the highest order prompt us to faithfulness in action. Without intellectual improvement we are levelled with the untutored savage; without moral cultivation we are prone to every evil work.

"'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man."

The mind must be trained to systematic, energetic action; the moral powers must yield to the dictates of an enlightened judgment. The sympathies of our nature must incite to benevolent actions; and the fountains of love and moral purity must send forth their streams of good will to all men. And youth, especially, is the spring-tide of life; and the most favorable season for the mind's improvement; the character is then easily formed and the power of habit not beyond control; the mind is pliable to receive impressions; the heart is susceptible of the purest emotions; all the faculties are ready for a prompt response to the calls of duty, and conscience stands ready to give to every righteous action its hearty approval.

The fields of science are now open for our investigation, and art is waiting to crown our labor with success. The beggarly consequences of ignorance and crime warn us of surrounding danger, and the example of the wise, and the good we may accomplish, extend to us the voice of encouragement. The moral wrecks now strewn along the stream of time exhibit to our view the influence of idleness and dissipation; and the triumphs of truth and virtue. like beacons, light up our pathway in persevering effort. We should, then, be faithful to our trust, that we may be honorable and useful; and be morally good, that we may be wise and happy. No opposing influence should discourage us in this glorious enterprise, or move us from a well formed integrity. Let us ever remember that a well cultivated mind is a rich treasure of which no one can rob us through all time, and no pains, therefore, should be spared in employing the means by which it can be secured.

It was a remark of Seneca, in relation to his countrymen, that, "In the distribution of human life, we find that a great part passes away in *evil doing;* a greater yet in doing just *nothing at all*, and effectually the whole in doing things *beside our business.*" Let not this be said of us while there remains so much to be learned and so much to be accomplished for the good of mankind. Discouragements may obscure our morning and intervening clouds eclipse the light of early day, but noon will come at last, and through the opening clouds and fast subsiding fogs, the glorious sun of prosperity will shine on our pathway "lighting us to an enviable and nobler fane!" Intellect will triumph over

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appetite—moral integrity over the carnal mind. Knowledge will drive from the avenues of the soul the dregs of ignorance and superstition; truth will triumph over error, and joy and peace be ours forevermore!

ODD FELLOWSHIP.

In every age, since the gates of Eden were closed upon man, there have been a few noble minded persons, who, standing aloof from the wild storms of passion, that have continually swelled the waves of life, have vainly endeavored to stay their fury. These figures that stand forth so brightly from the dim mists of the past, we hail as the brethren of our Order, the Odd Fellows of antiquity. Unlike them, thanks to the intelligence of the few who first banded together in the glorious cause, the Odd Fellow of the present has not to combat singly and unaided the ignorance and prejudice of the world, for he has learned that what a single arm may fail to accomplish, becomes easy to the many. This, then, is the cause of the existence of Odd Fellowship as a society. It is no ephemeral thing, for founded upon the firm basis of honor, embracing in its code, all of the nobler sentiments of man, and its only aim, the welfare and happiness of mankind, its course must be, as it has been, progressive, until the links of friendship are thrown around the whole earth. So admirably is it arranged that however far it is extended, it may not fail in the minutest point. The more vast the scene of action, the more efficient its operation. With Odd Fellowship, charity may never become a mere cant word, for when that its vital principle becomes extinct, the Order must of necessity, cease to exist.

The ancient sage and the modern socialist, having alike failed to remedy the evils of the social system, it remains for our Order to prove, that there is that upon earth, which may yet soften the bitterness of the curse entailed upon the race of Adam. Although as a society yet in its infancy, there is scarcely a village through our broad land, where its banner has not been unfurled and its blessings dispensed. Its motto of FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, and TRUTH, is echoed from the shores of the Atlantic to the forests and prairies of the far west, and with the sound of that watchword, the sober dweller of the north, and the impetuous southron, however discordant in temper, become harmonized and animated with a kindred spirit. The Order has no secrets that may not be made known to the world, should it embrace, and act in accordance with its principles.

Among the brambles and thorns which the universal selfishness of man has caused to spring upon his pathway through life, there yet remain flowers of Benevolence and Love, and though their beauty be now paled by the shadows of the rank growth around, yet they only need the assistance of some kind hand recover the bright hues with which they were painted by the Creator. These, it is the peculiar duty of Odd Fellowship to cultivate. Already the faithful gardener has removed many of the obstructions that retarded their growth, and should he continue his work with the spirit in which it was begun, we may hope to see these rough wilds of earth again bloom, if not with the freshness of Eden, yet as near it, as the curse which rests upon them will permit.

WASHINGTON'S BOYHOOD.

He was born with a physical constitution and conformation of the noblest kind; his stature was of the loftiest and grandest dimensions; his mental and moral faculties, his sensibilities and passions were also adapted, in their strength and vivacity, to the large scale of his superior nature. In combination with these attributes, there were traits and habits which could have been the product of no other power than that of a most careful education and culture. From early youth he was distinguished for a degree of method, neatness, caution, and self-control, such as his natural formation and constitutional organization can hardly account for. Nature gave him certain striking and remarkable powers and characteristics; parental vigilance and assiduity superinduced other attributes, which would not have been likely to spring spontaneously from his original constitution; and the admirable combination which his character presented of excellences seldom found united in one person, was the result. His childhood and youth, spent on the banks of the Rappahannock, under the vigilant inspection of intelligent and virtuous parents, naturally led to the formation and establishment of those principles of integrity and uprightness which marked his whole life. In rural retirement, the temptations and enfeebling operation of worldly vice did not reach him. The simplicity and purity of his tastes and habits became fixed. The invigorating exercises and sports of the field and forest gave to his character and his person a manly energy and hardy strength. While the circumstances and connections of his family brought his mind and manners into contact with the best forms of the civilization and refinement of the period, at the same time the incidents and advantages belonging to a frontier mode of life tended to impart an athletic power of endurance and a familiarity with danger and exposure which could not have been elsewhere acquired.—*Upham's Life of Washington.*

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EQUALITY, FRATERNITY, AND BENEVOLENCE.

Extracts from an Address delivered by Rev. W Carey Crane, P. G. and P. C. P., before Chickasaw Lodge, No. 24, I. O. O. F., Mississippi.

"The charter of American Independence affirms the great fundamental principle, that 'all men are born free and equal.' As an abstract proposition, no democrat no republican will deny this affirmation. There are, however, grades of freedom and equality. In the purest democracy, where there is not a slave, a noble, a lord or a prince, still there are some more free then others; birth, inheritance, and relationship may all contribute to the differences. All, all are free moral agents, and all are responsible to two great tribunals of ultimate appeal — the bar of public opinion, and the bar of God. And all are equal in title and claim to the rights and enjoyments of social order, government, and intellectual advancement. In the claim to the protection of society, no one man has the right to appropriate more to himself than another man. In presenting a view of human equality, I shall not argue the absolute and unconditional equality of the race, but will merely suggest the grounds of a universal equality. It is not necessary to happiness that all men should have an equal amount of money, acres of land, and of friends; nor is it requisite that the powers of mind should all be equal, and equally cultivated. But there is the most pressing necessity that all men should be equally entitled to the love, the benevolence, the charity, and the protection of their fellow-men. It is the design of the Christian economy to effect such a revolution of morals, manners, feelings and principles in this world, as will secure such an equality; and the day will come when this consummation will undoubtedly be fulfilled in the dawn of millenial peace and joy throughout the earth. Until that day, there will be other and subordinate agencies. all co-operating and laboring in the same field. Not among the least of these do we number our own combination. With us there are no grades, except such as merit and labor are entitled to receive as the rewards of faithfulness. In religion, we are equals; Romanist and Protestant, Jew and Christian, Calvinist and Wesleyan, Baptist and Paedobaptist, Prelatist and Presbyterian, all meet upon a common platform, and acknowledge responsibility to the same God and Father of all. In politics we are equal; the Centralist and the Staterights man, the monarchist and the republican may all gather around the same altar fires and cherish the same time-honored truths. We have no Procustean bed for rigid conscience — no Promethean fire for blasphemous worshippers — no Circean cup for seducing spirits, and no Bacchanalian orgies for midnight revellers. We spread a simple banquet in our simple halls, and we invite all who "believe in one God, the Supreme Ruler and Governor of the Universe, an intelligent creator of all things," and maintain a good moral character, to aid us in visiting the sick, protecting the orphan, relieving the distressed, and burying the dead.

"Every man is brother to his fellow man. Let this become the prevalent sentiment, the true feeling of our race, and all the sounds of ancient discord will disappear; the boundaries of States will not be needed; standing armies of serried hosts in martial array, the sword and the rifle, the stilletto and the Paixhan gun, the proud naval frigate and the defying fortress, sheriffs and jails, judges and juries, will all be numbered among the dim legions of traditionary ages. How sad to think that such is not the case, that the world is filled with confounding sounds, with rivalries, partisanships, and selfishness! — That, 'in the present depraved and vitiated state of society, we should attempt to cause all men to dwell in harmony and peace, not to speak of fraternity, would be as mere an Utopian scheme, and as wild and impossible, as the most extravagant vagary oriental imagination has ever conceived.' 'These are prejudices which are born within us, strengthen with our age, and leave us only at the grave; and which, by their omnipotent magic, would render all such fanciful fabrics, real towers of Babel.' But, while obstacles to universal fraternity seem to be thus defiant and insurmountable, we may cherish a hope that human society may yet develope an universal brotherhood. Fraternity strengthens every individual man. What is its value may be sadly learned by contemplating the separation of brothers, or the rupture of friendship. There is no sorrow which wrings the heart so deep and intense, as that which fills the bosom of the man, whose fond parents have descended to the tomb — when the chosen brother of his heart, or his early friend leave him, perhaps forever. How nobly disinterested was Jonathan's self-sacrificing devotion to David — how deep his anguish when forced to separate from him. How firm was the constant friendship of David for Jonathan, as evinced in his care for the maimed son of his earliest and truest friend. Fraternity, which has principle for its ties to bind man to man, will outlive the pyramids in memory. But there is a resource to the true hearted man, for

'If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy, and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee! when sorrows like clouds are arrayed,

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Look aloft to that friendship which never shall fade.

'Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.

'And O! when death comes in terrors, to cast
His fears o'er the future, his pall o'er the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.'

"Let us glance at the multitude of men who are playing their parts upon the stage of life. View that restless man whose mercurial spirit, flashing from his eye, betokens his ambitious nature and his selfish purpose, and tell me, is he benevolent! Look upon that lonely woman who is threading the narrow lanes of a crowded city, see her as she passes from one miserable hovel of poverty to another, gladdening the hearts of desolate widows and orphan children, and tell me if she does not enjoy a luxury, with which all the costliest viands of the epicure's table are poor and mean in the comparison. Indeed, there is wealth in the benevolent heart, which the carking, selfish, and sordid philosophic worldling has never placed upon his doctrinal creed. The earth has been flooded with the purple streams of life—all for glory. The earthquake shock of political revolution has convulsed human governments, and triumphal crowns have bedecked the brows of kingly minds, but the high places of history have yet to yield to other triumphs, other pæans of victory, other rules of warfare upon opposing parties in the tributes universally assigned to the philanthrophist and the patriot. The time draws on, when the poor man stripped of his rags, and the rich man divested of his splendor, when the king upon his throne and the mendicant on the highway, shall all stand upon a common level, when all the differences of parties, denominations and doctrines shall vanish away, and then the *good deeds* which men have done will shine as the ornaments of a purified humility. The virtues and good works of ancient worthies are engraved upon the tablets of history. There the benevolent Eastern prince, who clothed the naked 'from the fleece of his flocks,' and the widow of Zarepta, 'who, while surrounded by famine, with but a handful of meal in a barrel, and but little oil in her cruise for herself and son, reached out her hand of charity and gave, nobly gave a part of her little all to the famished prophet;' the poor widow who cast her mite, her entire treasure, into the treasury of the Lord; the devoted woman who, at great cost, procured her box of ointment and poured its precious contents upon her Master's feet, will all be fixed in records of indelible characters. There upon a loftier page than the great names of Marlbro' and Wellington, Napoleon and Jackson, will be emblazoned the imperishable name of John Howard, the philanthropist. Other generals may arise, other battles be fought, other pyramids be erected, other discoveries astound the world, but above and beyond them all, will the triumphs of benevolence, in the person of Howard, stand to everlasting ages:

'One of the few immortal names
That were not born to die.'"

A PATCH ON BOTH KNEES AND GLOVES ON.

The following from the Boston Courier, is one of the cleverest essays we have met with for many a day. Similar in style, if it is not in point to Franklin's best:

'When I was a boy, it was my fortune to breathe, for a long time, what some writers term the bracing air of poverty. My mother—light lie the turf upon the form which once enclosed her gentle spirit—was what is commonly called an ambitious woman; for that quality which commonly overturns thrones and supplants dynasties, finds a legitimate sphere in the humblest abode that the shadow of poverty ever darkened. The struggles between the wish to keep up appearances and the pinching gripe of necessity, produce endless shifts and contrivances, at which we are told, some would smile, and some, to whom they would teach their own experience, would sigh. But let me not disturb the veil of oblivion, which shrouds from profane eyes the hallowed mysteries of poverty.

'On one occasion, it was necessary to send me on an errand to a neighbor in better circumstances than ourselves; and therefore it was necessary that I should be presented in the best possible aspect. Great pains were accordingly taken to give a smart appearance to my patched and dilapitated wardrobe, and to conceal the rents and chasms which the envious tooth of time had made in them; and by way of throwing over my equipment a a certain savor and sprinkling of gentility, my red and toil hardened hands were enclosed in the unfamiliar casting of a pair of gloves which had belonged to my mother in days when her years were fewer and her heart lighter.

'I sallied forth on my errand, and on my way encountered a much older and bigger boy, who evidently belonged to a family which had all our own dragging poverty, and none of our up-rising spirit of wealth. His rags

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fairly fluttered in the breeze; his hat was constructed on the most approved principle of ventillation, and his shoes, from their venerable antiquity, might have been deemed a pair of fossil shoes,—the very ones which Shem shuffled into the ark. He was an impudent varlet, with a dare devil swagger in his gait, of 'I'm as good as you' leer in his eye—the very whelp to throw a stone at a well-dressed horseman, because he was well dressed, to tear a boy's ruffles because he was clean. As soon as he saw me, his eye detected the practical inconsistencies which characterized my costume, and taking me by the shoulders, turning me around with no gentle hand, and surveying me from head to foot exclaimed, with a scornful laugh of derision, '*A patch on both knees and gloves on!*'

'I still recall the sting of wounded feeling which shot through me at these words. To parody a celebrated line of the immortal Tuscan—

'That day I wore my gloves no more,'

But the lesson thus rudely enforced, sank deep into my mind; and in after life, I have had frequently occasion to make a practical application of the words of my ragged friend, when I have observed the practical inconsistencies which so often mark the conduct of mankind.

'When, for instance, I see parents carefully providing for the ornamental education of their children, furnishing them with teachers in music, dancing and drawing, but give no thought to the moral and religious training from which the true dignity and permanent happiness of life alone can come, never teaching them habits of self-sacrifice, and self-discipline and control, but rather by example, instructing them in evil speaking, in uncharitableness, and in envy and in falsehood, I think, with a sigh, of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

'When I see a family in a cold selfish solicitude, not habitually warming their houses with a glow of happy faces, but lavishing that which could furnish the hospitality for a whole year, upon the profusion of a single night, I think of *the patch upon both knees with gloves on.*

'When I see a house profusely furnished with sumptous furniture, rich curtains, and luxurious carpets, but with no books, or none but a few tawdry annuals, I am reminded of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

'When I see the public men cultivating exclusively those qualities which win a way to office, and neglecting those which will qualify them to fill honorably the posts to which they aspire, I recall *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*

'When I see men sacrificing peace of mind and health of body to the insane pursuits of wealth; living in ignorance of the children who are growing up around them, cutting them off from the highest and purest pleasures of their natures, and so perverting their humanity, that, which was sought as a means insensibly to be followed as an end, I say to myself, '*A patch upon both knees and gloves on.*'

'When I see thousands squandered for selfishness and ostentation, and nothing bestowed for charity: when I see fine ladies besatined and be-jewelled, cheapening the toils of dress-makers, and with harsh words embittering the bitter bread of dependence; when I see the poor turned away from proud houses, where the crumbs of tables would be to them a feast, I think of *the patch on both knees and gloves on.*'

[From the Banner of the Union.]

PRACTICAL ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Many who are initiated into our Order, and assume the solemn obligations of the Fraternity, have but a faint conception of the duties incumbent upon them as members of the Institution. Too many suppose that, if they punctually pay their dues and comply with the letter of the law, they are exemplary members and entitled to all the privileges and immunities arising from their affiliation, although they neglect o perform any acts of kindness towards their brethren or their families. Those who have imbibed such impressions, should be at once and *forever* undeceived. A greater fallacy never entered the mind of man. It is true, that the law specifies certain duties which all are bound to perform, or forfeit their right to any of the benefits arising from a connection with the Order. And it is equally true, that there are other duties which are infinitely of greater importance and calculated to exert a more benign influence, for which there are no statute provisions.

We have a poor opinion of those who make written laws an infallible rule in the government of their conduct towards their fellows. There is often as much sin in limiting our actions to prescribed bounds, as there would be in wilful infractions of those laws which are acknowledged by all as right and just. Do not misunderstand us. We are not advocating anarchy, the legitimate fruits of reckless violations of those rules which society has laid down for the government of all. But we contend that men may perform all those duties for which there are legislative enactments, and yet be bad citizens, undesirable neighbors, and most unworthy members of any benevolent institution.

To become and continue a member of our Order, the candidate must pay certain sums into the treasury and live a moral life. By

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doing which he is entitled to certain benefits and privileges; *i. e.*, he may enter the Lodge and, in case of sickness, can draw specified sums from the treasury, or, in other words, he insures his health. If that was all that was to be gained by a connection with the Order, it would sink beneath the notice of benevolent, high-minded men. It would provide for the body, which in the course of events must decay, and neglect the immortal soul that will live until time shall be no more.

If we understand the practical utility of Odd Fellowship, it is to improve the condition of our race, and especially to foster those God-like sentiments that encourage, and build up within us, fraternal feelings of love and good will for all mankind. To allay unworthy ambition, soften the asperities of our natures, elevate the mind, and create a mutual sympathy for each other, that will make us a unity in every good work. Such ends can never be attained by cold, mercenary calculations; and those who have united with the institution for no other purpose than to learn the mysteries of the Order and avail themselves of the pecuniary advantages which it offers, should leave it at once and invest their funds in an institution better adapted to the object of their desires.

An Odd Fellow, who would see the Institution prosper and accomplish those objects for which it is so well calculated, thinks not of the usury he may obtain for his investment. He is punctual at the Lodge meetings—thoughtful about the welfare of the whole Order—ready to help, aid, and assist all those in need—often at the bed-side of the sick, to comfort the distressed—visits the widow and the fatherless, and encourages, by precept and example, those who need the influence of his life to keep them in the paths of rectitude and virtue.

The practical results of Odd Fellowship, rightly understood, are calculated to fraternize the world, and heal all discords and divisions; yet, with these pure principles engraven on our escutcheon, there are within our camp enemies to our cause. Those who have stamped upon their brows, *Friendship*, *Love*, and *Truth*, foster in their hearts every hatred and falsehood.

"Brethren, such things ought not to be!" Odd Fellowship teaches us that, in every transaction of life, "we should do as we would be done by;" that we should not see the poor and needy call in vain for aid, or the famishing silently perish. To be a practical Odd Fellow, the low and grovelling passions of humanity must be discarded, and the high and holy principles of Christian meekness inculcated. The careless and indifferent are little better than those who wilfully err. We cannot acquit those of sin who can, of a truth, say they do no wrong. We may not rob our neighbor of his wealth, and bring his family to destitution and want, and thereby be amenable to the laws of the land, and subject to the censures of society. But we can see greater misery endured by those whom the busy hand of misfortune is pressing down to the earth, and while we have an abundance to spare, squalid misery may cry in vain for relief: the hoary headed veteran may perish of starvation—untutored children grow up in ignorance and crime—the unprotected daughters of our brethren be ensnared by the seducer's wiles—and no gloomy prison opens its doors to receive us for our criminal neglect—no indignant frowns meet us on account of our cold-hearted indifference—we have obeyed the *law*, and, therefore, are not guilty. Such sentiments are the effects of human reasoning, or lack of reason.

To counteract such false theories, is the chief object of Odd Fellowship. The *practical* Odd Fellow considers it as much a duty to relieve distress and prevent crime, as it is to refrain from committing the most henious offense against the laws of God and man.

Would to Heaven we could bring these solemn truths home to every brother—reach their consciences, and touch their hearts. Then, Odd Fellowship would stand out, "the bright, particular star," lighting up the paths of the benighted and weary, and pointing out the haven of felicity.

THE LANDSMAN AND THE SEAMAN.

Man scarcely affords a wider range for development in his intellectual than in his physical nature. There is hardly a wider moral difference between the mature philosopher and the schoolboy than exists physically between the town-bred, lounging dandy and the seaman inured to effort, hardship and danger from his childhood. The former suffers acutely from a scratch or bruise, the latter seems almost insensible to any external injury short of that which maims him; he has become, as it were, annealed in the fire of adversity, and is indifferent to sufferings that would be agonising to untried nerves.—*Darien.*

The greatest hospitality is generally to be found among some persons of small incomes, who are content to live according to their means, and never give any great dinners—for nothing can be further from true hospitality than the spirit in which entertainments are generally given.

The golden age never was the present age.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE STOLEN KISS; OR, LOVE'S REVERIE.

BY A. M. C.

Oh, woman's love! how strong the current flows;
Time cannot check its course or turn a wave
From its deep channel; the warm heart pours
Its gushing tide of hopes, and nothing, save
Obnoxious scorn, or the dark, quiet grave,
The clear, pure fountain of her love can drain.
Yet woman's love is oftimes like a stream
Whose mirror waters, lights and shadows seem.

Young Celestine had sought the "trysting place,"
The vine-clad bower, near her father's cot;
The evening air breathed o'er her earnest face,
Rich with the perfume of that rural spot,
The home of love, fresh, youthful love, where not
A doubt, or cloud of retrospection hung,
But like a summer's morn, with spotless sky,
Where all is peace and sweet serenity.

Long had she watched; a foot-step light is nigh—
He comes at last, and every fear is gone,
Her throbbing heart beats wild with ecstacy:
Sad disappointment! it is a graceful fawn
That throws its shadow o'er the moon-lit lawn,
Unconscious of results or love's designs;
With stealthy step it barely seeks to crop
The wreaths that festoon from the cottage top.

Her lover comes not, yet she lingers there
Alone, to muse in new awakened thought,
With cheek reclined, while her soft raven hair,
And her smooth, pensive brow, fresh luster caught
From the moon's ray, as there her dark eye sought
Relief from her wild reverie of love,
Until the moon and the bright star beams play'd
In silent splendor, on the dreaming maid.

Her mind, now free from reason's tutored sway,
In fancied misery to a strange thought turns;
He loves another! hope's fallacious ray
Has faded quite, and now her young heart learns
Its first sad lesson, and her fond soul spurns
The long loved image sheltered in its core;
And she lives on to feel, with barbed scorn,
A withering heart—forsaken and alone?

And he must wed another—HE to whom
The treasure of her hopes had all been given,
The spring of life, its beauty, and its bloom;
Like mountain flowerets, when tempest riven,
In all their freshness by the storm-winds driven,
To perish far, unheeded and alone!
Oh, what a cup of bitterness below
Is mix'd with tears that for the faithless flow!

Borne on, alas! by some resistless spell,
She sees her lover at the altar stand
With a fair girl, on whom his dove-eye fell
In soft repose, and clasping her white hand;
They pledged eternal faith, in accents bland
Breathing the holy promises of love;
He called her HIS—his happiness, his pride,
His own loved ONE, his beautiful, his BRIDE.

She now recalls the bright propitious hour,
(Love's historied page has always spots of gold)
'Twas summer's eve, in sweet sequestered bower;
He looked the same as then—his deep eye told
The secret of his flame, for words could not unfold
To her pure heart the mystery of love;
It was thus he leaned to impress upon her brow
The first warm kiss in token of his vow.

She starts—for something touched her cheek,
And broke the chain of her wild reverie;
It was her lover true, who comes to seek
The light of her dark eyes, with bosom free
From thoughts of change—and Horace could not see
The chiseled beauty of that dreaming maid,
In visionary shadows lost to love and bliss,
And not redeem her with a stolen kiss.

NEW ALBANY, August, 1852.

How difficult to be of a meek and forgiving spirit when despitefully used. To love an enemy and forgive an evil speaker is a higher attainment than is commonly believed. It is easy to talk of Christian forbearance among neighbors, but to practice it ourselves proves us to be christians indeed.

If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

People seek for what they call wit, on all subjects and in all places; not considering that nature loves truth so well, that it hardly admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but it impairs what it would improve.

Lying, says the Boston Post, is an exceedingly vulgar vice—yet often practised by genteel people. Lawyers lie professionally; doctors lie occasionally; editors lie unintentionally; divines lie accidentally; merchants lie habitually, and the telegraph lies perpetually—but then it don't know any better, which can hardly be said of mendacious characters in general. As Falstaff says, "Lord, how this world is given to lying."

LOGIC.—Time is money, consequently time wasted is money lost.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE TOO MUCH AND THE TOO LITTLE.

BY HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN.

Though it be a disputed point whether Homer and Virgil, in their personification of Scylla, with her howling dogs, did not add great exaggeration to poetic license, or whether the straits of Messina really are wider and far less dangerous to the navigator to-day, than they were in the days of Ulysses; yet the proverb derived from the fable is as applicable now to the doings and opinions of mankind, as it was three thousand years ago. In these as in olden times, we run, now into one extreme, now into the other. It is among us, as it was said to be among ancient mariners;

Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult vitare Charybdim.

The Italian rocks, the Sicilian whirlpool, are still faithful types of the dangers into which we are betrayed by the tendency of our nature to mistake the reverse of wrong for right; and, by way of correcting one error, to rush into its opposite.

Modern travelers tell us, that, on the Sicilian shore, near the Charybdis, there now stands a light-house, erected for the guidance of vessels benighted in the straits, and which has given to the faithless gulf its modern name of *Calofaro*, (beautiful tower.) Some such warning beacon we often need, to direct us in the golden mean between the too much and too little. If the few thoughts I now propose to submit to my brethren of the Order should, in any degree, serve such a purpose, I shall rejoice to have offered them.

In the conduct of subordinate Lodges, we are apt, I think, to run into one of two extremes. Either we don't place that standard of right towards which we strive, sufficiently high; or, if we do, we are as the Pharisee, standing up complacently in the temple, and thanking God that he is not as other men. Let us see to it, that, in steering from the Charybdis of vice, we do not make shipwreck on the Scylla of self-righteousness.

Our standard of right, within the Lodge, ought to be high. We ought to require of brothers a tone of morality which the law and the world do not usually demand. The honesty of an Odd Fellow (for example) should not be measured by legal rule. Courts of justice may not take cognizance of his violated word; but the Lodge ought to regard it, as strictly as if it were a written contract broken. There were a thousand romantic follies that marked the olden days of Chivalry; but there was one redeeming trait amid them all. The simple word of the knight, once plighted, was inviolate. He who broke troth, lost caste; was disgraced for ever in the eyes of his Order. The principle lingers yet, an atoning virtue, among the haughty aristocracy of Europe. It was said of an English noble, that if he had promised you an acorn and the crop had failed in Great Britain, he would have sent to Norway, to make good his word. Odd Fellowship has recognized, and properly recognized, this principle as pre-eminent in her code of morality. In her motto (wisely chosen!) the last, the crowning virtue is — TRUTH.

I know that, in the Lodge to which I belong, any departure from fair and honorable dealing between man and man, no matter how clear the offender may have steered of the law's judication, would be strictly dealt with. There is no punishment, by law, for the insolvent debtor; neither should there be; for such a law would confound misfortune and crime. A debtor may be involved and unable to pay, through no fault of his. But if a man recklessly incur liabilities without prospect of discharging them, and then evince no anxiety — fail to make reasonable exertions — to free himself from debt; in such a case, he is not void of offense. His conduct is not morally honest. The law, indeed, may not reach him; the censure of the Lodge may, and should.

So (to select another example) in regard to an abuse, to which we of this Western country, outside of the Order, are greatly addicted; I mean what is commonly termed, electioneering for office. By our laws a brother is forbidden to electioneer, in any way, where he is himself a candidate. But this is not enough. If we intend to preserve, within our Lodges, purity of election and harmony of feeling, we must altogether refrain from what, in its common, worldly sense, is called, electioneering. To electioneer, Webster defines to be "to use arts for securing the election of a candidate." Such arts are employed in almost every political election, very much to the injury of public morals. They ought to be wholly excluded from the quiet retreats of Odd Fellowship. I do not say, that brothers should not converse, among themselves, of the respective qualifications of candidates. It is proper and useful that they should. But the discussion should be rigidly restricted to the questions of probity and qualification. All else "cometh of evil." Let the corrupt bargaining which disgraces our election precincts creep into our Lodges, whether Subordinate or Grand; it will be the serpent in our Eden; peace, love, truth will become empty sounds; disorder, jealousies, falsehood will usurp their place.

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Let it not be said, that this is pitching too high our standard of action. Did not *Pederatus*, when he lost his election as one of the Three Hundred, depart rejoicing that there were found in Sparta three hundred better men than he! I was myself educated in a Swiss college (that of *Hofwyl*, near Berne,) containing about a hundred students, young men from fifteen to twenty-three or four years of age, in which a mimic political organization prevailed. We had our officers, civil and military, our annual elections, and universal suffrage. During the three years I remained in that institution, (at first simply as a voter, afterwards holding one of the principal offices,) I can aver, with the strictest truth, I never saw, or heard of, one act—a single expression — that could be construed into electioneering. No one ever pressed his claim. There could hardly be said to be candidates. There was occasional, quiet, dispassionate discussion of the capacity of this or that student, for such an office: and that was all.

Let me not be told, that a purity of election which prevailed among the Spartans, with their crude ideas of morality and civilization — which was maintained, without effort, in a college of German students — is impossible, in Democratic America, within the pale of an Order, with professions so high, with aspirations so lofty, as ours. Let us not so libel ourselves and our natures as to assert, that this is a virtue beyond our reach. We are capable of a thousand generous efforts, if we will but believe in our own power. If there be much latent evil, there is much also of slumbering good, within us; capabilities of improvement that have rarely been cultivated; generous aspirings that have hardly been called into action. — Until we are tried, we "know not what manner of spirit we are of." We lack faith in the Good and the Beautiful; that faith which can remove mountains of evil. Let us fix our eye on the distant summit and breast the ascent boldly. We shall gain strength and spirit, even as we ascend.

But here, let us beware of extremes. Let not confidence in ourselves degenerate into contempt of others. Let us pause, as we ascend, to cast back an encouraging word, to lend a helping hand, to those who are struggling behind and beneath us.

Our standard of right cannot be too high, so there be nothing of presumption and exclusiveness about it.

But of this more in a future number.

NEW HARMONY, IND., August 3, 1852.

They who deny a God, either in theory or practice, destroy man's nobility.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

FRIENDSHIP.

BY EARNESTINE.

'Tis a silken cord, and the strands are wove,
By the angels fingers in climes above;
'Tis a golden chain whose links so bright,
Together all kindred spirits unite.
It fades not with earth—it dies not in heaven—
'Tis a GEM the angels to man have given,
It lives thro' long ages as pure, as bright,
As the stars in the diadem of night.

'Tis ONE of THREE LINKS in a golden chain,
Whose magical power will soften pain,—
Bring ease to the spirit oppressed with care,—
And make life's dark pathway seem bright and fair.
'Tis a flower whose fragrance never dies;
It blooms in the gardens beyond the skies,
And strains of melody wake at THAT word,
In hearts whose music has never been heard.

Would you win the blest angels to dwell by your side?
Take LOVE for your watchword—and TRUTH for your guide,
And with FRIENDSHIP beside you—you've nothing to fear
Where you find THESE—be sure the ANGELS are near.
A charm lingers near them, Death cannot dispel—
And the blessing they bring us no mortal can tell!
Then look up, and thank God, such blessings were given,
To win us from earth, and to guide us to Heaven.

INDIANAPOLIS, August, 1852.

Professor Fairchild, of Oberlin, read a paper before the Teachers' Convention, on the education of boys and girls in the same schools. He contended that they should not be divorced while obtaining an education. They were bred together in the family—nature has never separated them—and the establishment of separate schools for the sexes is productive of great evils. The family is the first form of society, and all other forms are perfect in proportion as they conform to the order of the family. The union of the sexes would promote order in the school, and stimulate exertion, for the respect of the sexes for each other would impose beautiful moral restraints and incite to excellence. He attributed many of the hasty and unhappy marriages to the divorce of the sexes in school; for their union would moderate the inconsiderate passion which is often enkindled by that distance which lends enchantment.

He that bears with christian fortitude the buffettings of the world will receive his reward in due season.

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[From the Golden Rule and Mirror of the Times.]

THE GOLDEN RULE.

"Do unto others as you would others should do unto you"—is the recognized "Golden Rule," whereby mankind is commanded to be governed. The Order has adopted this aphorism as its leading principle, and Religionists and Moralists profess to be influenced by its enactments. But how are its divine injunctions fulfilled? If we take the practical workings society, individually, or in the aggregate, as our examplars, we are bound to confess, that the injunction becomes a nullity, in the relations of man to his fellow man.

The present organization of society, with all its diversified and contending interests, its struggles, and its cares, seem to render it impracticable for any man, engaged in the active duties of life, to carry into practice this divine injunction. Where all are striving to attain either wealth or distinction; where the race is between the strong and the weak, and all are jostling, hurrying, and actually fighting their way to the goal, reckless of the wants, needs, claims or feelings of their competitors, there is little hope hat an injunction like the "Golden Rule," will be heeded by the excited masses. And more especially is this invaluable maxim shorn of its power in an age like the present, when the world appears moving with even magnetic speed on the path of *Progression*.—The very rapidity of our movement prevents any reflection or care for the concerns of others; society is in a state of fusion, a species of moral caldron, bubbling and reeking with the fumes of its projects and schemes, for the advancement of individual aggrandizements, or for the attainment of some great general good. Add to this the influence of our growing love of luxury, refinements, and the spread of libertinism, and we need not be surprised if the Golden Rule is daily becoming less and less the governing principle of man's actions.

And yet there stands the injuction, plain and definite as when first enjoined by its divine propounder. And there stands the awful penalty denounced against those who do not obey its requirements; and disregarded as it may be, and virtually ignored as it is. The law and its penalty stand, beaming in letters of fire, a warning and a terror to us all. How few pause to reflect on these things! How few realize the full force of this great commandment! How reckless are we of future consequences in our dealings wiith our fellow man. Look at the thousand trickeries of trade; the monopolies, the overreachings and the jugglery of commerce; the fallacies and the impostures in religion; the delusions in politics; the designs of demagogues; and the artifice and injustice used by the individual man to cheat and deceive his fellow; and then say, if the "*Golden Rule*" is not treated as a solemn mockery by mankind.

To argue, as some do, that it is impossible to carry out this command in the practices of every day life, would be to impugn the attributes of divinity. The Omniscient Ruler of all things would not exact from his creatures impossibilities. He has given us the will to do, and the power to perform. Men have existed, who squared their practices by this infallible standard. It is only by indulging in the intense selfishness which is the curse of our race, that we have lost sight of this divine rule of conduct.

The man who starts in life with the avowed determination to advance himself at all hazards, regardless of the means by which he attains his object, must of necessity lose all regard for the interests of his fellow man. He becomes an isolated being, cut off from sympathy with his race, and is enshrined in adamantine mail, impervious to the wants, or woes of his fellows. And what is his reward! He toils and he labors; he winds the labyrinth of fraud and chicanery; he anatomizes all the secret springs of the human heart, to subserve his ends, and he may realize the goal of his ambition, and then the poor easy fool even at the very acme of his wishes, the bubble bursts, or death arrests his career—and the awful penalty attached to his deeds, awaits him in all its dread and mysterious terrors—and he would give all the earnings of his ill spent life, if he could claim from the hands of the expectant judge a recognition that his life had been squared by the practices enjoined in THE GOLDEN RULE.

When adversity assails you, don't grow cross. It prevents not only all sympathy for your misfortune, but also all offers of assistance. People of benevolent feeling are repulsed by your snappishness. They are obliged to stand afar off, lest you bite them. Take the matter coolly, and like a Christian, and then God will help you—and your fellow-men, also.

A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds; therefore let them seasonably water the one and destroy the other.

"I have not the slightest doubt" says Bayard Taylor, "that if the true tables of the Law were in existence and placed where the hands of Christian travelers could reach them, the original inscriptions would be obliterated in six months. Nothing is too sacred to escape the vanity of the name cutters."

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THE LOVE OF HOME.

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who either make distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. Taunt and scoffing at the humble condition of early life affect nobody in America but those who are foolish enough to indulge in them, and they are generally sufficiently punished by the published rebuke. A man who is not ashamed of himself need not be ashamed of his early condition. It did not hapen to me to be born in a log cabin, but elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist; I make it annual visits. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generations which have been before them. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the early affection, and the narrations and incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fail in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, shrunk from no toil, no sacrifice, to serve his country, and to raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name, and the name of my posterity, be blotted forever from the memory of mankind.—*D. Webster.*

BORN TO FORTUNE.

How many of us grieve that such was not our auspicious advent into the world. If I had only such a fortune, how much good I would have done with it; how I would have enjoyed life! Perhaps so: but none of us can be very certain on this point. Riches harden and corrupt the heart. Men are too good only for their own welfare; and wealth would often divest them of their motive for a proper course of life.

We were recently in conversation with an elderly gentleman who has lived a good life, and is reaping its just reward. Another who looked older than our friend, approached us; he was a miserable looking object, bent down, and in rags. He appeared grateful for the recognition he received, and we think he received aid from the hand of our friend, who remarked, as the poor fellow passed on, that he had known him long. "When I was a boy,' said he, "I played truant once, and went with other lads to the race course. That man was then a youth. He was richly dressed, and seated upon a fine and handsomely caparisoned horse, while behind him rode his servant in livery, who, with his hand to his hat, endeavored to anticipate every wish of his young master and occasionally held his horse when the young gentleman entered a booth to venture his money upon the games of chance that were conducted there. The rest of us envied him, thought how happy we should be were we only in his position. He is now grateful for a sign of recognition from me."

Does the reader know of no such instance as this? Does he not see around him men who were once far beneath him in their condition in life? Has he not looked upon the graves of many poor fallen creatures who in childhood he envied? And yet how many who have it in their power to educate aright, intellectually and religiously, the children of their love, are neglecting this, and seeking only to render them rich enough to excite the admiration or envy of their companions in the journey of life!

THE MORAL CHARACTER OF PIGS.—Some folks accuse pigs of being filthy in their habits, and negligent in their personal appearance. But whether food is best eaten off the ground, or in a China plate, is, it seems to us, merely a matter of taste and convenience, on which pigs and men may honestly differ. They ought to be judged charitably. At any rate pigs are not filthy enough to chew tobacco, nor poison their breath by drinking whiskey. As to their personal appearance, you don't catch a pig playing the dandy, nor picking his way up the muddy streets in kid slippers. Pigs have some excellent traits of character. If one chances to wallow a little deeper in some mire holes than his neighbor, and so carries off and comes in possession of more of the earth than his brethren, he never assumes an extra importance on that account; neither are his brethren stupid enough to worship him for it. The only question seems to be, is he still a hog? And when a hog has no merits of his own, he never puts on any aristocratic airs, nor claims any particular respect on account of his family connections. They understand, full well, the common sense maxim, 'every tub must stand upon its own bottom.'

Discontent will live and be vigorous on such slender diet that it is next to impossible to starve it to death when it has once been brought into existence.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

AIMS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

Since the principles of Odd Fellowship do not lie open for the examination of all, many of the opinions formed and promulged by the uninitiated are based on mere conjecture. In all such cases, when the human mind is unsupplied with known facts on which to base opinions, much absurdity necessarily creeps into its conclusions.

To the uninitiated, Odd Fellowship presents but few points by which to judge of its inherent merit or demerit. Though in common with other institutions. some knowledge of the moral principles of the Order is to be gathered from the life and conduct of individual members, yet very many of its distinctive characteristics are concealed, and, from the peculiar nature of the institution, must ever remain concealed, from the world. We do not feel ourselves at liberty to develop these peculiar characteristics, and even should we do so, mere assertion on our part, unsustained by facts, would not produce conviction upon the mind of any. Here, however, we should be no more absurd than are they who, without any knowledge upon the subject, boldly pass judgment as to the aims of the fraternity. One class of objectors assert that the sole aim of the Order is the relief of its members in the ills and trials incident to human life. This is deducting the whole from a part, and arguing from the less general to the more general, like the logician who argued that corn was necessary to the support of human life, because food is necessary to life, and corn is food. Charity to all the race is a characteristic, and a prominent one, of Odd Fellowship. Relief of its members may necessarily be included under this general character.

Odd Fellows aim, by visiting the sick and relieving the distressed, whether in the Order or out of it, to approach the fulfilment of the pure and holy teachings of the divine Savior. The bed side of sickness and poverty often witnesses those peculiar out-workings of Odd Fellowship, to which we wish to call the attention of our readers. Charity and benevolence belong to the Order in an eminent degree; and here, as in all other cases, its out-workings are quiet, without vain-glory—"Charity vaunteth not itself." As the evening dew whose gentle step, unheard, descends upon the parched and thirsty earth, giving to all things life and freshness; so do the deeds of the fraternity bring life and hope and refreshing influence to the souls parched by the scorching blasts of poverty and neglect and scorn. The teachings of the Order require its members to visit the sick, bury the dead, and educate the orphan; and these behests are fully carried out by all good Odd Fellows.

Fraternity in the human family—pure and unmixed with selfish cravings for personal aggrandizement, undisturbed by party feuds—cannot be expected while man remains in a state of moral depravity. The insatiable desire for pre-eminence in the various departments of life, which forms the ruling principle in so many minds, requires the devotee to disregard the rights and feelings of his fellow-beings. To such minds, self is the sole object of care, personal aggrandizement the sole aim. Thus absorbed, they lose sight of all the claims of society upon their talents, their personal efforts, their purse. The mind thus bound down to so narrow a track, becomes contracted, the moral affections blunted, the designs misdirected. and the whole being, moral and intelectual, sinks into deep unworthiness.

To elevate and purify the designs—to direct the affections to worthy objects—to control the principle of self-love—to aid in spreading into all ranks of human society the magnetic influence of brotherly love—to ameliorate the asperities of society as it now exists—in a word, to make man more nearly resemble the standard so beautifully represented and so constantly urged in holy writ, is the object of our Order. That this is an aim not wholly beyond the reach of human effort, is fully evinced, not only by divine teaching, but by the fact established by all experience, that the moral powers are improvable equally with the intellectual.

The beauty of the principle of love is nowhere so clearly exhibited as in the family circle, where the good of the individual is merged in and sacrificed to the advantage of the whole. The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in their organization, made this one of the chief excellencies of their system—fraternity, a universal fraternity, in the family of man. The influence of the duties of the Order upon the members may form the subject of a future paper.

ELECTION OF GRAND OFFICERS.

In late publications of the Order, we have noticed a proposed change in the mode of electing the officers of the Grand Lodges. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania has already adopted the system, that of P. G.'s voting in their Lodges for the officers of their Grand Lodges; and Bro. P. G. A. F. Glenn, of The Ark, has introduced a resolution in the Grand Lodge of Ohio, favoring such a change, and we doubt not this plan will soon be adopted by all the Grand Lodges of the Union. This plan would secure to every member of each Grand Lodge the privilege of voting for its officers, a privilege heretofore enjoyed only by those who may have been in attendance as Representatives at the annual sessions of these bodies.

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GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE I. O. O. F. OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Of the existence of the above named committee we were ignorant, until a few weeks since, when it was made known to us through a member of New Albany Lodge, No. 10, who had experienced its promptness and efficacy in carrying out the sacred principles of our beloved Order. Some account of its origin, duties and position may not be uninteresting to the readers of the Magazine.

Prior to 1846, the duty of administering relief to distressed stranger brethren in N. Orleans devolved, of course, upon the Subordinate Lodges of that city; but so numerous were the appeals, that these Lodges were compelled, if they attended to them, to neglect their own interests, while the larger portion of the expense of such relief was borne by those Lodges most accessible.

"To remedy these evils, and, at the same time, to secure a more complete system of relief and attention to brothers from a distance, the General Relief Committee was organized, constituted of the Junior Past Grands from all the Lodges in the city, with a permanent Treasurer, Secretary, etc."

"Experience has proved the wisdom of this organization. The sick have been attended—the distressed relieved—the dead buried; and, for the formation of a fund to meet the current expenses, the Lodges of the city have, from time to time, been called upon, and generously responded by pro rata contributions. In 1848, the committee had under their care, eighty-five stranger brothers from the different States of the Union; and in the same year, expended in relief the sum of $2,077, while the actual number of contributing members in the city was only eight hundred and fifty"—over $2 44 to each member.

By this simple though excellent plan of operation, are carried out the commands of Odd Fellowship. They have always met the calls made upon them; and the character and locality of their city and the nature of their climate, forever preclude the possibility that the demands upon them will be lessened.

This General Relief Committee not only attends to the sick and dying and dead, but also is charged with the duty of assisting the well, though unfortunate, Odd Fellow, who is out of money and unable to obtain employment. In fact, the duty of this committee is to carry out in its fullest possible extent, one of the leading features of our affiliation—pecuniary relief in the time of sickness, misfortune, or distress.

There are a few things that this subject calls up, that we desire to bring to the minds of our brethren.

The almost daily demands made upon our New Orleans brethren, require an immense outlay of money, for the expenses attending all that relates to the sick or dead, are much, very much greater than with us. "Board and lodging average from $20 to $40 per month; nursing, from $3 to $5 per day; physicians' charges and other items in proportion; tomb, $40. The expense of respectable burial, alone, cannot fall short of $100."

The questions we wish to propound and have answered, are: Shall the New Orleans Lodges meet these bills? or, will the Lodges to which the relieved brothers may belong, see that the whole expenses are paid? Some who read this, will feel indignant at their being asked. But let us look at the facts. With us in the West and the Northwest, the weekly and funeral benefits (sufficient for their purposes here) will not pay the expenses incurred by the "Relief Committee," in caring for a sick brother and burying him when he dies; and yet, "as a GENERAL RULE, the Lodges of brothers relieved only acknowledge their responsibility to the amount of SICK BENEFITS and FUNERAL DUES, which their CONSTITUTIONS require to be paid in case of the sickness or death of a brother; and many cannot see the INJUSTICE of leaving the BALANCE to be paid by" the Lodges in New Orleans. According to the LETTER of the law, the Lodge may have done all that was demanded of it; but does the Lodge that refuses or neglects to refund the whole amount paid for the relief of one of its members, fulfill the SPIRIT of that constitution? The law fixes amounts that will be sufficient AT HOME, and fixed these amounts FOR HOME, with the INTENTION TO COVER ALL THE EXPENSES attendant upon such occasions. But, if death smite down our brother in a land where it costs double, nay treble, our specified sick and funeral benefits, shall we not pay it—pay it justly—pay it promptly—pay it willingly? We think so, and think that all that is necessary, is to let the plain facts go before our Lodges. We trust that no Lodge in the West, and especially in Indiana, will ever fail to meet, to the full extent, every demand made upon it by this noble committee.

It is necessary that our Lodges should thus act. If we do not, it will be out of the power of the New Orleans "Relief Committee" long to fulfil its mission. The constant drain on it for BALANCES will, of necessity, make it bankrupt, and compell the Lodges there, in self-defence, to either refuse relief, or surrender their charters, because they are unable to meet the requirements of the laws of the Order. Shall they be compelled to act thus, by paying any balance that should be met by a Western Lodge? We trust not.

Although we have said, at this time, more than we intended to when we commenced, we cannot willingly lay down our pen without paying a just tribute of praise to our brethren in New Orleans. They have always met, in a liberal manner, the demands made upon them. In no instance, we ever heard of, have they faltered in duty—never has the worthy Odd Fellow been turned empty

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away. All the testimony we get from them—through the press, the traveler, or the relieved brother—goes to establish this fact, that, for liberality, and the exhibition of the golden principles of our Order, they stand SECOND TO NONE IN THE UNION.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE ORDER.

We are in receipt of "The ARK," edited and published at Columbus, Ohio, by P. G. ALEX. E. GLENN, for August, and one of the best publications in the country, and has, what it is justly entitled to, an extended circulation among the Order.

The "Banner of the Union," published at Philadelphia, Penn., by Bro. WM. BULLOCK, is an excellent weekly publication, devoted to Odd Fellowship. Bro. B. makes a good paper, and the Order should, and no doubt does, fully appreciate his efforts in advancing the Order to the position it is justly entitled to occupy.

These are all the publications of the Order with which we have, as yet, been enabled to procure an exchange. The Golden Rule, N. Y., Boston Odd Fellow, Connecticut Odd Fellow, and other works of the Order, have not extended to us that courtesy which is usual, but we have no doubt it has been an oversight on their part, and will yet be done.

THE ORDER IN THE UNITED STATES.

The following shows, at one glance, the condition of the Order in the United States in June, 1851. We publish it now for two reasons; first, the proceedings of the G. L. U. S. are not generally seen by the members, and, secondly, that our patrons may have the data upon which (when we publish the statistics of the present year) to form a correct judgment as to the increase and working of the Order in the Union.

No. of Lodges,	2,647
No. of Initiations,	31,073
No. of Suspensions,	11,239
No. of Expulsions,	1,415
No. of Past Grands,	20,788
No. of P. Grand Masters,	248
No. of Contributing Members,	189,512
No. of Brothers relieved,	24,116
No. of Widowed Families relieved,	2,582
No. of Brothers buried,	1,710
Revenue of Subordinate Lodges,	$1,219,664 85
Amount paid for the relief of Brothers,	343,406 23
Am't paid for relief Widowed Families,	55,437 59
Am't paid for Education of Orphans,	10,113 11
Am't paid for Burying the Dead,	71,204 39
Total amount of relief,	480,161 32
No. of Encampments,	524
No. of Initiations,	3,330
No. of Suspensions,	1,036
No. of Expulsions,	92
No. of Contributing Members,	21,030
Revenue of Subordinate Encampments,	$96.562 39
Amount paid for relief,	31,044 15

The amount of relief of the Encampments, added to that of the Lodges, gives the nice sum of $510.205 41—more than HALF A MILLION OF DOLLARS PAID IN ONE YEAR. in accordance with the command "to relieve the distressed, bury the dead, protect the widow, and educate the orphan." Surely God's smile will rest upon an institution whose FACTS speak thus.

The following from the report of the Committee on Finance will give the members of the Order the condition of the Treasury of the G. L. U. S. We publish it to show the expensiveness of that body; but we do not now say, unnecessary expense. We wish to get the facts before the Order; it is right that each individual member of the vast brotherhood should know where the money comes from and for what purpose it is expended:

RECEIPTS FROM SEPT. 19, 1850, TO SEPT. 17, 1851.

For cash an hand at last report,	$229 73	
Wildey and Honolulu fund at last report,	1,763 04	
Proceeds from sale of Ohio State stock,	6,404 60	
Received for Wildey fund,	264 00	
Representative tax,	2,264 00	
Balances paid,	12,372 36	
Dues,	450 50	
Cards,	3,415 65	
Books,	2,424 48	
Odes,	303 27	
Diplomas,	241 37	
Warrants,	163 90	
Assessment tax,	170 05	
Draft on Northern New York,	1,764 50	
Miscellaneous,	198 50	
		$32,489 35

DISBURSEMENTS.

For printing, binding, stationery, &c.,	$2,471 76	
Draft on Northern New York, returned,	1,774 87	
Salaries of officers,	1,900 00	
Expenses attending session at Cincinnati,	204 51	
Per diem and mileage,	8,328 30	
Rent. gas, and fuel of Grand Lodge, Maryland,	540 00	
Card plate,	125 00	
Portrait and frame, P.G.S.Kneass,	108 00	
Wildey annuity,	45 00	
Grand Lodge of Massachusetts,	3 00	
Collecting draft,	2 82	
Postage,	84 45	
Incidental expenses,	30 25	
Insurance,	8 80	
		$15,626 76
Balance in Treasurer's hands,		$16,862 59

To wit:

Cash in bank,	$12.545 37	
Drafts in transitu,	4,133 82	
Cash in hand,	183 40	

The assets of the Grand Lodge are:

Cash in Treasurer's hands,	$16.862 59	
Maryland six per cent.,	2,800 00	
Wildey loan, $8,000 00		
Less paid, 1,758 59	6,241 41	
Due from individuals,	926 85	
Due from G. Encampm't of Conn.	101 37	
		$26,932 22

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THE SLAVERY QUESTION.

In several of the late numbers of the "Banner of the Union," we have noticed articles upon the subject of slavery. While we are disposed to allow the greatest freedom of the press in the discussion of all questions, we think Bro. BULLOCK has stepped beyond proper bounds in permitting himself, as the editor of an Odd Fellow periodical, to be drawn into the discussion of this question with some of his Northern correspondents. We think the unhappy division of the Methodist E. Church upon this question, should stand as a beacon for all Odd Fellows to beware of introducing the subject into the ranks of the Order. We are no alarmist, but are satisfied that if this matter is once brought before our Order, it will gradually creep into our Lodges (Subordinate and Grand), and we will then see the same violent feelings exist that have characterized all discussions of the subject, and perhaps with the same result (which God forbid!) as has attended its introduction among our Methodist brethren.

Whilst men of all political parties, North and South, have wrangled and quarrelled about the institution of slavery, our Order has thus far steered clear of the rock which has proved the wreck of others' hopes, and stands forth a unit; we meet around the same altar and lift our voices to the same God for the peace and prosperity of our Order and the welfare of mankind. But, once let the voice of fanatics upon this subject be heard in our councils, the seeds of discord will be sown, a firebrand will be thrown in our midst, which all our brotherly love, possessed as we are with human passion, will not be able to eradicate or purge from our Order, and disunion will follow — and then farewell to our beloved institution in this land. No more will brethren gather in our halls to welcome brethren from kindred States, but foul, black discord, with all its attendant evils, will reign supreme. No, never let such a vision as this greet our eyes, or those of our children in after years.

We believe that the question of slavery is a purely political question, and consequently its introduction into our Order is a positive violation of a well known rule, that no discussion of a political character can take place in our Lodges; but there are Lodges, perhaps, who might view this matter in a different light and permit such discussion to occur, and thus it would be gradually, yet none the less certainly, introduced in the Order generally. We must steer clear of the matter entirely by suppressing it at the start, and show to the world that we will not let the local institutions of States interfere with the peace and harmony of our Order. Let us, as Odd Fellows, pursue the beaten paths and the landmarks of our fathers, by cultivating the great fraternal relations designed by the Author of our being, keeping in view the motto inscribed upon our banner—"Friendship, Love, and Truth," that we may hand down to our children the Order, pure and spotless as we received it, without one element of disease in its entire body. It is our duty to practice and teach the divine precepts of "Peace on earth, and good will to man," everywhere, and at all times — dispensing Charity to those in want, while Faith shall guide us in all our work, and Hope buoy us up through all difficulties, until we shall hear the welcome of "Well done, good and faithful servant."

NATIONAL TEMPLE OF HONOR.

We are indebted to J. WADSWORTH, M. W. R., for a copy of the proceedings of the National Temple of Honor. This order is devoted to the perpetuation of the principles of Temperance, and already has its jurisdiction been extended into nearly all the States of the Union, and Great Britain, Canada and New Brunswick. In consequence of the organization of Temples in Liverpool, Eng., St. Johns, N. B., and in Canada West, the name of the National Temple has been changed to the "Supreme Council of the Templars of Honor and Temperance." Three new Council Degrees have been adopted, called "Tried, Proved and Select Templars Degrees."

The order appears to be in a very flourishing condition.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

In this number of the Magazine will be found an article from the pen of Bro. R. D. OWEN, and a poetical effusion from A. M. C.—both new contributors, and excellent writers. Our list of contributors is constantly increasing, among whom are numbered some of the best writers in the State, and we hope ere long to present our readers an amount of original matter, in each number, equal to that in any work of the kind in the West.

We have on hand a long poetical production from the pen of Bro. GILLMORE, which will appear in our next.

PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us TEN dollars, we will forward ELEVEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year.

To any person who will send us FIFTEEN dollars, we will forward SIXTEEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year, and one copy of the Digest, the Digest free of postage.

To any person who will send us TWENTY dollars we will forward TWENTY-TWO COPIES of the 'Magazine;' or TWENTY-ONE COPIES of the 'Magazine, and TWO copies of the "Digest;" or TWENTY COPIES of the "Magazine," and ONE COPY of the "Odd Fellows' TEXT BOOK;" the Digest and Text Book will be sent free of postage.

Send on your names.

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FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

New Harmony, August 3, 1852.

I have had no time to look around for subscribers, but I think I can get you a small list here. This shall be attended to.

We have a small but excellent Lodge here, which meets in one among the handsomest Lodge rooms in the State; where we should be most happy to welcome you.

Our officers for the present term (New Harmony Lodge, No. 87,) are Robert Dale Owen, N. G.; John Hugo, V. G.; Benj. Neel, Sec.; Gellert Schnee, Per. Sec.; James Cooper, Treas.

Yours fraternally. R. D. O.

[Bro. Owen will accept our thanks for his kind interest in the welfare of the Magazine; and the brethren at New Harmony are certainly fortunate in having such an officer in the N. G.'s chair of their Lodge. We shall endeavor to visit New Harmony soon.]

—

Vincennes, August 4, 1852.

Enclosed find eight dollars for eight copies of the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine. [Names here follow.]

Wabash Lodge, No. 20, appointed me a committee to procure subscribers, and I will send you other names when procured.

Yours in F., L. and T. T. J. B.

[Thanks to the members of Wabash Lodge for the interest manifested toward our enterprize.—We cordially approve of the appointment of Bro. Beeler as our agent, and have placed his name in our list of agents.]

—

Rockford, Ind., August 18, 1852.

Please send your excellent periodical to Bro. C. B. S., at this place. I will endeavor to send more subscribers soon.

On account of the inclemency of the weather on the 16th, our celebration came near being a failure; but four brothers visited us. Our worthy Bro. Rev. Thomas M. Eddy, of Madison, delivered an address in the evening at the Methodist church, to a large and intelligent audience. among whom I noticed a number of our most bitter opponents, which was characterized by his usual ability as a speaker and particularly as a defender of our noble institution.

It would have done you good to have heard Bro. Eddy demolish the objections of our opponets, one after another. I think our celebration will be productive of much good.

Yours in F., L. and T. R. S. S.

[There were a number of brethren who started from Jeffersonville, Louisville and New Albany, to attend the celebration at Rockford; but we understand they were prevented reaching Rockford by an accident on the railroad.]

Rising Sun, Ind., August 19, 1852.

The Degree of Rebekah was conferred in our Lodge, on Thursday evening last, upon three ladies, who expressed themselves highly pleased with it—and who can help being pleased with it?

We have recently learned the unwelcome news, that one of our brethren, Thornbury Pate, temporarily residing in Arkansas, left his home for Memphis, Tenn., to purchase a bill of goods, some time ago, and has not been seen or heard from since, and no doubt can exist but he has been murdered and robbed. Bro. P. was an excellent man and highly esteemed by those with whom he was acquainted. His wife designs returning to our place.

Yours in F., L. and T. D. M.

DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

We regret to see that the Grand Lodge of Maryland has refused to let the "Degree of Rebekah" go to the Subordinate Lodges to be conferred on members and their wives. The manner in which the Degree was treated by some of the members of this body was disgraceful, and should and will merit the scorn and contempt of all right thinking men.

We conceive the action of this body to be anything but what we ought to have expected from the "Cradle of Odd Fellowship" in the United States; and we think it would have been more in accordance with the dictates of judgment and reason to have had the degree conferred, and let its practical utility and its adaptation to the objects designed by it, be judged by the mass of the Order in their State. But the truth of the matter is just this; the G. L. of Maryland is and has been controlled by a set of "old fogies," who abhor any progressive movement of the Order with a kind of holy horror; they can see no good to come of change in any part of the work, however much that change is necessary to the welfare of the Order. The Order in Marylnnd will not long submit to such legislation on the part of the Grand Lodge; already we see evidences of their dissatisfaction in communications published in papers devoted to Odd Fellowship in the Eastern States, which must sooner or later be heard by those who are "clothed with a little brief authority," and the mass of the Order in that State, rather than be kept in the rear of the entire jurisdiction, will hurl from power and place their present rulers. The depriving the Order of the beautiful Degree of Rebekah will be but another incentive to action on the part of subordinate members, and only the sooner bring about the desired reformations in this as well as other matters.

Correspondents are requested to forward their communications as early in each month as possible, to insure their insertion at the proper time.

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EFFECTS OF SYMPATHY.

How often is a shade of sadness driven from the faces of a family circle by the bright face and joyous voice of some one joining the group. No power of our nature is of more extensive influence than sympathy. We not only readily fall into the feelings of our friend in his distress, when the cause of that distress is fully explained to us, but we even anticipate the state of his mind from the expression of his countenance, and at once participate in his sorrow or his joy. A sad, desponding countenance produces a sad, despondent state of mind on those who are brought under its influence; and a joyous, bright one produces a corresponding state of mind on those around. Half the miseries of life spring from imaginary causes in the mind where they originate, and by this delicate power of sympathy are communicated to a circle, larger or smaller, as that mind is brought in contact with a greater or less number of persons.

A little reflection, then, will convince the reader that persons who constantly view the wrong side of all questions, imagine evil and anticipate difficulty, do more to produce unhappiness than do all the real causes of unhappiness in life. Let each one refer to his own experience for the poof of this fact, and, when convinced of its truth, resolve that if in life's joys so much depends upon the "face we wear, the words we speak," he will henceforth keep locked up in the secret cabinet of his own heart all his sorrows, and by word and act throw out upon all with whom he may be associated the glad sunlight of contentment and happiness.

GRANTING TRAVELING CARDS.

In the July No. of "The Ark," we find the following communication from P. G. Canniff, of Cincinnati, upon the subject of granting traveling cards. We have frequently known members of the Order to leave home without cards, who, from the very nature of their business, could not tell at what hour they would be called away; upon such men the law, as it now stands, bears heavily. There is another thing connected with the matter which probably the framers of the law had not in view at the time; it is this, that officers of Lodges will violate it by issuing cards and risk the Lodge approving it at their next meeting; and why should we keep in our written law a section that renders it necessary for officers to be guilty of its violation? We are aware that officers have no right thus to act, but that the law in its very nature leads to its violation, there can be no doubt, and that officers who issue such cards are subject to charges and should be dealt with; but the opinion of Lodge members would fail to inflict punishment, even if the officers were tried and found guilty. Let there be such a change as suggested by Bro. Canniff, and we can conceive of no possible evil that would result from it, as Lodge officers are generally men of probity and judgment, and would not issue a card to a brother unworthy of receiving it.

Terre Haute, Ind., June 29, 1852.

Bro. Gleen — Through The Ark, I desire to call the attention of every Odd Fellow in the United States, and especially that of every member of the Supreme Head of the Order, the Grand Lodge of the U. S., to a provision of law, which ever has and ever will act in direct violation of one of the fundamental rights and privileges of members. I refer to the rule requiring traveling cards to be applied for in open Lodge.

By its operation, hundreds of brothers in good standing are deprived of that only sure passport to the friendship and protection of the Fraternity, when absent from their homes, among strangers, and at times when, of all others, they may need the fraternal regards of the Order.

Business men and others are frequently required to leave their homes at an hour's notice, and must of necessity do so without cards, under the operation of the present odious rule; whereas under the old, this catastrophe need not occur, as the N. G. and Secretary, who are at all times aware of the standing of the applicant, could grant the card. I have always been opposed to the innovation from principle, and am more than strengthened in my opposition now, being a sufferer by the operation of the present law.

I write this in haste, merely to ask you to call the attention of the brethren to the subject, indulging the hope that some steps may be taken to procure the repeal of the present law and the restoration of the old.

Some of the leading members of the G. L. of Indiana have promised me they would agitate the subject at their next communication, and I hope it will be done in our own.

I have never heard an argument in favor of the law as it is, and hazard the assertion that not even a plausible one can be given, while many be urged against it.

Will you favor us with your views?

H. J. CANNIFF, P. G. of
Metropolitan, Cincinnati.

Too True.—Said a lady, after receiving the beautiful Degree of Rebekah, at Stillwater, Minnesota — "If such are the principles inculcated by the Order, Odd Fellows should to be much better men than they are."

Every description of Lodge and Encampment blanks, and bye-laws, printed at this office.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. OCTOBER, 1852. NO. IV.

CHARLES MAITLAND;

OR, THE MESS-CHEST.

BY W. LEGGETT.

There are not many names on the list of those who have sacrificed their lives for freedom, which deserve more honorable mention than that of Riego. I was in the Mediterranean at the time of the brave attempt which terminated so fatally for him; and I well remember how eagerly we sought every disjointed scrap of intelligence which could be gathered concerning the romantic adventures of Mina with his little army in Catalonia, and the firm and prudent efforts of his noble compatriot Riego. Old Port Mahon, according to the custom, had been chosen for the winter-quarters of our squadron; and, though the Mahonese were by no means well affected to the cause of Ferdinand, yet the habitual caution and reserve of those islanders prevented their disclosing a very full account of what little they knew concerning the progress of events on the continent. Such drops of news as dribbled from them, therefore, rather increased than quenched the flame of curiosity. This had arisen to a great height, when it was at last suddenly and sadly extinguished by the arrival of a little polacco vessel from Barcelona, which brought the melancholy tidings of the defeat and flight of Mina, and of the capture and execution of his brother in arms. This vessel had been despatched to Mahon with an official account of the triumphal entry of Ferdinand into Madrid, just six days after the inhabitants of that city had witnessed the public termination of Riego's eventful career.

There were bonfires and illuminations in Mahon on the receipt of this intelligence; but the outward demonstrations of rejoicing were rendered by fear, not gladness, and were as false as the hollow-hearted monarch whose success they were kindled to celebrate. Had the despatches communicated news of his death, and of the triumph of the constitution, the revelry would have been another sort of affair; the faces of the people, as well as their casements, would have been lighted up for joy; and hearts, as well as feet, would have joined in the bolero and fandango, and bounded to the music of the merry castinets.

One evening, during these mock rejoicings, I went on shore with Charles Maitland, one of our lieutenants, and as fine a fellow as ever trod a frigate's quarter-deck. He was young in commission, having been but recently promoted, after a tedious service of two whole lustres in the subordinate capacity of a midshipman, during which period he had been the object of a full share of the "fantastic tricks," which naval commanders sometimes choose to play off upon those beneath them. When I say beneath them, I mean the phrase, so far as Charles Maitland is concerned, to apply to the scale of military gradation; for, in any other respect, he was beneath no man of the service. It had been his lot, as well as mine, to sail with a commander who allowed no opportunity to pass to prove his title to the nautical distinction which he enjoyed, of being "the hardest horse in the navy." But those days were over now; and the more definite and important duties of a lieutenant secured him, in a good measure, from a renewal of the annoyances he had so long endured.

Almost immediately on reaching the dignity of an epaulette, Charles had married a sweet girl to whom he had been long attached, and whom his narrow and uncertain resources had alone prevented from espousing before. I stood groomsman on the occasion; and I remember well how handsome the fellow looked, as he led his blushing bride to the altar. A forty-four conveying a trig, snug, clean-rigged little Baltimore clipper, conld not appear more stately than he alongside that modest and well-moddled girl. The truth is, Charley was one of the finest-looking men in the service — tall, well built, round chested, with an eye like an eagle's, and a mouth, the habitual smile of which, or rather the slight pleasant curve, approaching to a smile, denoted an excellent disposition. And never dogvane show the course of wind

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better than that smile expressed his temper. But I am wandering from my story.

The honey-moon — that briefest moon that ever sheds its light on the matrimonial state — had hardly yet begon to wane, when Charles was ordered to sea in old Ironsides. The old craft was lying in the harbor, her topsails loose, her anchor short-stay apeak, and all ready to trip, sheet home, and be off. His name had been pitched upon at the last moment, to supply a vacancy left by somebody who had begged off; and, as there was now no time for remonstrance, he had nothing to do but to obey. I am no hand for painting scenes of the tender sort; so I leave Charley's parting with his young wife, and all that, "to sympathetic imaginations," as the girl in the play has it.

"But, avast a bit and belay there! What am I doing all this while? A pretty piece of leeway I have made of it! Here were we, a moment since, snugly moored in the harbor of Mahon, for winter-quarters; and now, in the turning of a glass, have I put the Atlantic between us and the scene of my story. Well, stations for stays! — helm's a-lee, and about she goes! And we must now crack on all sail, and make a short cruise of it, till we get back to our starting point. There is no time now for buckling knee-buckles, as the boatswain's mate says, when he calls all hands in a squall at night; so to make a short story of it, let it suffice to say, that Charles bade adieu to his wife, old Ironsides sailed, reached the Mediterranean in due time, went the usual rounds over that cruising ground, (delightfal cruising ground it is, by the way,) and was now in daily expectation of the relief-ship, with orders for her return to the United States.

Well, as I said before, Mahon was all in a bustle on account of the news from the continent. Bells were ringing, music playing, bonfires shone in one place, and illuminations glittered in another. Groups of people, of all ages and conditions, were in every square and open place; and the expression of many a pretty face that peeped out from the folds of the red mantilla, or the scowl of many a dark eye that glared beneath the shadow of the sombrero, denoted anything but pleasure at the intelligence that had been received. Of all the difficult tasks in the world, there is none harder than to put on the semblance of joy at that which stirs our righteous indignation; and he who can best dissemble in such cases—no matter how strong the motive—is not the man I should choose for my friend.

Well, Charles and I went ashore one evening, as I said, during the rejoicings. We had no other object in view than to take a long stroll together, along the romantic shores of one of the prettiest and quietest bays in the world, and to converse without (that, at least, I suppose was his motive) on the topic which was ever uppermost in his mind. We were yet in the midst of the town, and were threading our way through the crowd in one of the principal squares, when a woman — and a pretty old one too, as well as one might judge by the withered and sallow face which her threadbare mantle was so disposed as only half to betray — suddenly presented herself before us, and whispered a single word, in a low, gutteral voice, to my companion. One who has set as many cold watches as I have, on the lookout, on the foretopsail-yard, naturally acquires a quick eye; and it therefore did not escape me, that the old woman, as she spoke to Charles, slipped a sealed note into his hand. She then passed on, mixed with the throng, and in an instant disappeared from my following glance. In Spain, the country of intrigue and romantic adventure, there was nothing so very singular in this as to justify great surprise; and perhaps the circumstance would soon have passed from my mind altogether, had not subsequent events, which I could not but consider in some way connected with, kept it constantly in my thoughts.

On reaching the first convenient place, Charles paused to peruse the billet. Its contents, whatever they were, seemed to engage him deeply. He stood pondering over the paper for several moments, with the air of one in earnest and perplexed meditation; and then, suddenly crumpling it in his hand and thrusting it into his pocket, cast round him a quick and apprehensive glance, as if fearful that some one might have overlooked him. There was more confusion in his manner, and more hesitancy in his speech, than I had ever before seen him exhibit, when he approached me, a moment or two after this, and said that an unexpected engagement would oblige him to forego the intended walk, and leave me to persue my way alone.

I had known Charles Maitland from a boy. We had studied our lessons on the same form; had shot our marbles into the same ring; had entered the navy within a few weeks of each other; had been shipmates and messmates through two long and eventful cruises, and a good part of the time had been watchmates. I knew that he had a soul of honor; that his principles were well established, his head clear, his morality nice, and that he loved his young wife with the most ardent attachment. Yet, for all this, I could not help feeling a certain indefinite fear that there was something wrong connected with that note. It could not be a challenge; for he was beloved by all the officers

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of the squadron, and I was very sure he had not been embroiled in any quarrel on shore. Besides, if it were so, he would have applied to me as a friend; and then, again, women are not chosen as the bearers of such messages. Yet that the subject, whatever it might be, was of no ordinary kind, was evident from the impression which the perusal occasioned, and not less evident from his withholding the matter from me. Our communion had always been of the most frank and unreserved description; we had been sharers of each other's thoughts, sentiments and wishes, from boyhood up; I had been in his confidence through his whole course of wooing; and, indeed, until the present moment, he had never shown a desire to keep anything from my knowledge. Reflections of this kind caused me, perhaps, to give undue importance to the circumstance which had just occurred. I began to fear that Charles was in some way concerned in an unworthy adventure; and a vague suspicion, which I did not like to entertain, and could not altogether reject, took possession of my mind, that woman was at the bottom of it. I turned with a slow step towards the quay, and hummed, as I descended the long lateral road that is excavated from the perpendicular cliff which overlooks the bay —

> "Though love is warm a while,
> Soon it grows cold;
> Absence soon blights the smile,
> Ere love grows old."

From this day forward, Charles' visits to the shore were more frequent than before, but always in the evening, and now he invariably went alone. If other officers happened to go in the same boat, he was sure to separate himself from them on reaching the quay, and pursue a direction different from the rest. This soon come to be noticed and to be talked of, and it was whispered about in the mess that, on two or three occasions, he had been seen, late in the evening, walking with a female closely muffled, in an unfrequented and lonely part of the shore, at some distance from town. Different officers professed to have seen this female with him, and their descriptions of her tallied with each other. In the eyes of the mess generally, who did not know Charles so thoroughly as I, and whose morality was not of so scrupulous a kind as his — or as I had always thought his to be — this matter created no surprise, and was only laid hold of as furnishing an opportunity for sundry nautical jokes and witticisms. These jests, however, met with such a reception as by no means encouraged those who offered them to a repetition.

It chanced one day that Charles and I were sent on shore on a piece of duty together, and our business lay in that part of the town to which it had been noticed that he always directed his steps. As we passed through the streets, we discovered that there was a considerable hubbub among the inhabitants, and we soon ascertained that it was occasioned by a party of soldiers who had lately arrived from Mina, commissioned to search the island for certain proscribed constitutionalists, who were supposed to have taken refuge in Minorca. A good many of these wretched fugitives had been discovered and executed; but the individual against whom the proclamation of Ferdinand was chiefly directed, had hitherto eluded the vigilance of the blood-hounds. This person was a brave young chief, who had filled a confidential and important post under Riego, and who, by his intrepidity, activity, and ceaseless vigilance, had been greatly instrumental in the success of that partisan warfare in Catalonia, which cost the royalists so much blood and treasure, and so long upheld the sinking hopes of his compatriots. To seize and slay Don Castro de Valero, the name of the youthful and interesting chief, was deemed so important an object by the monarch, that immense rewards had been offered for his apprehension, and numerous parties had been sent in every direction in which rumor alleged that he had fled. The troop of mercenaries who had been despatched to Mahon were stimulated, by the hope of reward, to much greater activity than usually characterizes Spanish soldiers, who are at once a by-word for indolence and rapacity. They had closely searched the house of every person suspected of the slightest disaffection, and had followed every imaginary clue with the keenest zeal of avarice. They had even visited the foreign national ships in the port, and had procured strict orders to be issued, forbidding the officers from harboring or rendering any assistance to those who were held as traitors by the government in whose waters we lay.

On the afternoon in question, in consequence of certain hints which had been communicated to this party, they had renewed their search, and, at the time we came up, were about entering an humble dwelling, which, as I learned from the crowd, was occupied by a poor old woman and her niece. We were yet at some distance when we noticed the house at which the soldiers paused, and we could perceive the withered old duenna standing on her threshold, throwing her arms about with great vehemence, and sputtering with amazing volubility every variety of gutteral execration, of which the Spanish language has so large a store. The blood mounted to Charles' forehead and the

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fire to his eye, as this sight drew his attention; and springing forward with great eagerness, he rushed by the crowd of mendicants and idle spectators whom the circumstance had collected, broke through the ranks of the soldiers, and stood in the midst of the dwelling, before the foremost of their number had gained admittance. I did not pause to consider whether this impetuosity of my friend arose from a generous or imprudent feeling of indignation at the object of their search, or from some less selfish motive; but made all haste to follow him. My progress, however, met with more obstruction than his unlooked for movement, and I was not able to rejoin him for more than a minute. When I at length forced my way into the building, I found him defending a door which led to an inner apartment, and surrounded by the mercenaries, all jabbering together their vehement and incoherent menaces. As yet no blow had been struck; but it was evident, from the violence of their gestures, that hostilities would not much longer be delayed. As I entered they huddled closer round my companion; and pushing against him with one sudden and united impulse, the door broke from its fastenings, and the whole party fell violently to the floor. I have before said that Charles was strong and agile, but I was not prepared for such a display of muscular energy and activity as he now exhibited in releasing himself from the superincumbent crowd of prostrate and grappling soldiers. In an instant he was on his feet, and beside a bed, which I now observed in one corner of the room. The apartment was lighted by a curtained lattice; but, though the illumination was not strong, particularly to vision that had just passed the broad glare of day, it was sufficient to show that the bed was occupied by a female, who had partly risen from the couch. whose cheek was flushed, and whose dark eyes glowed like fire, probably with indignation at this rude intrusion. Charles threw his arms round the neck of the female, replaced her head upon the pillow, kissed her burning brow, and with a tremulous, but soothing voice, bade her not be alarmed, for that he would defend her with his life. Then, turning sternly to the leader of the Spanish soldiers, he commanded him to pursue his search with all despatch, and leave the apartment. The Spaniards by this time had looked at the female, with blank astonishment; nor was their confusion lessened by the torrent of invective which the old woman, who had now also entered the room, poured out upon their heads. The officer who had charge of the party, after a moment spent in scrutinizing glances into every corner of the room, directed his men to withdraw; and then mumbling out an apology, in which he intimated, with an impudent leer, that he was now convinced that Charles' visits to the house had a different object from what had been suspected, he also left the apartment. There was no excuse for me to protract my stay, and I turned and followed his retreating steps.

"She is handsome," thought I, as I walked slowly up the street, pondering on the secret which had thus been accidentally revealed to me, and thinking how I might disentangle my friend from the net of this fair Spanish woman—"yes, she is handsome—just the countenance which I should suppose would have facination for one of his brave and romantic nature. Her black and piercing eye, her noble profile, the scornful expression of her lip, as she darted her keen glance upon the soldiers—these traits of beauty did not escape me, feebly lighted as her apartment was." And my mind reverted from this Spanish paramour to the contemplation of the delicate and tender beauties of the fair-cheeked and blue-eyed wife, who, far away, was anxiously counting the hours that should restore her husband to her arms, and who, herself incapable of change, had probably never entertained a doubt of his fidelity. I am not much given to the melting mood, but I confess that my meditations on this subject drew from me a heartfelt sigh.

I was still brooding on what had just passed, when Charles rejoined me. The few words that passed between us on our meeting, satisfied me that that was the time for expostulation or rebuke. He bade me remember that I owed to accident the discovery I had made, and enjoined upon me, by our ancient friendship, neither to question him nor utter a syllable to any other person. I gave the required promise the more readily, as I reflected that in a very few days we should sail, and that distance, in all probability, would put an end to this unworthy attachment, as it had made him forgetful of the ties of honorable love. We soon executed the duties we were sent upon, and returned to the ship.

The relief vessel, of which we had been in daily expectation, arrived on the evening after this adventure, and sailing orders were thereupon immediately issued. All further going ashore was forbidden; and the signal, commanding on board all who were ashore, was run up at the fore. Charles was among this number, and by all but him this order was promptly and gladly obeyed. A fine breeze had sprung up at sunset, and for more than an hour we lay waiting for him with our anchor apeak, and our loose topsails flapping idly against the mast. The capstan

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bars were shipped and manned, the crew all at their stations, the accommodation ladder unrigged, and every thing ready to be off. The commodore walked the quarter-deck with quick, impatient steps, and murmurs were heard from various groups, chiding the delay of the dilatory officer. A midshipman, who had been despatched in one of the cutters for him, had returned, some time before, after a fruitless search.

At length the patience of our commander was entirely exhausted, and he had given the order to weigh and make sail, when the quarter-master on the lookout hailed a boat, which had just pulled into sight through the gathering dusk of evening. The answer of "Ay, ay!" told that it was Charles, and directly after a shore boat glided alongside. In reply to the sharp rebuke of the commodore for having been so tardy in obeying the signal, he said something about the necessity he had been under of purchasing certain stores for the mess; though it was observed that this explanation had not all the clearness of tone and manner which usually characterized his official communications.—The displeasure which the delay had occasioned, was not diminished when it was found that the mess-chest, in which he had brought off these stores, was so large and cumbrous that a yard tackle had to be got on the main yard in order to hoist it on board. The men themselves, though Charles was a great favorite with them, seemed to be displeased that he had caused so long a detention; and when the tackle was hooked on, they ran away with the fall with a degree of spiteful velocity that made the chest run swiftly up to the yard block before the boatswain's mate could pipe belay. My eyes happened to be fixed on Charles while this maneuver was performed, and I thought he evinced more anxiety on the subject than a few sea stores were worth. The chest, however, was lowered more gently than it was hoisted, and by Charles' direction was conveyed into his own state-room. The ship now got under weigh, the canvass swelled out to the breeze, and the Mahonese pilot, for a time the commander of our frigate, took his stand on the after hammock cloths, and issued his orders in the dictatorial tone which those are wont to use who are dressed "in a little brief authority." In less than an hour we were laying our course, under a pleasant topgallant breeze, for the straits of Gibraltar.

I need not dwell on the incidents of our homeward passage; for I have no storms or shipwrecks to tell of, no hair-breadth escapes or moving incidents of any description. A mystery seemed to hang around the mess-chest in Charles' state-room, and some strange stories got to be whispered through the ship concerning it. For my part I had my own suspicions, and they were of a kind which troubled me a good deal. One thing we all noticed; that though this chest professedly contained stores for the mess, no stores were ever produced from it. On the contrary, it was affirmed that various delicacies from our table found their way to the chest. Another voice than Charles', too, it was said, had been heard there, two or three times; and one young officer, more prying than the rest, had whispered to his companions that through a crevice of the door he had once beheld a female figure sitting in the narrow apartment. A fresh, fair wind and a short passage, allowed less time for gossip of this sort than there would otherwise have been; and the demeanor of Charles, too, was not of a kind to encourage loose jests or prying curiosity.

We at length came to anchor in the noble bay of New York. I remember the evening well. I remember how gloriously the sun, as it sunk behind the romantic promontory of Weehawken, burnished the spires and roofs and windows of the city, till it seemed a city of sapphire and topaz and gold. And when these hues faded away, and night succeeded, I remember how beautiful its thousands of lamps shone through the darkness, while every here and there a long thread of fire ascended into the air, denoting the spots where gay throngs were assembled for evening recreation. At last the full round moon rose over all, shedding its mellow luster through the air, and "gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy."

I had the first watch that night; and as I paced the deck to and fro, various, tumultuous, and mixed emotions accupied my breast. Charles and his poor wife were the prominent subjects of my thoughts; and I need hardly tell the reader that I feared the happiness of the latter was about to receive a cruel shock. And yet I had some strong misgivings on this head. As many officers as could be spared from the ship, had already been permitted to leave her, and Charles was among the number. The same big, clumsy, cumbrous chest, which had already been the subject of so many painful reflections in my mind, accompanied him; and I was half disposed to turn away from him in anger, when he paused at the gangway to say a parting word to me. "You will breakfast with Matilda and me to-morrow morning?" said he, and a faint smile curled his lip as he gave the invitation. I could not satisfy myself wholly what was the meaning of that smile, and in pondering upon that and other kindred topics, my watch passed away, and my relief was on deck before I was aware that half the time had expired.

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Never was guest more punctual to his appointment than I was with Charles the following morning. As I entered the hall, the first thing that I noticed was the mess-chest, which had given me so much uneasiness. In the breakfast parlor I found my kind friend, and his sweet wife. She was all radiant with smiles, and never before looked half so charming. Charles looked happy, too—very happy; but there was an expression of mischief mingled with his smile that I could not exactly comprehend. The explanation, however, was at hand. In the recess of one of the windows sat a young man, whom I had not noticed as I entered the room. Charles turned to introduce me to him. It was the young and handsome chief, Don Castro Valero; and, as he rose and extended his hand to me, I caught a side view of his features, and beheld the same noble profile which had so struck me in the supposed niece of the old duenna at Mahon. I comprehended the whole mystery now in a moment, and only wondered at my stupidity in not conjecturing the truth before.

"And you see," said Charles, "that I was not so great a villain as you were inclined to think me."

"Forgive me, my dear friend. But why this long concealment? Surely, after we were at sea——"

"We were officers of a national vessel, and our government was responsible for any violation of the strict laws of neutrality. If the king of Spain could show that De Valero was brought to this country by one of our frigates, how should we resist his right to have him rendered up? How he reached this country is therefore his own secret; and, remember, you yet only know by conjecture the contents of the mess-chest."

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sunburnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

Industry may be considered as the purse, and Frugality as its strings, which should rather be tied with a bow than a double knot, that the contents may not be two difficult of access for reasonable people.

Man is born passionate of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his mainspring of mind. But, God help us all, it is at present a sad jar of atoms.

THE UNSEEN DIAL.

At the entrance of the Thames Tunnel, in England, there is a little gate so contrived that it will only admit one person at a time, and must continually revolve one way, so that every turn it makes it marks one upon a dial out of sight. At night this dial shows how many persons have passed through the gate during the day, and the toll gatherers cannot cheat their employers if they are disposed so to do.

This is a cunning way of detecting fraud, and suggested the thought 'what if all our acts were thus numbered, unknown to us; what if *our honesty* was thus tested in all of the transactions of life, who would stand the trial of virtue and be proved innocent of all guile, or wrong doing at the close of the day?'

Who knows but there *is* an unseen dial somewhere in the realms of God! Every act of ours makes a stroke upon it—a stroke that cannot be rubbed out, cannot be obliterated, but will stand, and by which we shall be judged in the Day of Final Account.

Act wisely, oh, traveler to eternity! Behind the screen there may sit an unseen registerer of thought, of word, of deed. Thy slightest movements may mark an unseen dial plate—unseen to thee, but visible to the eyes of angels—visible to the eye of the Great Master; and this dial may be brought forth in the Day of His Final Reckoning with his creatures.—*Madison Family Visiior.*

THE AUTHOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME."

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican, in noticing the death of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," pays the following tribute to the author of the song:

"The little song that he has bequeathed to his countrymen, gives him full assurance of an immortality, honored and grateful. It has been sung with simple and rude earnestness it the humblest hovel; and, at the time the news of his death was received, Tripler Hall was echoing its beautiful language, as it fell from the lips of the world's best singer. It is a precious gem of song. Everybody knows it, everybody has been soothed by it at home, and have wept over its sweet suggestions when abroad. It is forever associated with the dearest spot on earth, and is enshrined in every heart, while it links the author's name by golden chains to all futurity."

Many a man will retract praise; none but a high-spirited mind will revoke its censure, or can praise the man it once attacked.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE LAWS OF NATURE.

BY REV. BRO. H. GILLMORE.

From everlasting ages past,
In solitary grandeur, stood
The Throne of God, "the First and Last"—
The fountain of eternal Good!

From His eternal dwelling place,
With eye omniscient, He surveyed
The dark abyss of boundless space,
Where power nor life had been displayed.

"In Him was life," in Him alone;
Around was pure nonentity;
Created light had never shone
Throughout the vast immensity!

The will of the Eternal Word
Nor life nor being had ordained;
No song of praise had yet been heard,
But universal stillness reigned.

Not even chaos could be found,
Nor angel hosts, nor seraph bright,
Nor being, motion, life nor sound,
Nor earth, nor sea, nor star, nor light.

But wisdom fixed "the destined hour."
When from His throne th' Eternal Sire
Should speak with all-creative power,
That millions might his love admire.

At His command the work was done,
Ten thousand worlds rushed into view,
And joined to praise the Holy One,
To whom all praise is ever due.

Angelic hosts proclaim His love,
Sun, moon and star unite their lays
With earth beneath, and heaven above,
To sound the great Creator's praise.

But did the Lord of all ordain
That all his creatures, small and great—
All matter, mind, should e'er remain
Without a law to regulate?

This cannot be! for laws control
All beings known in boundless space;
All matter, "one stupendous whole,"
By laws its many forms displays.

E'er since the morning stars attuned
Their harps of joy, at nature's birth,
And orient beams the world illumed,
These laws have ruled the heav'ns and earth.

Ærial forms that round us rise,
All liquids that are seen to flow,
All bodies known through earth and skies,
Efficient laws forever show.

Instinctive laws that know no change,
Adapted both to fowl and brute,
Attractive laws, mid worlds that range
Where thought is lost—none can compute.

Old ocean's tide that never tires,
The earthquake, thunder, and the storm,
Revolving worlds, electric fires,
To Nature's perfect laws conform.

All colors, odors, crystal streams,
All power, beauty, grandeur, sounds;
All worlds that shed their golden beams
Abroad, declare that law abounds.

In life and death, in sleep and dreams,
In wind and storm, in fire and flood,
In gulfs and seas, and flowing streams,
These laws appear, both wise and good.

The stars that gem the vault of night,
The comets bright, and planets known,
The darkness, and the cheering light,
Are ruled by Nature's laws alone.

Hence beauty, harmony, and life
Are seen throughout the vast domain;
And law, amid the gen'ral strife,
E'er holds the universal reign.

What did I say? These laws alone?
No! not without a power divine!
For without this light ne'er had shone,
Amid the radiant orbs sublime.

Chance had no wisdom to devise,
No energy to form—create,
No laws to govern earth or skies,
No skill to guide the small, or great.

But He who spake all things from nought,
And thus his power and love displayed,
By laws transcending human thought,
His creatures guides, of every grade.

As world on world sprang into life,
Laws corresponding were ordained,
To tranquilize all nature's strife,
And show that God Almighty reigned.

Here is a power that can apply
The laws that are to nature given,
Above all power, in earth or sky,
A power omnipotent—in heaven!

Then let the earth in Him rejoice,
Who doth our love and praise ordain;
Let ocean-isles lift up their voice,
And own His universal reign.

NEW ALBANY, Sept., 1852.

Be truthful. Never swerve from the truth. It alone is worthy to be contended for. No present ease, nor fancied future pleasure, can compensate you for ONE poor falsehood.—The man of truth is the only TRUE MAN.

To imitate the errors of great men is much easier than to practice their virtues.

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THE LITTLE ORPHAN.

The day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly opened grave stood a little delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent earth beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love; "fretting won't bring dead folks to life; pitty you hadn't got no ship's cousins somewhere to take you; it's a tough world, this 'ere, I tell ye; I don't see how you're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Mrs. Fetherbee's; she's got a lot of children and wants a hand to help her—so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark, it won't do no good." Alice obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another and yet another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay colored dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; from big w rds they had come to hard blows, and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest.

Poor Alice, with pale cheeks and swollen eye-lids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child! can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is so cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge, here. There, I declare you've half put his eyes out with those long curls all dangling round; come here and have 'em cut off—they don't look proper for a charity child;" and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.

Alice's lips quivered as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning; she said they were like little dead sister's: please don't," said she, beseechingly.

"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em, so there's an end of that," said she, as the several ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor; "and do, for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead folks,' and now eat your breakfast if you want it; I forgot you had'nt any—there's some of the children's left; if you are hungry it will go down, and if you ain't, you can go without."

Poor Allie! The daintiest morsel would not have "gone down;" her eyes filled with tears that wouldn't be forced back, and she sobbed out "I must cry if you beat me for it—my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y-T-i-t-y! what's all this?" said a broad faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table; "what's all this, Mrs. Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she," pointing to Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and short of it is, she's a poor pauper, and she's crying at her good luck, that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded: nothing on earth to do here but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands; ungrateful little baggage!"

Jemmy's heart was as big as his farm, (and that covered considerable ground); glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said skilfully, "That child's going to be sick, Mrs. Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her; besides, she's too young to be of much use to you—you'd better let me take her?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you was half right," said the frightened woman; "she's been trouble enough already—I'll give you a quitclaim."

"Will you go with me, my little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright, good natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidingly in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm around her, to study her fragile figure, as they rattled over the stony pavements; "we shall soon be out of this smoky city. Consarn it! I always feel as if I was imprisoned every time I come into town; and then we'll see what sweet hay fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you—you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave," said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat sleeve. "Well, never mind; I wish I hadn't asked you; I'm always running my head against a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow? or ride on top of a hay cart? or go a-berrying? Do you love

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bouncing red apples! and peaches as big as your fist! It shall go hard if you don't have ll. What's become of your hair, child? ıave you had your head shaved!"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off."

"The old sarpent! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns was playing with! Well, never mind," said he; "you don't need 'em, and they might get you to looking at the glass oftener than was good for you."

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the doorway, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you."

"Look here, Betsey! do you see this child! The earth is fresh on her mother's grave. She has neither kith nor kin. I've brought her from that old skinflint of a Fetherbee, and here she is; if you like her, it's well and good, and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same; but I know you will," said he, coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm around her capacious waist; "and now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks; and mind you, I will have no white slaves on my farm."

How sweetly Allie's little tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheet! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey," said he; "harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips."

ART OF SWIMMING.

Men are drowned by raising their arms above the water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither motion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there, if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow him liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking, or rather walking up stairs, his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use less exertion with his hands, or apply them to some other purpose. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim in their youth, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life.

How often we commit the very actions we condemn in others. Such is poor human nature!

NEW HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF AMERICAN ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. G. BENJAMIN DOWNING.

I might in my narrative go on and say, as others have said, that the Order was first founded in the year 55, of the Christian era, in the camp of Titus by the Roman soldiers at the siege of Jerusalem, under the reign of the tyrant Nero; and that in the year 77, for their fidelity, he gave them the name of Odd Fellows, and a dispensation with the present emblems of the Order engraved on a plate of gold. Also, that the Order was first introduced into Portugal in the sixth century, by the Prince of Loraine, from the Moors. That afterwards in the twelfth century by John d' Neville, into France and England. But this account I consider erroneous. It matters not, however, with me, whether it originated in the Garden of Eden, with our first father, Adam, or whether it sprang into existence at the present day. Sufficient for me to know it is that Faith, Hope, and Charity are the main pillars on which it rests. But let us examine her true history, which I consider of modern origin; and as I became associated with it at an early day, I had frequent opportunities of hearing its origin spoken of, and had many conversations on the subject.

It appears, by all that I was able to learn, that it commenced about the middle of the last century, in the city of London, by some journeymen mechanics, for convivial meetings; but owing to its members being continually "on tramp," as it is called, that is, seeking employment from place to place, it spread in various parts of the kingdom, and become very popular with that class of men, and as the strictest decorum was observed at all their meetings, it soon increased in numbers and became very useful to its members who were in need of assistance, as they were bound always to assist one another when in need, and for this purpose a subscription was made when their funds were not sufficient, which was generally the case as their receipts were mere nominal. They took the name of Odd-Fellows, as I was informed, owing to the singularity of their meeting for convivial purposes, and also for relieving the wants of their members at the same time, which was considered an odd feature in their proceedings. For some years the Order, or Society as it was then called, was chiefly confined to the city of London, without any regular mode of organization, until towards the latter part of the century, under the reign of George III, it had spread in all parts of the country, and Lodges were established in most places, caused, as I have said, by

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mechanics "on tramp;" for they found it very convenient to have Lodges established wherever they went; and an Odd-Fellow of that day was never known to violate his word of honor. Indeed I must say the principles of the Order, that is relief to the wants of those who were in distress, were carried out more in the spirit of brotherly love than they are at the present time; as then all relief was voluntary, whereas now it is compulsory, and all that was required of a brother then was to prove himself an Odd-Fellow, and he was sure of relief in want, and if death overtook him he was decently interred; and if a widow or orphan children were left, they were provided for and not left to the cold charity of an unfeeling world. These were the principles of the Order at that early day, and they were strictly complied with; and what I saw of the benevolence and charity which was extended to the sick and distressed brethren and the Friendship and Love that appeared to exist among them, induced me to join the Order. The Lodge which I joined was called the Duke of York's Grand Lodge, No. 1, held at Harwich, Great Britain, and I have never yet to the present moment seen the time that I was sorry that I ever became an Odd-Fellow; for at that early day I have often seen the tears of anguish wiped from the widow's eye, and the helpless orphan kept from poverty and distress, as it was not an uncommon thing for the subscription at the death of an Odd-Fellow, at the grave, to amount to from 10 to 15 guineas, and sometimes much more.

In the year 1803, or somewhere about that period, it was found necessary, in consequence of the wide spread of the Order and the number of Lodges that were daily multiplying, to form a union of the whole and establish a Grand Lodge, in London, which was accordingly done, and took the name of the Union or London Order of Odd-Fellows, and was the first formation of the Union Order, of which so much has been said. At the formation of this union of the Lodges, a mode of recognition was adopted, by a sign, pass-word, and grip, which I found in use when I joined the Order on the 10th of January, 1807; and the grip was the same we now have in use in the initiatory. The sign was performed by placing the index finger of the right hand parallel with the right side of the nose, and dropping the hand flat into the left breast. The pass-word was, "Upon my Honor," and was the only pass-word known in the Order then and for many years after; and an Odd-Fellow at that day, as I have said, was never known to violate his word of honor. The motto was the same then as now—Friendship, Love, and Truth—represented by three links of a chain, which denotes strength by union—and the emblem of the heart and hand. This was all the work that was known in the Order when I joined it, and for many years after.

It may be as well here to state the mode of conducting the Order of Business, which was done in the following manner:

The Lodge was opened by the right hand supporter to the Most Noble Grand; after an examination of members and singing the opening ode, (Attend, most Ancient Brothers, &c.), then the reading of the minutes of the last meeting; propositions for new member; after which initiations took place (if any) and was conducted the same as it is at the present time, although the charges and some of the forms have been altered several times, and in my opinion always for the worse. After the initiation the reports of committees were received and acted on; then the sick reports—at which time a subscription was generally taken up for the relief of the sick and distressed, and the weekly dues collected of every brother present. After this was over, if any business was before the Lodge, it was then attended to, and the Lodge closed for business, and reopened for harmony by singing the well known ballad of "Be gone, Dull Care," at which time the Brothers' host was admitted, and not before. So, you see, that the principal work was conducted nearly the same as it is now. I would also state that the obligations were administered by the R. H. S. of the M. N. G.

When this union of the Lodges took place, some few Lodges refused to join it, and have remained separate to this day, under the name of Ancient Odd-Fellows.

In the year 1809, a man by the name of Bolton emigrated from London to Manchester, where he, with some others, established the Order by the formation of a Lodge which, if my memory serves me, was called Victory Lodge. From this others emanated and the Order made a rapid spread in that part of the kingdom, and Lodges were multiplied in abundance.

But jealousies began to arise between the eastern section of the kingdom, of which London was the head, and the western section, of which Manchester was the head. These jealousies continued to increase until the year 1813, when the Manchester district, which comprised the greater part of the Order in the western section, declared themselves independent from the London or Union Order; and from this declaration has sprung the name of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. For several years after this, various means were used and endeavors made to unite the two sections into one body, but without success, as the Lodges in Lon-

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don declared that they composed the Grand Lodge of England, and as such had the power to prescribe laws to the Order, and as I think with some show of reason, notwithstanding those of Manchester had declared themselves independent; for at the time I was connected with the Order in that country, the Grand Lodge was considered to be in London, and the Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent, and subsequently George IV, was the reputed Grand Master. However that may be, it is evident that the Order originated in London, and the parent was entitled to respect.

It is also a matter of fact that at this period there was no regular organization of the Lodges throughout the kingdom, but all acted on the self constituted principle, or a dispensation from one Lodge to open another.

The Manchester District used every means in their power to conciliate the different Lodges, and had the satisfaction of seeing Lodge after Lodge come under their jurisdiction; and they have continued to come from time to time up to the present day. But the Union Order is not yet dead, although it is not possessed of much power. There is yet quite a number of Lodges in different parts of the kingdom, and as many as five different sects of Odd-Fellows in that country at the present day.

The Independent Order of Manchester Unity continued to prosper by the judicious management of its rules, although there was no work known to the Order, except the initiatory, until the year 1817, when the lectures were introduced, and three degrees—White, Blue, and Scarlet—were introduced. The Pink and Green were written in this country, and were called intermediate degrees, and were subsequently introduced into England in the year 1826, by Thomas Wildie, then Grand Sire of the United States.

In the year 1825, the Patriarchal Branch of the Order was introduced, the color of which was gold. The ancient work of the Order of which I have spoken, was continued, without any change, until about this time, when it was found necessary to alter the countersign in consequence of an exposure that was made, so that it become a common thing to the public at large. This, I think, took place in 1826, and the sign then substituted was the same that we now have in use.

I will now pass over a period of several years, as time will not permit me to go into all the particular details. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to the principal events, and in so doing I come to the year 1833, and the proceedings of this year every good Odd-Fellow will deplore, for it was in this year that the work of the Order was changed in Great Britain, and so entire was the change that an Odd-Fellow from either country could not be recognized in the other, and has been the cause of the separation of the Order in the two countries. The change, as I was informed at the time, was caused by political excitement in England, when the Trades Union, a combination of men in that country, became obnoxious to the Government; and as great numbers of these were Odd-Fellows, they adopted some of the signs and pass-words of the Order to carry out their designs, they became proscribed by law, and in consequence it was found necessary to make some changes, but not to the extent it was carried. The Grand Lodge of the United States used every means in their power to induce them to come back to the original work, but without success. They then concluded to send a deputation to England with full power to arrange the work so as to make it uniform throughout the whole world.—Contributions were made by most of the Lodges in the different States to defray the expense of the mission. The deputation consisted of Brothers James L. Ridgely and I. D. Williamson. They left the United States on the 7th day of April, 1842, and returned on the 21st of July, without accomplishing their object, or obtaining any satisfaction on the subject whatever. The Grand Lodge of the United States, at their next session, passed a resolution declaring the connection between the two countries dissolved, and directed the Grand Sire to issue his proclamation of the same whenever the Manchester Unity attempted to carry out their threats of establishing Lodges in this country. This however they did do the following year, and granted a charter to an expelled Lodge in this city (Perseverance Lodge, No. 17.) The Grand Sire then issued his proclamation, bearing date October 30, 1843, declaring the connexion between the Manchester Unity and the Grand Lodge of the United States, and all Lodges under their jurisdictions, dissolved. But, notwithstanding these differences, the Order in Great Britain has been and still is in an unparalelled condition; its march has been onward in prosperity, and probably no other society that ever existed has accomplished so much in so short a time, if ever. The information in my possession is up to 1845, at which time the Unity was divided into 368 districts, composed of 3,500 Lodges and 260,000 members, and the increase for the five years previous was most astonishing, being at the rate of 20,000 members yearly; and the amount paid for relief yearly, was £300,000 sterling, and the permanent fund on hand amounted to £700,000 sterling.

This, brethren, is a rapid glance at the

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Order in England. If time would permit I could relate many incidents that have come under my observation, but I must pass to another subject.

Let us now turn to America, and see what has been done here.

In the year 1806, Solomon Chambers, Jno. C. Chambers, William C. Chambers, William Westfall, and William Twaits, being all Odd-Fellows from the old country, the three first from London, united together for the purpose of forming a Lodge of Odd-Fellows in the city of New York; and after advertising and collecting all they could, they went to work and formed a Lodge, which they called Shakspeare Grand Lodge, No. 1, of Odd-Fellows, (the word Grand was used by all Lodges at that time.) This Lodge was instituted and went into operation in the city of New York on the 23d day of December, in the year of our Lord 1806, at the house of Thomas Hodgkinson, then No. 17 Fair-street, now 135 Fulton-street. This house was known as the Shakspeare tavern, from which the Lodge took its name.

The formation of this Lodge took place just eleven months and twelve days previous to my joining the Order in England. In the month of June, 1809, I returned from Europe to New York, my native place, and became associated with this Lodge, the founders of which did not meet in a lonely garret, but in a handsomely furnished Lodge room, although too small to accommodate its members who had increased during the first half year to over 100. It was removed from this place to Trafalgar house, in Gold-street, and subsequently to the Ring of Bell's Tavern, on the west side of Coffee House Slip, kept by Brother Spencer. It remained here for some length of time, but was finally, in consequence of the death of Brother Spencer, again removed to the house of Brother Wm. Moore, corner of Lumber and Thames-sts., where it remained until its final dissolution, which took place in 1812, caused by the dissipation of its members, principally owing to the war that took place in that year. During the continuance of this Lodge, it was very prosperous; as a proof of it, at the end of the first quarter the books showed that there had been upwards of 80 members initiated. After the war an attempt was made to resuscitate this Lodge, which proved unsuccessful, and she lay in a dormant state for several years; and, although defunct for a while, yet from her ruins five other Lodges emanated, viz: Prince Regent's Lodge, in 1816, which Lodge, for reasons unknown, died about as soon as it was born; Shakspeare Lodge revived in 1818; Franklin Lodge in 1821; Washington Lodge also in 1821, and Columbia Lodge in 1822. These Lodges all went down in regular succession for the want of proper organization, with the exception of Columbia Lodge, which bravely withstood the storm and persecution, and when the waters of adversity rushed in upon her as a mighty flood and threatened to overwhelm her, she majestically rode out the gale, and her beacon lights may be seen extending and covering, not only the whole Empire State but her scions have been transplanted in other parts of this happy land.

Let us return to the Shakspeare Lodge and mark the progress of the Order. Through the exertions of Brother William Moore, this Lodge was revived, and went into operation again under her old dispensation on the 23 of December, 1818, just thirteen years after her first organization. The first night this Lodge was opened, there were fifteen candidates initiated, and one of the number was George P. Morris, now known as General Morris. During the continuance of this Lodge at Brother Moore's, it grew in numbers and respectability. In the year 1820, it was removed to 160 Nassau-street, at the house of Brother Mahoney. Some time towards the latter part of this year, a brother from Baltimore, by the name of Ford, joined this Lodge, and through him we obtained the three first degrees of the Order—the white, blue, and scarlet—with the lectures; also the past official degrees. A Grand Lodge was formed of the Past Grands, and transacted their business in the Past Grands' degree. A dispensation was granted for a Lodge, to be located in the same place and to be known as Franklin Lodge, No. 2, of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows.—This Lodge was the first to take the name of the Independent Order in this State. Soon after this Shakspeare Lodge merged into Franklin and became extinct. This Lodge also prospered for a while and grew in numbers, so that it became necessary to form another Lodge, as the room where we then met was too small to accommodate all the members comfortably; and in the month of November, of the same year, Washington Lodge, No. 3, was instituted and located in the Bowery. It remained in existence but a short time, owing to the disaffection of her members and want of funds to carry out their plans, which were on a large scale. About this time we obtained the two intermediate degrees—the pink and green—from Thomas Wildie, then Grand Sire. Franklin Lodge continued to prosper, as I have said, for a while, but owing to being self-constituted and no proper organization, she soon began to show evident signs of a decline.

In the spring of 1822, a dispensation was granted for a Lodge to be located in Brooklyn and styled Columbia Lodge, No. 4. This

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Lodge was instituted by the Grand Master, George P. Morris, in the month of April, 1822, at the house of James Clavidge, No. 49 Main-street, but was afterwards removed to New York and located at No. 147 Grand-street. This was the first formation of the present Columbia Lodge, No. 1, of which I am now a member.

I must here relate a circumstance to show when the first Odd-Fellows' procession took place in this city. Sometime during the summer of 1822, a report was made to Franklin Lodge that a brother from England was in the hospital, sick. A committee was appointed to visit the brother and ascertain his situation, and attend upon him if necessary, which they did until his death. The Lodge attended his funeral as a body in full regalia, and the Grand Master delivered an address at the grave. The Lodge paid the funeral and all other expenses attendant on the occasion; and this was the first funeral or public procession of the Order that took place in the city of New York.

Franklin Lodge, after moving about from place to place, also located in Grand-street, near Eldridge.

In the latter part of the year of 1822, Columbia Lodge obtained a charter from England. This charter was granted by the Duke of Sussex Lodge, No. 2, at Liverpool, and was dated November 14, 1822, and was the first legal charter ever obtained in this State, and was procured for the purpose of counteracting the Washington Lodge, in Baltimore, which now styled herself the Grand Lodge of the United States. The year following, 1823, Franklin Lodge obtained a charter from Thos. Wildie, Grand Sire; but subsequently both Lodges gave up their charters to the Grand Sire. Franklin merged into Columbia, which was re-chartered as No. 1, on the 4th of June, 1823, at which time the Grand Lodge of the State of New York was organized by the Grand Sire, and the traveling and quarterly pass-words were introduced and first used in this State. I was present at the organization, and was one of the six who composed the first Grand Lodge.

This is a hasty sketch of the rise of the Order in New York, of which I have been an eye witness. But there are other parts of the country that are entitled to notice in these remarks, for it is a fact of notoriety and worthy of remark, that the Order sprang into existence almost simultaneously in three if not four different States, without the knowledge of each other, and was organized as follows (please notice the dates): Shakspeare Lodge was revived at New York, Dec. 23, 1818; Washington Lodge at Baltimore, April 26, 1819; Massachusetts Lodge at Boston, March 26, 1820; Pennsylvania Lodge at Philadelphia, Dec. 26, 1821. These Lodge were all self-constituted at the time of thei organization, and from these four has sprang the materials which has raised the mighty fabric that now spans the whole of this beautiful land of liberty, where Friendship, Love, and Truth must forever dwell; for there is scarcely a city, town or hamlet in the United States, in which the Order is not located; and Charity, that heaven born maiden, is extending her benefits in mercy to the relief of suffering humanity.

Let us now see what has been the increase and progress of these four Lodges that commenced with only five or six members each, in their respective States, and in doing this it will be necessary to refer the Grand Secretary's report to the Grand Lodge of the United States, June 30, 18—. As this report was made twelve months since, consequently it cannot contain the increase since that time; but I refer to it, supposing it to be correct up to that time:

States.....	Lodges.....	P. G. M's.....	P. Grands.	Members.....	Revenue.....
New York,	540	15	4,270	42,472	$150,580 87
Maryland,	62	17	867	9,614	70,426 49
Massachusetts,	128	9	1,347	11,031	56,198 29
Pennsylvania,	398	12	3,308	38,193	204,268 10
Totals,	1,128	53	9,792	101,311	$481,473 83

This comprises the four States where the Order first started, but it is very evident the whole Order in the United States emanated from these four Lodges. From the same report it appears that there are in the United States, 31 State and Territorial Grand Lodges, and one Supreme Lodge over the whole Order; 2,354 Subordinate Lodges, with 174,637 contributing members; 222 Past Grand Masters; 18,385 Past Grands. There were initiated during the year 31,232 members; 9,150 were suspended, and 1,181 expelled the Order for various causes; 24,170 brothers were relieved, and 2,335 widowed families; 1,796 brothers were buried. The amount paid for the relief of brothers was $547,450 59; for widowed families $42,410 33; for burying the dead $68,056 71; for the education of orphans $7,348 44. Total amount paid for relief during the year $483,404 15, being an excess over the year previous of $117,847 65. The amount remaining of the revenue of Subordinate Lodges, was $1,217,416 90. There are also 27 State Grand Encampments, with 499 Subordinate Camps and 19,722 members, and a revenue of $92,377 50; they also paid out during the year for relief $31,437 50. There are about 80 Degree Lodges in the United States; in Oregon there is one Subordinate Lodge; in

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California one certain, perhaps more, as there is yet no regular returns from that quarter; there is one in Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and one in Australia. The latest account I have from Canada is to 1847, at which time there was one Grand Lodge and 22 Subordinate Lodges, one Grand Encampment with 8 Subordinate Camps, and one Degree Lodge; and no doubt at this time there are many more, as the Order is represented to be in a flourishing condition in the British Possessions. And all this great increase has been accomplished in the short space of thirty-two years; and still the march is onward and will continue onward until the whole of this vast Republic shall be encircled in the golden chain which now binds our beloved Order. And, brethren, the time is not far distant, when our Western wilds, where the war-whoop and savage yell is now heard, will have given place to the mild and sweet tones of Friendship, Love, and Truth. Already has her standard been planted in the far Oregon and California, and the far off Australia, as well as the Sandwich Islands, are heard from, administering to the wants of their distressed brethren, and bearing the proud banner of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows. The British Provinces of Canada are also rapidly progressing with the Order, and will shortly vie with the United States in the good work. So, brethren, you see that our beloved Order stands as a mighty Collossus with one foot resting on the extreme northern boundary of this vast continent, and the other on the extreme south of this great Republic; with her right hand she raises a beacon light to illuminate the whole of this continent, and with the other she points to the cordon of Lodges that now lines the Atlantic coast, from the St. Lowrence to the Rio Grande—and, ere long, will extend from California to Oregon on the Pacific shores. All within this vast circle is fast filling up with temples for the diffusion of Benevolence and Charity, where the distressed brother, the disconsolate widow, and the helpless orphan may come for relief in their adversity, not as humble supplicants for crumbs that fall from ostentatious grandeur, but as welcome visitors to partake of that bounty and share the repast provided for them.

I have now glanced at the most prominent parts of the rise and progress of the Order, and if I have imparted any information to any brother present, I shall feel myself amply paid for the task.

When I look back and take a retrospective view of the past, and contemplate the future progress of the Order, I am lost in wonder, and led to exclaim, can it be possible! I have witnessed its progress from the beginning, and am happy and feel proud in saying I am one of the few that now survive, who labored hard to lay the foundation on which this noble structure now rests. Brethren, the building is now completed and placed in your hands for safe keeping; watch carefully over it, guard well each avenue, and never suffer it to be polluted. It is a melancholy reflection to look back and see myself standing nearly solitary and alone, as regards my early associates in the Order, for at this time I only know of but one that is living and connected with the Order, that composed the first Lodge of Odd-Fellows in this country; and of the 4,270 Past Grands now in this State, I am the only surviving member of the Grand Lodge that was present at its first organization on the 4th of June, 1828. But as one of old said, 'I have seen thy glory; let me now depart in peace.'

We have seen the Order rise to its present grandeur, but let us not be like the proud rich man who has risen from obscurity and disdains to look back upon his early poverty, for our Order has not always been what it is now—for in its early days it had to struggle hard for existence, and during the first 12 or 14 years it had all manner of difficulties to contend with, but the greatest she carried in her own bosom, which was continually preying upon her vitals, and would have eventually destroyed her very existence, had she not shook off the incubus that stuck so close to her. She finally did extricate herself from the evil, which was intemperance or conviviality, that was practised in all the Lodges as a part of the work. This was an evil that was early seen and greatly deplored by the first founders of the Order in this country, and every means in their power used to eradicate it, but without success; and was the principal cause why the Order did not flourish. But there were still other causes which operated against it; one was the lack of funds which never amounted to much, as the initiation fee was but one dollar at that time, and I never knew it to exceed two dollars. Twenty-five cents was the price for the admission of a brother to membership; the dues were only exacted on the evening of attendance, when the warden collected 6¼ cents of each brother present, whether belonging to the Lodge or not, so that when any expenditure was called for, it had to be raised by subscription or loan, and if any brother was generous enough to loan any large amount, he was seldom if ever repaid, as there were no means to pay with; he then invariably left the Order in disgust, and in this way the Lodges lost their best members. Another cause was envy and ill-will, as it was reported, and generally believed, that the Order was composed of disaffected members of another society. The singularity of

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the name was also the cause of prejudice, and public opinion was against the Order; notwithstanding which, however, many a man has had reason to be thankful for being an Odd-Fellow at that time, as it was generally the practice, when a young man wished to commence business and had not the means, for the brethren to unite and assist him. There are now living in New York men who can be named and are worth their thousands, who commenced in this way and owe all their prosperity to Odd-Fellowship. But distressed brethren were never sent empty away. I will relate one case to illustrate this principle: The celebrated Thomas Paine was a member of the old Shakspeare Lodge, and at the time he became sick and in indigent circumstances; a subscription was opened for him in the Lodge, and notwithstanding his principles, the sum of $78 was raised and paid to him. Many more instances might be given to show that the Order has always been conducted on the principles of brotherly love and charity. If its early days are marked with some regretted errors, her march, as has been shown, has since been onward and prosperous, and she has reason to rejoice that she was among the first, if not the very first, to adopt Temperance, as a body. I have traveled with the Order through all her trials and tribulations; I have seen her in prosperity, and I have seen her in adversity; I have seen her branches lopped one by one and scattered to the winds, and the main trunk scorched and ready to fall into oblivion; but, thanks be to an overruling Providence which guides and governs all things, there was yet life left in the roots that has sprung up into a powerful tree, and we have passed the dreadful vortex that threatened our destruction, and are now sailing on the peaceful bosom of that sea of happiness which is the reward of all good actions.—Let us, then, endeavor to study well the principles of the Order, for to be a good Odd-Fellow it is necessary to be an honest man. Let us not be content with the bare name of morality, but in our dealings show to the world that we are Odd-Fellows not only in name, but that we live up to the principles of our Order; that we extend the hand of relief to our distressed brethren, let them come from where they may; that we succor the bereaved widow and protect the helpless orphan; that we pay the last tribute of respect to our departed brothers, and that all our actions are guided by friendship, love, and truth.

Brethren, I am aware that I have already trespassed on your time and patience, but I must claim your indulgence a few moments longer, as I cannot dismiss this subject without a word of advice to the brethren of this Lodge. You may think it very officious in me to undertake to give you advice, but I hope you will bear with an old man who has only the good and welfare of the Order at heart.

In all your decisions let impartiality and brotherly love prevail, and guard each other's rights with a watchful eye. Be very particular in appointing your committees, especially your investigating committees, who ought to be very particular in the discharge of the duties entrusted to them, and never suffer an unworthy person to enter, or become associated with you. Pay also strict attention to your sick reports, and attend as speedily as possible to the wants of your sick brothers, as it may be the means of soon restoring them to health and usefulness. But if an all-wise Providence has ordered otherwise, and your brother is called to pass the dark valley of the shadow of death, then will the time have arrived for you to show to the afflicted relatives, and an unfeeling world, the sympathy of our beloved Order. Watch diligently by his sick couch, and when the dread moment has arrived, smooth his pillow and gently close the eyes that no longer behold your brotherly affections. Attend his remains to its last resting place, and when the clods of the valley are closed over him, and all that was mortal of your brother is hid from human eyes, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done your duty by him. But your duty does not end at the grave, for if your brother has left a widow and orphans to mourn his loss, remember they are under your protection, and let the tear of anguish be wiped from the widow's weeping eyes, and your protection extended to the orphan children. Then will Charity proclaim the noble deed, and Faith will see it recorded by Mercy in the realms above. If, through the various changing scenes of life, a stranger brother of our wide-spread Order should come in distress and claim your assistance, remember he is your brother, notwithstanding he is a stranger to you; in this case I need not tell you your duty, for if he is sick, or poor, and far away from home and friends, and no one to administer to his wants, only let the intelligence reach your Lodge, he will find immediately the hand of sympathy and Friendship administering to his wants and alleviating his sorrows. And, though he may have no kind and affectionate wife, or loving sister, to moisten his cold lips with the tears of affection, or to wipe the cold sweat from his fevered brow, and though he may think of home and kind friends, yet the anguish of dying far from them will be greatly relieved by knowing that he is in the hands of friends who will provide for his wants and close his

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eyes in death. And if you should be called to witness the sad spectacle of a brother sinking into dissipation and vice, and straying from the paths of rectitude, you are bound by all the obligations of honor and brotherly love, to use all the means in your power to reclaim him from his fallen state; you are advise with and counsel him in private, and by no means suffer his case to become public, until every means of which you are possessed have been tried in vain; you are then, and not till then, in duty bound to let your laws take their proper course. In all your deliberations let friendship and brotherly love prevail, and never indulge in any personal remarks. Banish from your councils all strife and animosities, and let this Hall, which is dedicated to the principles of Benevolence and Charity, ever resound with the sweet notes of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

A man (says Dr. Franklin) as often gets two dollars for the one he spends in informing his mind, as he does for a dollar he lays out in any other way. A man eats up a pound of sugar, and it is gone, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in the mind to be enjoyed anew, and to be used when the occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or two men; it is the wisdom of the age and of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is always half an age behind the times in general information; besides, they can never think much, nor find much to talk about. And then there are little ones growing up in ignorance, without any taste for reading. Besides all these evils, there's the wife, who, when the day's work is done, has to sit down with her hands in her lap, and nothing to amuse or divert her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who then would be without a newspaper?

MAN AND WOMAN.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for place in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwricked, her case is hopeless—for it is bankruptcy of the heart.—*Irving.*

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

HAGAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

Despised, forsaken, and alone,
She to the desert went her way,
The sun that erst so brightly shone
No longer gave a cheering ray.

Beneath a shrub her child she cast,
Then turned aside her face and wept;
How sadly thought she of the past,
When on her breast he sweetly slept.

His piteous moan was heard on high,
Which with her earnest prayer now blends;
A guardian angel hovering nigh,
To earth on wings of love descends.

She sees his bright, etherial form,
She hears his kind, his soothing voice,
And in the midst of her alarm
He bids her fainting heart rejoice.

GREENCASTLE, Ind. S.

RECIPROCITY.

Odd-Fellowship is itself a well-tried specimen of social reciprocity—an embodiment of the great law of mutual benevolence; and, lightly as the Order may be esteemed, it need only be adopted by the world at large to bring about a far better state of things than we see around us at present—a condition much less pregnant with envy, malice and crime, and far more productive of peace, harmony and happiness. It is at the same time no advocate for either socialism or communism. There is no sanction, teat we can find, in reason or religion, for these volcanic disturbers of the social fabric. As long as the world stands there will be rich and poor, wise and ignorant, industrious and idle, careful and improvident. Let property be equalized to-morrow, according to the experiment of our French neighbors, and by what consistent law could it be kept so—by what rule of right could it be prevented from resuming the disproportion it held at first? Odd-Fellowship trespasses on no man's privileges—it invades no man's right—it envies no man's position—it takes things as they are, and on a fair principle of reciprocity—it makes provision for the reverses of fortune and the various ills that flesh is heir to. The wealthy and the poor are found in its ranks, and men of all grades of mind; yet all are alike cared for—all are sought out in distress and relieved—all are visited in sickness, and consoled in misfortune; all, in fact, are bound together in one common bond of brotherhood, by the sacred and ennobling ties of Friendship, Love, and Truth.—*London (C. W.) Odd Fellow.*

To improve a man is to liberalize and enlarge him in thought, feeling, and purpose,

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE TOO MUCH AND THE TOO LITTLE.

(Concluded from page 96.)

BY HON. ROBERT DALE OWEN.

If there be one master-principle characteristic of modern civilization, pervading the literature of our day, modifying our laws, and reforming that most effective of all laws, Public Opinion; if there be one especial spirit that distinguishes the Christian from the Jewish and all other stern, old systems that prevailed in a by-gone world; that principle, that spirit,—justly declared to be greater than Faith, greater than Hope,—is CHARITY.

In the earlier and ruder ages of the world, when brutal force held sway, and the grossest vices triumphed in open day, the first great reform was, to enlist public opinion in favor of virtue. It was to visit vice with indignation, and requite it with punishment. Evil doers were to be visited with the law's *vengeance;* that was the term, and the proper term to express the spirit in which virtue acted towards vice. The *lex talionis*—the retaliating law,—was considered the highest justice. "An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed." So of the standard of right in the brightest days of classical virtue. Brutus thought only of justice, never of mercy, even towards his own sons. Read Plutarch through, and you find his morality usually high-toned indeed, but cold, harsh, unpitying; whenever the debt is due, exacting the pound of flesh.

This inflexible severity, that knows no mercy or forgiveness, is neither just in principle, nor conducive to morality in practice.

It is not just. Nature herself has been bountiful to some, niggardly to others. Her bounty is just cause of thankful gratulation, but not of self-righteous pride. "What hast thou that thou hast not received? Now, if thou hast received it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?"

It is not just. Some of us have been favorably situated in the impressible years of early youth; blessed with kind and wise parents; trained by judicious teachers; breathing an atmosphere of intelligence and morality. Others have been exposed to every influence that can ruin mind and body, that can darken the intellect and deprave the heart; have been born and bred, perhaps, in the St. Giles of London or the Five Points of New York. Shall we apply to both, without reference to early advantages, the same standard of right!

This is an extreme case; but it is one which applies, in a degree, to almost all of us. Not in natural capacity alone, but in the fostering influence of circumstance, the genial power of education, have some of us received ten talents, others but one. To whom much is given, of him, in strictest justice, may much be required. Say that we feel conscious of rectitude; proud and secure in an unblemished character. How do we know—who shall assure us—that half the temptation which was successfully resisted by some poor, down-trodden brother or sister, before virtue finally gave way, might not have drawn us in the broad path that leads to destruction!

But unforgiving severity towards the erring is not unjust only, its effect is immoral. If it does not create vice, it often confirms it; and that is as bad.

The first error, in man or woman,—the first step in vice even,—is often taken under the influence of youthful impulse; to be blamed indeed, but yet not necessarily, nor even perhaps frequently, to be taken as an indication of hardened wickedness. Unless early associations of evil have been of a very aggravated character, vice is only endured at first; and if our lack of charity does not render the first downward step irretraceable; if it is met with unassuming reproof, with gentle expostulation; in a thousand cases it *will* be retraced; in a thousand cases the prodigal will return to his father's house; rescued by charity, when he would have been ruined by cold, harsh condemnation.

There are, doubtless, crimes of so inhuman a character, that the heart must be cold or corrupt, which is not stirred, by their very recital, to indignation and resentment; crimes against which that very indignation and resentment, is society's chief safeguard. But these are rare; and are scarcely ever *first* errors. They are usually committed by hardened offenders; made hardened by that exclusive spirit of self-righteousness, which hugs itself in its own merits, real or imagined, and forgets that the highest duty to humanity, is to humanity erring and misled.

It is worse to fall among bad company, than to be set upon by thieves. It is worse to be stripped of self-respect than of raiment; and it is not the wounds of the body only that need the physician; the bruised spirit often faints and perishes for lack of the wine and oil of human compassion. Yet, in this Pharisaical world of ours, how many Levites are there, who pass by on the other side; how few Samaritans who will stoop to bind up the wounds of the broken-hearted, unless they are sure the sufferer is immaculate; as immaculate as they would fain be thought themselves!

In our Lodges we should act the Samaritan, not the Levite. As was wisely said of the Sabbath, so may we say of our Order.

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Odd-Fellowship was made for man, not man for Odd-Fellowship. I advise not, indeed, to risk the character and harmony of a Lodge by admitting within its precincts men of confirmed evil habits, the scoffer at morality, the heartless debauchee. But I seek to remind my brethren of the Order, that our task is similar to His, who declared that he came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance; similar to His, who was reproached by the self-complaisant hierarchy of his day, because he consorted with publicans and sinners. To reform our fellows we must approach them. To do them good, we must risk something. And where a sincere and steady desire for improvement is shown, though past errors may be cast up to an applicant, we should hesitate before we close the door on his repentance; before, by black balling him, we cast him back, perhaps, discouraged and self-abased, on evil company and evil courses.

The substance, then, of what I have sought in this and the preceding article to illustrate, is, that we should seek to steer between the too much and the too little; between too low a standard of excellence within our Lodges; and too exclusive and condemnatory a spirit towards those who do not at once come up to our standard: that we avoid equally the risk of lowering that standard by admitting the hopelessly unworthy; and the sin of casting off the sincerely repentant; of rejecting those, who, though they have strayed from the paths of rectitude, may be won back by the exercise of that spirit, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

I will add, that, though forms long established ought not, for light cause, to be arbitrarily changed, yet, if the literature of our Order should, at any time, be revised, I should like to see our Motto itself somewhat modified. Love, in the enlarged acceptation of the term,—in the only sense in which it can properly be employed, as in that motto it is,—includes Friendship; but it does not strictly include, though doubtless it is connected with, that tolerant, forbearing, forgiving spirit, not vaunting herself, never puffed up, without which prophecy and mysteries and all knowledge are declared to be vain; and with which, if by any human agency, the world may gradually become what the hearts of wise and good men have so often yearned to see it.

I suggest whether the Motto of our Order would not be at once more comprehensive, and more strictly in accordance with the enlightened spirit of modern civilization, if it read: "LOVE, CHARITY, AND TRUTH."

NEW HARMONY, Ind., Sept. 7. 1852.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS.

NO. I.

"Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

None better understood the varied influences that sway the affections of the human heart than the author of this brilliant, picture-wrought aphorism. Satiated with all the enjoyments that wealth unsurpassed could yield, sharing all the advantages of learning and science that his age could boast, and disgusted with the vanities of sensual indulgence, he gave his heart "to know Wisdom." In his ardent pursuit of knowledge, he levied a tax upon earth and sky. Night after night, he gazed at the lights and shades of the star-decked firmament; morn after morn he wandered forth amid the verdant groves to study and admire the variegated dew-drop temples that sat upon every mountain brow and clad every glittering hill-top of ancient Palestine; he gathered wisdom from every leaf that "trembled in the breeze," from every insect that danced in the sun-beam, and from every pebble that slept in the murmuring brook; "he sought out and set in order many proverbs." But of all he said and did, nothing is so replete with wisdom and beauty as the quotation that stands at the head of this article.

Mystic brother, did you ever realize that "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver!" Have you learned the precious lessons of truth this saying teaches, all the brotherhoods of the mystic ties? Does it not bestow upon him who can rightly use it, a pass through the outer gate to the temple of social power? Does it not place in his hands the key that unlocks the door to the *inner chamber* of the human heart? Is not, in other words, the wisdom this proverb teaches the invaluable secret of mystic power—the secret that none whose aims are unworthy, or whose motives are impure, can either receive, or duly appreciate? Who but the truly wise—who that has not made the mental and moral man his chief study, can demonstrate the magic force of "words fitly spoken," and share the beneficial results shadowed forth in the gilded picture?

Many men, possessing talents of a superior order and intellects highly cultivated, accomplish little or no good in society. Indeed, every cause they undertake to advocate, suffers in their hands. Such is, not unfrequently, the case with very good meaning men, and it is often the subject of won-

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der why they are so unpopular — why every thing like pervading, useful influence, shrinks from their touch,—shuns contact with them. The mystery is easily solved — the proposition readily demonstrated. They have learned neither the import nor value of "*words fitly spoken.*"

Reasons are abundant why the teachings of the proverb should become household gems in every family circle, and be engraven upon the mantle-board of every hearth-stone — why they should be studied thoroughly, rightly understood, and duly appreciated. In a moral sense no man has a legitimate *right* to deprive himself of life. It is the gift of God, bestowed for noble ends. Nor has he, in a sense still more emphatic, the least shadow of a right either to destroy, or in any way impair, his own influence for usefulness in society. The ability to acquire a commanding influence among men, is a talent bestowed upon every rational creature, and for the use or abuse of which all will be held accountable at the bar of the Great Giver. Granting the inference, and it is manifestly a matter of vast importance—nay of absolute duty, that every man of learning and science accumulate, day by day, all the social and moral power that "*words fitly spoken*" can create. The fitness of his speech should be seen and felt in all that he says and does.

The teachings of the proverb demand action. It is not *muteness* that is "like apples of gold in pictures of silver;" it is "*words fitly spoken.*" Hence there must be a speaking, and a determinate fitness in the speech.

These suggestions and inferences open the way for inquiry into the appropriate claims of society upon the members of the various MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS. The inquiry will be prosecuted in a series of forthcoming numbers. S. S. Y.

WHITE HILL, Sept. 24, 1852.

SACREDNESS OF TEARS.—There is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquent than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

Perform a good deed, speak a kind word, give a pleasant smile, and you will receive the same in return. The happiness you bestow upon others is reflected back to your own bosom.

SAFE INVESTMENT.—Dr. Franklin, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest."

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

A REMINISCENCE.

The dying Christian lay upon his bed, conscious that his last hour on earth was passing. The golden rays of the setting sun were lingering upon his weakened vision, but the shadows of evening were stealing over the objects around him. The day of *life* was also closing—the night of *death* was near. As there he lay, calmly awaiting the moment of dissolution, two pictures were presented to his contemplation — one representing the *past*, the other the *future*. His whole attention seemed to be absorbed in contemplating their features, revealed by light divine. The first represented Life with many lights and few shadows; the beauty and innocence of childhood, the sports and joyous associations of youth and the labors and pleasures of mature years, stood out in bold relief, shaded faintly by affliction, disappointment and care. His soul gave birth to emotions of pleasure, producing upon his pallid countenance a smile of pure delight. In memory, he again floated upon the current of life, sensible of its joys, forgetful of its woes. He turns to the second. Darkness shrouds it—its lines are traced in black —it is the picture of *Death*. Involuntarily he closes his eyes, and disappointment distorts the features of his hitherto placid countenance. Again he looks with anxious, penetrating gaze; upon the canvass, once so dark, are being thrown, by an unseen hand, such combinations of light and shade, that every fear subsides and joy once more lights up his languid eye. There appear the plains of Immortality; the river of Life whose gentle flow is so soothing to the soul; the trees amid whose evergreen foliage cluster inviting fruits ambrosial; the mansions of the blest with portals wide, revealing the inner sanctuaries of love; and above all, rising with incomprehensible magnificence, that temple, in which, prostrate in adoration, worship the perfect, the just, and the holy. This vision fills him with ineffable delight, his soul flames with desire, he "longs to depart." The disenthralled spirit, rising gently as fragrance exhaled by the passing breeze, is wafted heavenward. *Friendship* led him through flowery paths and attended him to the portals of eternity,—*Truth* was the imperishable basis of his hope and *Love* secured him a home with God.

NEW ALBANY, Sept., 1852. H.

Be truthful. Never swerve from the truth. It alone is worthy to be contended for. No present ease, nor fancied future pleasure, can compensate you for ONE poor falsehood.—The man of truth is the only TRUE MAN.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE TEMPEST.

BY EARNESTINE.

Sunset upon the Ocean! Calm and clear
The mighty waters in their grandeur sleep;
And not a sound breaks on the listening ear
Save the low, mournful murmurs of the deep.
Unto his watery couch the "Day God" hies,
And the bright waves reflect each lingering ray
That for a moment gilds the earth and skies,
Then silently and slowly fades away.
A solitary cloud, far in the West,
Is slowly creeping from his ocean bed,
Like some ill omened bird that cannot rest,
Save when all beauty from the earth has fled.

Proudly yon vessel bounds along her way,
And bright eyes glance and happy voices ring
Within her cabin walls—where, day by day,
Pleasure was wont her blithest lay to sing.
For "Homeward bound" from every lip is heard—
And noble hearts, in manly bosoms, thrill
With wildest rapture at that magic word,
Which, like an angel, comes each grief to still.

Mark that young mother's look of pride and joy—
And see the smile illumine her bright eye,
While fondly resting on her infant boy;
For all else seems forgot, when he is nigh.
His merry laugh is music to her ear—
His smile of joy, the sunlight of her heart;
His childish, lisping tone, she loves to hear,
And e'en his little foot-steps, joy impart.
And oft she bade the lovely prattler come—
And, placing him so gently on her knee,
She teaches him to whisper of his home
And its loved inmates, they so soon shall see.

Here, a fond brother lingers near to one
Whose pallid looks, alas! too plainly tell,
The sands of life with her are almost run,
And with the loved of earth she may not dwell.
And, as he watches the deceitful glow [bloom,
That tinges her pale cheek as with health's
He speaks in gentle accents soft and low
Of many happy hours yet to come.
And, as he sees her languid eye grow bright,
And hears her fondly speak of their loved home,
Hope bids his weary heart again be light,
And memory gilds the hours forever flown.

There, sits an aged man, and at his side,
With health still blooming on her wrinkled cheek,
Is one whose true affection time has tried,
And found its tranquil flow he could not break.

And there is one in all his manhood's pride,
With happiness on every feature traced—
For with him is his young and lovely bride,
Who seems to all with every virtue graced.

His eye now fondly rests upon her own,
As with a voice of sweetest melody,—
While she is listening to each whispered tone—
He tells her of his home beyond the sea.

But, while all seem securely thus to rest,
The cloud has onward sped—until the sky
Frowns darkly down upon the ocean's crest—
And thro' the shrouds the winds begin to sigh.
Ah! many eager eyes have watched that cloud
From off the vessel's deck, as on it flew;
For many felt it might foretell a shroud
To each one of that noble vessel's crew.
The seagulls start from out their ocean home,
And flap their wings across the crested wave—
As tho' they seek beneath the lashing foam
To hollow for themselves a watery grave.
The gallant sailors fly, now here—now there,
And try the fury of the storm to brave;
But death seems mingling with the very air,
And nought the vessel from her doom can save.

Ah! then bright eyes with fear grew strange and wild,
And every cheek grew cold and colorless—
And lips that but an hour before had smiled,
Grew hueless from the bosom's deep distress.
The angry billows roll like mountains high,
And as wild demons in their fury leap—
While thunders crash along the vaulted sky,
And seem re-echoed in the mighty deep.

That mother, kneeling, to her bosom clasps
Her heart's fond idol—and in accents wild—
With streaming eyes upturned to heaven—she gasps,
'Great God! in mercy save—oh, SAVE my CHILD!'
The infant, clinging to its mother's breast,
Looks out upon the storm with fearless eye,
Then, nestling in her bosom, sinks to rest—
Unmindful that its hour has come to die.

The husband stands, his heart with anguish rent,
And to his bosom clasps his cherished bride—
Resolved, that when life's latest breath is spent,
They both shall calmly slumber, side by side.

The brother kneels beside the dying one,
Who looks upon the scene with quiet eye;
Then in her sweetly low, angelic tone,
She murmurs, "Oh! why need we fear to die?"
Reclining with her head upon his breast,
To heaven she raises her dark, lustrous eyes—
Then, 'mid the storm, she calmly sinks to rest—
To wake again—with God in paradise.
In all the voiceless agony of soul,
He bends above her loved, tho' lifeless form,
In the deep anguish he cannot control,—
And heeds not, now, old Ocean's raging storm.

On—on the vessel flies—"a thing of life"
It seems, while rushing o'er the foaming wave—
Soon, 'mid the angry water's fearful strife,
To sink into an unknown, watery grave.

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The dreary night has closed in, dark and lone,
And yet the wrathful "demon of the sea"
Still treads the bounding billows all alone,
In all his dreaded, fearful majesty.
A crash! ANOTHER—louder than before!
The vessel, like a helpless thing, is tost—
And listen! ah, it is the breakers' roar— [LOST!
The ship has struck! OH, GOD! WE ALL ARE
The boat! the BOAT! and wild with fear they spring
To this last hope; but ah! IT TOO is vain—
The storm has loosed it from its fastening,
And nought remains there but the broken chain.
A cry of anguish falls from every tongue,
And mingles with the breakers' fearful roar—
And Death's dark mantle thus is rudely flung
Around the helpless crew—we see no more.

* * * * * * * *

The storm is past! the stars in beauty glow—
And once again calm is the mighty sea;
But o'er that vessel's deck the waters flow,
And sing—once happy hearts—your elegy.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 7, 1852.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

We believe that "all men are born free and equal," possessing as inalienable rights, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We believe that an all-wise, supreme, and intelligent Being, the Creator, Governor and Preserver of the universe, is the common Parent of all mankind. We believe that "from Him cometh every good and perfect gift," and that to Him all men should be grateful. We believe that we must act upon the "Golden Rule," and "do unto others, as we would that they should do unto us." We believe it to be our duty to "visit the sick, bury the dead, protect the widow, and educate the orphan." We believe that, as adversity is the surest test of friendship, we should cling with the stronger affection to those who are in distress; that we should "love one another with pure hearts fervently;" and that, as the chemical effect of the *blue* ray upon the needle is always to cause it to point true to its attraction in the mysterious chambers of the North, so should our covenant love never turn from its purpose. We believe that "the good time is coming," when "nations shall learn to war no more;" when "the spear shall be beaten into the pruning hook, and the sword into the plowshare." We believe that Faith even now beholds that distant period, yet in the womb of time, when the miseries and the vices of our earth shall be submerged beneath the healing tide of universal love. We believe that God has, in his providence, commissioned our Order to assist in developing the finer feelings of the human heart, and with faith in the kindness and assistance of that God, hope in the ultimate success of associated, virtuous action, and charity to all mankind, we claim the "world as our parish," and believe that, to accomplish the vast designs of our Order, we must constantly labor while it is day, for the night cometh in which no man can work.

Our Order teaches the novitiate that, as appearances are too frequently deceptive, he must not judge from them alone; that a captivating person and manner may belong to the villain, while beneath the rough, unpolished garb of the peasant may beat a heart actuated by the highest and purest motives. It teaches him that, as all men are fallible and prone to err, mutual forbearance becomes a cardinal virtue. With deep solemnity it warns him of the sure and certain end of all the living; and that, as *Evil* is the bane of society and the fountain of all wrong, the progenitor of hatred, crime and violence, he is told to war against it in all its forms. Even at the portals of our institution, Wisdom speaks, in a voice not be misunderstood, that, as life is but a cloud, a fleeting vapor, all that is done must be done quickly. B.

ROSE COTTAGE, Sept. 15, 1852.

PROGRESSION.

I would remind you that peace and prosperity have been the cause of the decline and fall of nearly all the nations and societies of men that have passed away. The enervating and seductive influences of such a condition, have proved more destructive than the power of mighty armies. Love of excitement, or fame, may carry a man boldly to the cannon's mouth; but it is a purer and holier heroism that can raise the soul to the capability of long years of endurance and toil, to confer an unacknowledged benefit upon the race. Therefore, if Odd-Fellowship is to be a living and enduring institution, there can be no resting place for its members. We must ever press forward to secure for it some new triumph in the cause of man. We must advance it as rapidly as the stirring spirit of the age moves forward the world in which it exists, or it will fail to perform its true mission. For it we must be self-sacrificing and enduring. For it we must acquire the true heroism. The cause is worthy of the effort, for nothing better than Odd-Fellowship, properly carried into practice, can demonstrate the fact, that "man is but little lower than the angels."
—*G. M. Volney Green, Northern N. Y.*

Men are not always what they appear. Odd-Fellows should take especial care how they estimate their fellows.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

ODD-FELLOWSHIP AND THE CHURCH.

There are many well-meaning persons in every community who are opposed to Odd-Fellowship, because, they say, "It interferes with the Church, and is therefore unnecessary." To some, this is an insurmountable objection; they cannot see how any one can act beyond the pale of the church, without saying by his actions, at least, that the church is not able to meet the wants of man. Such, by no means, should be the conclusion.

God's design in placing man in this world, seems to be, to elevate him in mental and moral qualities, until he is prepared to enter upon the duties and felicities of that upper and better sanctuary, where the mind and heart shall continue to expand in a never-ending progression. Under Heaven's great Bill of Rights — the Bible — all men have the right (ay, is it not their duty?) to associate themselves together for their moral and mental advancement, and to devise ways and means by which they may alleviate the miseries to which they and their fellows are subject. Taking the morals of the Bible for their code of morals, and its lessons for their monitor, they can institute a society independent of church organization, for the accomplishment of any moral or benevolent object — an association that will, from its sectarian neutrality, gather in its embrace antagonistic natures, and unite them in the great work of fraternizing the world. The peculiar duty of the church is to save the soul, and any moral or benevolent institution that does not infringe upon this duty, is indisputably correct. True, Christianity demands that its votaries shall feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and perform various other acts of kindness. Religion demands that all men should be temperate, that they "touch not — taste not — handle not," &c., yet the temperance cause languished, and intemperance increased with fearful rapidity, until OUT of the church men took the matter in hand, and embodying but one idea — temperance — created a moral revolution whose effects are still visible in every part of the land. Christianity demands that the young shall be educated. How long, if none but the true christian were to act in this matter, would it be ere the world would be enlightened? How long ere the prophecy would be fulfilled which says, "Then shall every man teach no more his neighbor, but all shall know the Lord from the least to the greatest?" We have our common schools, colleges, Sabbath schools, educational societies, all auxilliary in the great work, and all employing to some extent the services of unconverted men. The Bible is to be sent to the heathen, yet how little was done until associations were created for that specific purpose?

The Church covers the duties of all these organizations, for it leaves nothing undemanded that may in the least favorably affect the family of man; and yet some of these societies are organized independent of the church. These associations perform some of the legitimate duties of Christianity, and no sane man will hazard his reputation for either sense or sanity, by saying that they have not been blessed of God in accomplishing a vast amount of good.

Under this view of the subject, we look at the Order of Odd-Fellows. Its aim is to do good. In the peculiar, primary duty of the church it does not attempt to engage. But God has made the Lodge room, with its solemn ceremonies, the means of bringing many wayward sons to himself, for there is something in the Order that "makes men think."

While Odd-Fellowship and religion are kindred spirits, and not opposed one to the other, there is an infinite difference between them. One cultivates the better feelings of our heart — the other purifies our nature. One is earthly — the other is spiritual and divine. One was founded by man — the other by God. One assists us in this world and stands by us at the tomb — the other sustains us here, o'erleaps the tomb, and lays hold on immortality. One acts from mutual friendship and earthly love — the other prompts to action by heavenly love, and a supreme desire to please God. Our Order cultivates a reverence for God, and his word and its doctrines; but none of our forms or ceremonies profess to cleanse the heart — nor is the Odd-Fellow ever taught that the rites and ceremonies of the Order, or its duties, will satisfy the demands of God's violated law; and if there is one who thinks that Odd-Fellowship will save his soul, we pity his ignorance, for he neither understands the principles of the one, nor the demands of the other. Weak must be the faith of that christian who fears that the church will suffer through the influence of Odd-Fellowship, for any man whose RELIGION IS NOT BETTER for life, for death, and for eternity, than that taught by our Order, either never was converted, or has backslidden and needs re-converting.

We have no fears of our Order assuming such ground, and if it did we should not hesitate to immediately cease to kneel at her altars, and rejoice when "Ichabod" was written there. Odd-Fellowship may exert its whole influence to purify the world, and it can only strengthen with moral power the foundations of society, while Christianity may begin with the Order, stand side by side with it, and then begin anew where Odd-Fellowship ends, and find ample employment in the purification of our natures.

The Order and the Church harmonize, and mu-

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tually aid one another. All the moral power the Order possesses was given her by the church, and in return the Order has taught the Church some lessons in practical duties, that have added much to her efficiency. Some strive to array them as antagonistic. This is wrong and hurtful. Side by side and shoulder to shoulder, let them stand in life's great battle, each performing its own appropriate duties, and victory will crown the virtuous, the brave, and the good. Let no one, either from the Order or the Church, ever attempt to antagonize the two; but may a spirit of honest emulation to "provoke one another to good works" animate the members of each, and may the same God whom both acknowledge ever sustain and bless them in all their deeds of love.

In this number of the 'Magazine' will be found an interesting history of 'American Odd-Fellowship,' by P. G. Benj. Downing, of New York, which we commend to the careful perusal of our readers. It originally appeared in the 'Golden Rule,' and is probably as faithful a history as can be gathered from the recollections of a 'Patriarch' in the Order; and it is from such sources as these we may expect to arrive at something near the true history of the Order in this country.

It must have been in the Pennsylvania Lodge, located in Philadelphia, mentioned by Bro. Downing, that the late P. G. Master Richard D. Evans, the first Grand Master of this State, was initiated into the Order, as he was made an Odd-Fellow in 1821, and was, at that time, a resident of Philadelphia. Bro. Evans was also one of the applicants for the charter for the first Lodge in this State, New Albany Lodge, No. 1. We have often heard Bro. Evans relate the difficulties that the Order had to encounter in its early days, and the sacrifices often required of its members to fulfil their obligations of brotherly love to each other, as they were but few in number, and were consequently required to act in their individual capacity in relieving the wants of the needy and distressed of the Order. Bro. E. was one of the few who, during near thirty years' membership, was ever found punctual in his attendance at Lodge meetings, and, even up to his last moments, professed the most ardent attachment to the Order. We have no doubt that to the zeal and ability displayed by P. G. M. Evans, when filling the office of Grand Master, is to be attributed the rapid increase of the Order in Indiana.

In the proceedings of the G. L. of Indiana, published in our August No., we failed to report the election of Bro. Taylor W. Webster, of Ladoga, as Alternate Representative to the G. L. of U. S. The omission was unintentional on our part.

Persons subscribing now for the Magazine can be supplied with the back numbers.

MUTUAL RELIEF.

A leading feature of Odd-Fellowship is mutual assistance in times of distress and danger. To this principle our Order owes its origin; this is one of the corner-stones of our temple.

Man is subject to the most sudden reverses of fortune. He who, to-day, riots in all the luxuries that wealth and friends can procure, may to-morrow become penniless and forsaken. To obviate all the effects of these sudden reverses is, in part, the mission of our Order. Our Order teaches that we are all dependent upon each other; that a sympathetic cord runs through the whole family of man; that from the cradle to the grave we lean one upon the other. This truth our Order admits, and from it seeks to draw a thousand blessings. Our mutual assistance only extends to acts of love and kindness, in their most substantial forms. The worthy Odd-Fellow in danger or distress, we are bound to warn and assist; and the fulfilment of this duty ensures the ultimate success of the Order. To enable us to afford the pecuniary relief promised, a price for initiation and the degrees, and a regular system of weekly dues, are adopted. From this fund, created by mutual and equal contributions, we are fully able to fulfil all the pecuniary obligations we have voluntarily assumed. And how consoling to the true Odd-Fellow to feel that he is a member of a band who rejoice to be able to protect and assist him in the hour of need; that around him are hearts that care for him, and hands ever ready to succor him at any hazard, save the violation of law or right.

Nor are these duties performed grudgingly.—Pure friendship, tested best in the hour of adversity, prompts to action. This principle carries the Odd-Fellow to the couch of sickness, and the chamber of death. In how many parts of our land has this been exemplified. Here an honest brother is stricken down by disease. His means are scanty, for his daily toil has been his only resource for the support of himself and family.—That support has now failed; but his brethren—those who have knelt with him at the altar of our Order—are ever near him. His wants are supplied. His family is cared for; "the cruse of oil and the barrel of meal" fail not. They of the "mystic tie" prove to the world that Friendship is more than a name. But Friendship cannot stay the dart of Death; the brother dies, and is borne to his last and final home.

Years have passed, but the widow of that brother has never been in want; her children have never suffered. The benefactions of the Order have rested upon that family; the mother's wounded heart has been soothed; her burden has been lightened; her children have been saved from penury and want, and their minds and hearts properly educated. And do you think that mother

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has forgotten those brethren of her departed husband?

——"Ah! oft, methinks,
That mother taught her little ones to kneel,
And fold their tiny hands in earnest prayer
For those true hearts who, in the hour of need,
Stood, like the guardian angels, with the shield
Of gentle Mercy, 'twixt a thoughtless world
And her sad heart, o'ertasked with grief and care.
This is Odd-Fellowship — the synonyme
Of Charity and Love; and while the prayers
Of those — the widow and the fatherless —
Go up at morn and eve, to ask of God
For blessings on the band, the world may storm
And vent its spite in words, but 'twill not break
The ties which bind them—for those precious links
Are held by angel hands — those prayers but form
So many chains that hold the band to Heaven."

This feature alone — the care the Order takes of the widow and the fatherless — should win the respect, if not the love, of every woman; and, although they are not admitted to our ordinary Lodges, but partake with us the beauties and duties of one degree, none are so deeply interested in the results of our labors as our wives and daughters. This is one of the crowning excellencies of our Order, and in this point no earthly institution is its superior.

Man could well brook the bitter disappointments of the world, if he had to bear the burden alone; the husband and the father could calmly lie down and die, if he felt that he had done all in his power to preserve his "wife and little ones from want." Of this the Odd-Fellow feels that, under Providence, he has done much to save them from the rude touch of a heartless world. He knows that the solemn obligations of the Order bind all Odd-Fellows to protect those he may leave behind. He knows that a fund has been accumulating for years, from which they may draw, as a right, the assistance they need. He feels that it matters not how poor or humble in earthly pretensions he may have been, his wife and children are as near to the great heart of our Order, as are the proudest and the most wealthy. Hundreds of children have thus been educated, and hundreds are now under the supervision of the Order. In this particular, alone, the world will owe the Order much. Minds and hearts that, otherwise, would have remained uncultivated, or have been left to grow up and curse the world by their degrading passions, have been taught, by our Order, the road to fame, and honor, and virtue. This simple truth enlists for us the sympathies of the fair, and there are few women who are not "Daughters of Rebekah" in deed, if not in form. For, what woman, in whose heart gushes the pure fount of a mother's love, does not admire this principle — this living principle — in Odd-Fellowship? Here is one of our strong-holds — our outward Gibraltar. At the fulfilment of this duty the most querulous cannot complain, nor the most sceptical rail. The charity that enfolds in its broad wings the poor orphan, is nearly allied to that of heaven. Above this part of our temple angels hover; and if departed spirits are permitted to participate in the anxieties and joys of this life, how many, to-day, bend from their celestial abodes and mingle their songs of joy with the hymns of praise that swell from the thousands of orphans educated by our beloved Order!

These are a few of the principles and duties that lie at the foundation of Odd-Fellowship. Such are our professions, and we show to the world that we strive to fulfill them. This has given us unparalelled success. Having been brought into existence by the necessities of humanity, the mission of our Order will never be accomplished until the last sigh shall have been changed into a note of joy. With these and other sublime and holy truths as a basis, Odd-Fellowship has erected its light-house amid time's troubled ocean. For more than half a century the waves of opposition and adversity have lashed its base and cast their spray far up its sides; storms of foul slander and bitter persecution have gathered and broke above it, but it stands firm and unshaken; and to-day more than two hundred thousand mariners upon Life's tempestuous sea hail with rapture its steady light, while Faith and Hope sweetly whisper that Time's last billow, as it sinks into the bosom of Eternity's ocean, shall be gilded by its undimmed radiance.

The Western Odd-Fellows' Magazine has not been received since the first number. Will not the publishers reciprocate?—Pittsburg Token.

The 'Magazine' has been regularly mailed to you, Bro. Russell, and the uncertainty of the mails is the only cause to which we can attribute your failure to get it. We have remailed the second and third numbers. To 'The Token' and every other publication of the Order in this country and Canada, of which we have any knowledge, we have sent our Magazine from the first number.

PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us TEN dollars, we will forward ELEVEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year.

To any person who will send us FIFTEEN dollars, we will forward SIXTEEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year, and one copy of the Digest, the Digest free of postage.

To any person who will send us TWENTY dollars we will forward TWENTY-TWO COPIES of the 'Magazine;' or TWENTY-ONE COPIES of the 'Magazine, and two copies of the "Digest;" or TWENTY COPIES of the "Magazine," and ONE COPY of the "Odd Fellows' TEXT BOOK;" the Digest and Text Book will be sent free of postage.

Send on your names.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ORLEANS, August 12, 1852.

After a few hours' ride upon the New Albany and Salem Railroad, I found myself at "Moore's Hotel" in this place. Orange Lodge, No. 118, located in this place, is a new Lodge, as you may know from the No. The members, though few, are men of sterling integrity, and I have no doubt will give a good account of themselves.

The town is rapidly improving. From all that I can learn I presume that the great Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad will pass through this place. This one fact will add much to its importance and continue, in a double ratio, the spirit of improvement begotten by the railroad they now have.

—

LAWRENCEVILLE, Ill., August 18.

Being within ten miles of this place, and having some old friends here, I could not resist the temptation to visit the "BOYS," and see how they were still thriving.

There is a fine, flourishing Lodge in this place, composed of men of the true stamp. I spent but a few hours here, but learned that the great road in which all this part of Illinois is deeply interested, is being pushed on with energy.

This is a small but very pleasant town—a place of considerable business.

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WASHINGTON, Ind., August 20.

This is not, like its great namesake, a "city of magnificent distances;" it is, however, a neat place (in dry weather.) From some local cause, it suffered in 1849, from the cholera, more severely than any other place in the Union. Since then it has been free from the scourge. It is entirely an inland town, but has connection with the Ohio river and the Lakes by White river and the canal, which pass 3½ miles west of it, at Maysville. I see that the canal is open, but as yet, I believe, no boats have come down from the lakes. This canal, when finished, will give to Washington a very convenient outlet for the produce it gathers from the surrounding country.

Liverpool Lodge, No. 110, a new Lodge, is located here. It has done well since its institution, and promises better. Its members are devoted to the work, and will, I trust, sway a healthy influence in the community.

—

CARLISLE, August 24.

I reached this place at dark, and left early next day, but had the pleasure of meeting with the members of Carlisle Lodge, No. 50, in their hall. Here the Lodge was well attended, and I think, as a general rule, the Lodges in our smaller towns are much better attended than in the larger ones. After the Lodge was closed, it was, according to previous notice, opened in the "Degree of Rebekah," for the purpose of conferring it upon the wife of one of the members. Several other ladies, who had taken it, were present, and the meeting was a delightful one. The presence of woman adds much to the beauty, harmony, and finish of the great temple of Fraternity we are building. May our Order ever merit and have the smiles and assistance of woman.

The place is improving some; its growth is gradual and sure.

—

VINCENNES, August 28.

This place has been my head-quarters since the 18th inst. Having formerly resided here for nearly five years, I felt unwilling to pass hastily thro' it. I found the town somewhat improved, and the prospect of much greater improvement on account of the railroads that will shortly be finished to this place. The Evansville and Terre Haute Railroad is already completed to Princeton, twenty miles south, and almost every section of the great Ohio and Mississippi Railroad is under contract, and is being vigorously pushed forward. The president of the company, Hon. A. T. Ellis, with whom I had a few moments' conversation, is quite sanguine upon the subject. He informed me that it was to be finished from St. Louis to Vincennes, in complete running order, with cars, locomotives, &c., &c., by July 4, 1855. I trust that this is true. That the road will be built, there is now no reasonable doubt; that it will enhance the value of property four-fold, along the line, is also sure. It will render valuable a vast extent of rich prairie land, now almost valueless from the difficulty of reaching a market. It will develop the resources of the two States, and also give a unity of feeling to the citizens, that will tend greatly to destroy those feelings of sectional jealousy and false State pride that have hitherto existed. In this route, Vincennes must be an important point. Located upon the Wabash, at the point where these two railroads cross, commanding already much of the trade of the surrounding country, both in Indiana and Illinois, and possessing within herself considerable capital, and men of enterprise and energy, the day is not far distant when Vincennes will be THE CITY of the Southern Wabash valley. The perseverance her citizens have already manifested—the unyielding determination not to succumb to any circumstances, no matter how gloomy the prospect—have already given her the prestige of success.

My visit to this place was very pleasant and interesting to me. From all my old friends I received an unusually warm greeting that told me I was fully welcome. Old associations were constantly being revived, not only here but also at Washington, Carlisle and Lawrenceville, and frequently I felt that thrill of pleasure so peculiar in visiting the scenes of by-gone hours. The years that I had been absent seemed for the time blotted from

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the past, and I was with them as one of them. I felt that it was home. I mingled again with the friends of other years, and pleasantly the hours flew by. But when I saw those who were my pupils, engaged in the great battle of life, I felt that years had indeed elapsed since I saw them. The fair young girl had expanded, in that short time, into the handsome woman. The lad had laid aside his childish amusements, and was preparing to engage in life's arduous duties. And what changes have not those three short years wrought with many of us? To some they have glided by as silently as fall the gentle dews, and left but few marks of their passage; to others they have brought sickness, or poverty, or woe. Some who then had seen another sun rise and gild the then present with such a joyful light as to hide the darkness of the intemperate past, have seen that sun obscured again, and trebled darkness return.

Of my visit here I could fill a sheet. Memory upon memory crowds my brain, and asks for utterance. Pleasant thoughts gush up in my heart, and seek to find their way to kindred hearts. Joyful scenes and happy hours wake sweet emotions in my soul, while a few memories, a few present scenes call up within me feelings of sorrow and pain, for some of the changes wrought by the past three years are melancholy as the grave. Three years! How short, how light to some! How long, how dark to others!

Wabash Lodge, No. 20, is located here. It is composed of excellent men, who make fine, bright Odd-Fellows—Odd-Fellows who keep posted up in the written and unwritten work of the Order. They are all working men, and of course the Order ranks high and wields a good influence in the community. I met with them in the Lodge and Encampment, and pleasant were the hours. The memory of my visit and the scenes it recalled, and the kind, heartfelt welcome I received here, will never, never fade from my mind.

We shall give in the November or December No. of the Magazine a fine portrait of our R. W. G. Master, Jos. L. Silcox, lithographed expressly for our Magazine. During the volume, the portraits of several other distinguished members of the order will be given, provided our subscription list will justify it, as we are determined to leave no effort untried to make the Magazine worthy the patronage of the order.

CELEBRATION AT LOUISVILLE, KY.

We are pleased to learn that the Odd Fellows of Louisville have determined to have a grand celebration on the 14th of October. Invitations have been sent to the Order in the adjoining states, and such arrangements have been made, as will, it is expected, call together the largest concourse of Odd Fellows ever assembled in the west. Let Indiana be well represented.

FRATERNAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Office of the G. Sec., G. L., I. O. O. F., Ky.
Louisville, Aug. 28, '52.

Messrs. Editors: This is the second number of your Magazine that I have had the pleasure of examining, and I think it well worthy of the support of the order in the west. I trust Kentucky will be ready to extend to it the right hand of Fellowship. I will forward you a copy of our proceedings as soon as they are published. I give you below the names of the Officers, of the G. L. and G. E.

Henry C. Pendell, M. W. G. M., Lexington; Peter M. Jones, R. W. D. G. M.; Geo. W. Morris, G. W.; James M. Moore, G. S., Louisville; John Fonda, G. T.; Rev. I. D. Williamson, G. Rep.; Rev. W. R. Babcock, W. G. Chap.; C. A. Fuller, G. Mar.; Z. Williams, G. Con.; F. Freshe, G. G.; G. A. Waggoner, G. Mes.

Jas. M. Moore, M. W. G. Pat., Louisville; C. L. Syle, E. G. H. P.; R. B. Shelton, G. S. W.; A. C. Harig, G. J. W.; M. Malte, G. S. Louisville; John Fonda, G. T.; Wm. Mathews, G. Rep.; G. A. Waggoner, G. Sen.

Ladoga, Ind., Sept. 4, 1852.

Messrs. Editors: On the 25th ult., I instituted Bainbridge Lodge, No. 115, by special Dispensation from the G. M. Bros. Samuel N. Yates was installed N. G., George W. Call, V. G., Abner R. Hyde, Sec'y. and W. C. Glenn, Treas. Two petitions were received and petitioners initiated.

Yours in F. L. & T.

TAYLOR W. WEBSTER.

Vevay, Sept. 6, 1852.

Messrs. Editors: As the institution of a new Lodge is a matter about which Odd Fellows always feel a great interest, I desire to give you some account of the opening of Versailles Lodge No. 117, located at Versailles, Ripley county, Indiana.

On the 18th of August I arrived at Versailles, and was received by the brethren with much cordiality, and was hospitably entertained by Bro. Jno. M. Stewart, who, in connection with his very kind lady, did everything to make me feel at home while under their roof.

At 8 o'clock I proceeded with the institution of the Lodge, upon which occasion I was assisted by Bros. G. W. Elrod, and Peter Platter, of Miriam Lodge No. 106, and Bros. Moses Shott, W. S. McComas, and Jacob Hoover, of Chapman Lodge No. 98, after which three persons were received by initiation. The following officers were elected, qualified, and installed in "regular form." C. H. Cass, N. G.; John M. Stewart, V. G.; Carrington Sec'y.; S. S. Hunter, Treasurer.

Friday evening was agreed upon as the night of meeting.

Everything passed off very pleasantly, and all seemed highly gratified. I feel satisfied that the

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Lodge will be handsomely sustained, and that Odd Fellowship is in good hands in Versailles.

Fraternally Yours,

OLIVER DUFOUR.

VINCENNES, Sept. 8, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Since your sojourn among us, the "Text Book" has, if possible, become more popular than ever. A careful perusal of the work, which many of the brethren here have given it, enables them to pronounce it one of the best books ever written upon the subject of ODD FELLOWSHIP. At a meeting of Wabash Lodge No. 20, held last evening, P. G. John Caldwell delivered one of the most elo quent and appropriate addresses upon the principles of the order to which I have ever had the pleasure of listening. In the course of his remarks he paid a just and merited compliment to the "Text Book" and the good it was designed to effect if placed in the hands of the members of the order generally.

The merits of the "Western Odd Fellows' Magazine" have been thoroughly discussed by the members of the order in this vicinity, and the conclusion is that it is A SUPERIOR WORK. [We are somewhat bashful, Bro. G. and we will omit one or two lines—it might make us vain to print them.] Many who have long patronized other publications now take the "Western." And if I am not mistaken, the Odd Fellows of Indiana are determined to support (and so they should) a periodical of their own devoted to the principles of the order. Look out for an increase of subscribers from the "Old Post." M. P. G.

[Thank you Bro. G. Let us hear from you again, keep us posted up in the doings and condition of the order in your section of the State. No. 20 is doing well for us, but we have yet on our book a space left for a few more names from the "O' Post." Send them along.]

EVANSVILLE, Sept. 13th. 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Permit me to trouble you with the following notice for publication:

By appointment of G. M. Silcox, and by a dispensation granted by him for the purpose, I proceeded to the town of Mount Vernon, Posey county Ind., on Wednesday the 1st instant, and then and there instituted FLORA LODGE No. 119, the petitioners, seventeen in number, being all in readiness with their cards, and anxious to get under way. After the Lodge was instituted the following Brothers were nominated and elected officers of the Lodge for the current term, viz: Walter F. Larken N. G.; D. C. James, V. G.; John Carson, Sec'y., and Thos. F. Prosser, Treasurer, all of whom were duly installed into their respective offices in regular form. I am well convinced, judging from the character of the Brothers to whom the dispensation was granted, that this Lodge is in safe and faithful hands, and that in due time they will give good reports of their onward progress. Actuated by the true principles of our beloved Order, I have no doubt they will, in a short time, be second to but few Lodges in the State for usefulness, and will ever reflect honor upon the institution of which they are members. To the Brothers of the new Lodge I tender my grateful acknowledgements for their kindness and brotherly regard manifested during my brief visit. My sincere thanks are also due to Past Grands David Phillips, David Martel, and James J. Davis of Mount Vernon Lodge No. 49, for their kind assistance rendered on that occasion.

Fraternally yours,

DANIEL WOOLSEY, Sp. Dp.

P. S. The regular meeting night for the new Lodge is Wednesday.

The following letter from a Bro. in New Orleans, we publish, for the reason that it evinces the proper spirit on the part of our Brethren in that city in carrying out the great principles of our Benevolent institution, and is a warrant on their part that a brother in distress will never be turned away empty-handed. Since the appearance of the Magazine for September the Lodges located in New Albany, Ind., have authorized their Secretaries to assure the General Relief Committee of New Orleans that ALL relief extended to members of their several Lodges will be promptly and fully met. This is the true spirit and intent of our laws; and without such interpretation be given to them we cannot long expect that reciprocity in kindly offices to each other, which our Order has ever regarded as one of the leading features in its system of "mutual relief." We MUST meet the wants of our Brethren when in trouble or in need, and it is only by the plan carried out by our brethren in New Orleans, that we can accomplish this end. We hope there may never be any necessity for a discontinuance of their present plan of operations in this particular.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 17, '52.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Through the Secretary of the General Relief Committee of New Orleans, I was handed a copy of your Magazine for September in which I notice an article in relation to said committee, of which I have the honor to be chairman. Brothers you have paid us a high compliment, but we have done no more than our duty, and I think I can speak for every member of our beloved order here—that we are ready and always willing to carry out the true principles you have so fully and ably advocated.

I had the article published in our organ—Daily True Delta—for circulation, and send you a copy, with my sincere wish for the prosperity of your undertaking. Believe me in F. L. & T.

EDWARD EDGAR.

BROOKVILLE, Ind., Sept. 24th.

MESSRS. EDITORS: By a mere accident I became aware that you had engaged in an enterprise long

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needed in this State. Heretofore we have had no work from which we could glean any intelligence of the progress of the Order. Now by a mutual intercourse (with your permission) through your valuable Magazine, each one may inform himself of the standing and progress of the order throughout the whole State. Penn Lodge No. 80, of which I am a member, is doing very finely notwithstanding the difficulties she has had to encounter, having lost her ALL by fire. Sickness, and death frequently visiting her, she has ably combatted with them, and having sent out part of the charter members for two Lodges, still numbers upwards of fifty members most of whom are good and true. We have a very good Hall and our membership is increasing slowly but surely.

Yours in F. L. & T.

F. R. A. JETER.

VERNON, Sept. 25th, '52.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Enclosed is two dollars; please send two numbers of your truly neat and interesting Magazine, a work that should receive the patronage of every true Odd Fellow in Indiana who is able to pay one dollar for any publication; and every Lodge should take at least one No. for the benefit of those that are not able. I take four political papers, but I positively would not part with the Magazine for the four.

Accept my best wishes for your health and success. Yours in F. L. T.

H. M. C.

Thank you Bro. C.; we will always try to merit the patronage of the order in the State and elsewhere. We trust that every Odd Fellow will follow your good advice.

By a letter from our R. W. G. Master, Jos. L. SILCOX, dated Pittsburgh, September 27, 1852, we learn that G. Rep. P. A. HACKLEMAN, while on his way from the G. L. U. S. had his wrist dislocated, and his arm severely fractured, by the upsetting of the stage between the Susquehanna and Pennsylvania Rail Road. He adds in a note from Madison, under date of the 30th Sept., "Brother HACKLEMAN is, I fear, in a bad condition. We sincerely trust that the injury is not as serious as anticipated.

The following we received under seal of the Lodge:

PENDLETON, Sept. 27, '52.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Pendleton Lodge No. 88 have directed me, as its R. S. to acquaint you with the following facts: On May 31, 1852, John W. Cassady was expelled from our Lodge for absconding and taking with him money not his own. We have since been informed that he has visited Warsaw Lodge, Illinois, with a card from our Lodge. THAT CARD IS FORGED. He is now in Iowa. He is about 5 feet 8 inches in height, heavy built; his occupation, tailoring.

Fraternally yours,

[L S] E. H. WRIGHT, Sec.

[Correspondence of the Magazine.]

THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES.

BALTIMORE Sept. 20, 1852.

Editors Western Odd Fellows' Magazine:

The G. L. U. S. convened this morning at 9 o'clock; all the Grand Officers and a large representation are present. As yet nothing has occurred, except the preliminary organization, worthy of notice; it is anticipated that a considerable amount of important business will be transacted. I am induced to believe that some important changes will be introduced and acted upon, in reference to the FINANCIAL concerns of the G. L. looking to a distribution of the large surplus funds now in the Treasury, and in future collecting only sufficient revenue, to meet the current expenses of the G. L. Nothing will, however, be done until after to-morrow, when the election of Grand Officers for the next term will take place, of which I will duly inform you.

Sept. 21.

The first thing in order this morning, was the election of officers which resulted in the choice of Rep. Wilmot G. De Saussure, of South Carolina, Grand Sire; Horace Manchester, of Rhode Island, D. G. Sire; Jas. L. Ridgely, G. C. & R. Secy's. Joshua Van Zant, G. Treas. The entire day has been taken up in the elections, and consequently, nothing more has been done.

Sept. 22.

At 9 o'clock this morning the Grand Lodge reassembled, when on motion of Mr. De Saussure, a committee of five was ordered to be elected to prepare a new Constitution for the Grand Lodge, and to report at the next session. The new Constitution under the resolution is to be referred to the State Grand Lodges, and to be finally acted on by the G. L. of the U. S. in 1854. No other business of importance was transacted to-day. There has been presented and referred a vast amount of business, some of which contemplates aconsiderable reform in the powers of the G. L. of the U. S., or at least defining more particularly what are the powers of that body.

I will hereafter send you the printed proceedings as they appear. Yours, D.

We have received the printed proceedings, but only have room in this No. for the following.

GRAND SIRE'S REPORT.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States:

BROTHERS: Being again convened in annual session, pursuant to the fraternal compact which binds together our great and flourishing institution, to survey its present condition and unite our counsels for its future welfare, it reverently becomes us, before entering upon the business for which we have assembled, to acknowledge with gratitude the infinite wisdom and goodness of an all-wise Providence, to whose protecting care we are

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so greatly indebted for the many blessings we enjoy. Both as citizens of a common country and as members of an association whose beneficent operations extend to every part of its inhabited territories, we have had during the past year abundant cause of felicitation, in the evidences of increasing prosperity and happiness which have marked its progress. Blessed with peace in all our borders, preserved from pestilence, favored with plentiful harvests, and witnessing in active and successful operation all the appliances of industry, science, and art, cold indeed must be the heart that does not glow with a sense of devout thankfulness to the Giver of all good for his benignant dispensations towards us.

It would be supererogation for me to enter upon details whilst informing the Representatives here congregated, from all parts of our widely-expanded jurisdiction, that the institution of Odd-Fellowship has shared largely in the general prosperity and advancement of our age and country. Its lodges and membership have been greatly increased; its wealth and power proportionately augmented; and its business affairs, in all their extensive ramifications, distinguished by a harmony the most auspicious and encouraging. It short, in its noble career of beneficence, it continues to disarm prejudice, to silence slander, and calm the swells of sectarian bigotry, at the same time that it more securely fortifies itself against successful opposition, and more widely and firmly establishes its pre-eminence amongst the most benevolent institutions of the age.

Grand Lodges having been established in all the States, (except California,) and Grand Encampments in nearly all of them, and there now remains but little territory in which it is the province of this Grand Lodge to organize Lodges or Encampments; and, consequently, the necessity of issuing dispensations for such bodies, in pursuance of the law which invests your executive officers with that discretion during the recess, has become quite limited, in comparison with what it has been in past years. A recapitulation of the acts of the Grand Sire cannot, therefore, occupy much space in this communication.

During the recess we have issued a warrant for, and caused to be instituted at Muscatine, the Grand Encampment of Iowa, previously authorized by an act of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Encampment was duly organized on the 10th of June last, by Bro. Amos Mathews, then District Deputy Grand Sire for that State, and is represented to be in a promising condition.

We have also issued dispensations for Subordinate Lodges at Salem, Oregon; St. Paul's, Minnesota; and Santa Fe, New Mexico; and for a Subordinate Encampment at Monticello, Florida; all of which acts are respectfully submitted for your approval and confirmation.

The Lodge at Salem, in Oregon, if it shall have been instituted, (of which there is no reason to doubt,) will be the first Lodge opened in that distant Territory, the warrant heretofore granted for a Lodge at Oregon City having been cancelled.

The Order in California, the condition of which will be learned from the report of the Grand Secretary and its accompanying documents, will require your special attention.

The report of the same distinguished and indefatigable officer will also inform you of the nature of a communication received last spring from an association styling itself the "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of England," proposing a union with the Odd-Fellows of the United States. The Grand Sire fully coincides in the views presented by the Grand Secretary in relation to this subject, so far as they are adverse to the proposed union.

In May last an application was received for a Lodge at Panama, in the Republic of New Granada, where our Order might be planted with great advantage to the numerous brotherhood who are constantly removing to and from California; but the application having been informal, we were relieved from the duty of deciding upon its contents, and simply informed the petitioners in what manner they could legally proceed in their laudable work. It is not improbable, therefore, that the petition will be renewed, in anticipation of which event the documents are herewith submitted for your examination and judgment, if it shall be your pleasure to institute special legislation upon the subject.

In January last a commission was issued to Bro. M. D. Papy, the District Deputy Grand Sire of Florida, to confer the Encampment degrees upon a sufficient number of scarlet members, to enable them to petition for an Encampment; which trust having been promptly discharged by Bro. Papy, a petition was forwarded in due form, upon which a dispensation was granted for Ancilla Encampment, No. 2, of Florida, to be located at Monticello; of the opening of which no return has yet been received.

Only one charter has been reclaimed during the recess—that of State Encampment, No. 3, of Iowa, which became forfeited by its neglect to forward proper returns to this Grand Lodge. Its funds and warrant have been duly returned to the office of the Grand Secretary.

In ——— last the Grand Sire authorized Bro. Joseph D. Ellis, who had been previous-

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ly appointed District Deputy Grand Sire for the Territory of New Mexico, to elevate a number of scarlet members to the Patriarchal degrees, to enable them to petition for a Subordinate Encampment, to be located at Santa Fe; and, these brethren having been duly qualified as petitioners, an application for an Encampment was received from them several weeks ago. It was accompanied, however, by other documents touching the condition of the Order in New Mexico, which induced your executive officers, in view of the near approach of this annual session, to submit to your judgment, as they now do, the propriety of granting the prayer of the petitioners.

Early in the present year the Degree of Rebekah was distributed, in accordance with your enactment of last session, to such Grand Lodges as applied for it, and, so far as we are informed, it has been received by them with general favor. The work is now in possession of the Grand Lodges of all the States, except those of Maryland and North Carolina, which have deferred final action upon the question of purchasing it. In order to insure uniformity in putting this degree into operation, the Grand Sire deemed it necessary to accompany it with some general instructions, a copy of which is submitted with this report.

Since your last communication the Block of Marble which was directed to be prepared as a contribution from this Grand Lodge to the National Monument, now in the course of erection at the city of Washington, as a memorial of the Nation's gratitude to the Hero and Sage who so eminently contributed to the establishment of its liberties, has been formally presented to the President of the United States, who is ex-officio President of the Board of Managers of the Monument Association. The correspondence which took place on the occasion will be laid before you. It may be added, however, that in the preparation and embellishment of this block, no pains have been spared to make it worthy of the Order which it is designed in part to represent in the lofty column now being reared by a grateful people to perpetuate the name of their most illustrious countryman, whose civic virtues and heroic deeds deservedly occupy so proud a place in the esteem and admiration of the world. The execution of the work having been committed to Bro. Peter Fritz, the present Grand Master of Pennsylvania, that brother is justly entitled to high credit for the faithful and disinterested manner in which he discharged the important trust confided in him.

The receipts into the Treasury during the year, of which the worthy Grand Secretary's report will contain a detailed statement, are more than sufficient to discharge the current expenses, including the per diem and mileage of members for the present session. If there were any probability that the revenue of the Grand Lodge would continue to exceed its necessary expenses, which have been greatly increased by requiring the compensation of Representatives to be paid out of its treasury, sound policy would dictate a reduction in some branches of its income. But, under the present circumstances, as much the largest portion of the receipts for this year have been derived from a temporary source, which has now been nearly exhausted, and cannot be expected hereafter to furnish means to any considerable amount, a prudent foresight would suggest the impropriety of disturbing the existing revenue laws; the more especially as the regular income of the year has been less than the accruing expenses, and in a very brief period this income must be still further reduced, when the revenue now arising from the per centage of Subordinates shall be transferred to State jurisdictions. It becomes us, therefore, so to manage our financial affairs as to retain in the treasury a surplus large enough to meet any emergency that might be produced by a deficiency in the general receipts.

In the financial statistics of the past year there is one exhibit which will be regarded with general regret—that one which discloses that the appeal of this Grand Lodge, for contributions in aid of the annuity proposed to be conferred on the honored Patriarch of our Order, has not called forth those liberal responses which were too confidently anticipated. It will be seen that a few only of the State bodies have evinced a disposition to second the views of this Grand Lodge in bestowing upon that worthy and venerated brother some substantial evidence of a just appreciation of his faithful services, and of his pre-eminent claims upon the generous sympathies of a great and flourishing institution, to whose growth and maturity he has devoted the vigor and substance of his life. It is for the Grand Lodge to determine whether it is expedient to resort to any other measure with a view to the accomplishment of the praiseworthy object contemplated by its previous legislation on this subject.

It is a source of gratification to be able to state that the contributions in aid of our brethren at Honolulu have been quite liberal, and will, it is hoped, satisfy those who are laboring in behalf of the Order in that distant region that their efforts are not regarded by us with indifference.

The same cause which, as before stated, has circumscribed the acts of your executive officers in authorizing the opening of Lodges

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and Encampments, (namely, the covering of the States by Grand Bodies,) has also considerably limited the necessity of direct appeals to the Grand Sire to settle debatable questions touching the law or practice of the Order. The comparatively few cases presented for adjudication afford gratifying evidence of the comprehensiveness and efficacy of the existing code, as well as of the greater familiarity with its provisions which has been acquired by the experience of the brotherhood. The correspondence accompanying this report will disclose the nature of all the questions decided during the recess. A portion of them only can be here recapitulated for general information, viz:

1. That upon the adoption of any degree by this Grand Lodge, the Grand Representatives who are put in possession of it in the discharge of their representative duties, have no right to confer it upon Subordinate Lodges without having been regularly authorized so to do by their respective Grand Lodges; to which bodies the degree should be first formally reported, that they may adopt measures for putting it into operation, each within its own jurisdiction.

2. That the resolution of the last session does not authorize Grand Lodges to adjourn their sessions from place to place, as a majority of the members may at the moment decide by resolution, but merely authorizes said Lodges to change their place of meeting without consulting this Grand Lodge, by amendments of their constitutions and by-laws; and that, in the absence of such constitutional provisions, the meetings of Grand Lodges ought to be held at such places as are designated in their charters.

3. That a Grand Master has no power summarily to remove an officer of a Subordinate Lodge, as his official relations are not with the officers of Lodges, but with the Lodges themselves, in their lodge capacity; and, therefore, if a Noble Grand persists in permitting improper work in violation of his instructions, it is the duty of the Grand Master to inform the Lodge that unless it shall require its officer to conform to the work it will be dealt with for insubordination.

4. That the term of service for Grand Officers, as recognized by all the proceedings of this Grand Lodge, is one year; and that Grand Officers who are elected for the brief period of three or four months would not be entitled to the official honors of said offices.

5. The Past Grands deputized to install the officers of Subordinates are charged with a special duty, clearly prescribed by law, and are entitled to all the respect due to the officers whom they represent, but that they have no authority summarily to deprive a Lodge of its charter, nor any right to assume the rank of elective officers and introduce strangers into a Lodge without card or password.

6. That Past Grands deputized to officiate as Grand Officers at the installation of officers of Subordinate Lodges, and such other members of a Grand Lodge as may assemble to aid in those ceremonies, are required before entering the ante-room to give the same password that is demanded of other brothers; but that after the Lodge has been duly informed by the Grand Marshal of the presence in the ante-room of the installing officers, no password should be required of them at the inner door.

7. That, on a regular night of meeting, when, in the absence of the two principal officers, a Lodge had been opened for business with a Past Grand in the Noble Grand's chair and a scarlet member in the Vice Grand's chair, the proceedings of said meeting could not be pronounced illegal on the ground that there was present no Past Grand to occupy the chair if the acting Noble Grand had been required temporarily to vacate it, because, if the chair had been thus temporarily vacated, it would have been the duty of the right supporter to occupy it.

8. That the Noble Grand of a Lodge has not the right to admit a member belonging to another Lodge in his State jurisdiction without the term password, but that he may admit members of his own Lodge without said word, if they be not in arrears to an amount that would disqualify them from receiving it.

9. That a Secretary has no right to withhold a card which has been granted by a Lodge, and for doing so he is liable to arraignment, even if the responsibility be assumed on the alleged discovery of crime on the part of the intended recipient.

10. That the laws of the various States and Municipalities, in consequence of the diversity of their provisions, would not, as a general rule, be a proper guide in determining the question of residence of applicants for membership, but that Lodges must be governed in this respect by such considerations as would prevail in ordinary business or social relations; as, for instance, that a married man, accompanied by his family and chattels, and engaged in some regular business, should be domiciled at the place of application, or that a single man, having with him his goods or implements of his trade, should be engaged in the business of his calling; and the absence, in either case, of any good reason to suppose that the presence of such persons was owing to the pursuit of a merely temporary object.

11. That a brother who has lost or been

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dispossessed of a withdrawal card, from no cause which should impeach his own conduct, may obtain a new card, bearing the same date, from the Lodge which had granted the original one, the said Lodge being the judge as to the propriety of granting the new issue, and, if granted, expressing on its face that it is a duplicate.

12. That a brother holding a withdrawal card which has run out of date may be recognized as an ancient Odd-Fellow, and be allowed to renew his membership by the deposite of said card, in a Lodge at the place of his residence, upon the payment of such fee as the laws of said Lodge may require.

13. That it is not necessary or proper to reconsider or rescind a vote granting a withdrawal card, in order to arraign the brother to whom such card may have been given; because, the card having been voted, the membership of the brother ceases, and he has a legal right to the card, which, if he desires to renew his membership, he can deposite in the usual mode, or if it shall have been indiscreetly granted to an unworthy brother, the Lodge may annul it, taking care to allow to the brother implicated a fair and impartial trial, as in the case of suspended members against whom charges are preferred.

14. That a brother who is a member in good standing in a Subordinate Lodge in one State, and at the same time a resident in another State, is a proper candidate for initiation into an Encampment at the place of his residence.

15. That the Degree of Rebekah is an honorary degree, to be conferred, under the regulations adopted at the last session, upon such scarlet members and their wives as may desire to receive it; but that the officers of all Lodges which are in possession of the work ought to be in regular possession of the degree, upon the same principle that they are required to assume other obligations belonging to the official stations.

Some other decisions, relating to internal administration and the work of the Order, which may probably deserve the examination of the committee on that subject, will be found in the correspondence submitted with this report.

It having come to the knowledge of the Grand Sire that the office of the Grand Secretary suffers much inconvenience for the want of a seal press, and that a new seal is also necessary, he respectfully invites attention to the subject.

It is to the Grand Sire a cause of gratulation, as it ought to be to the Grand Representatives and the Order generally, that few questions have been submitted for his opinion in regard to which he has not been able to find law to guide his judgment. The imperfections, however, that have become apparent should be provided for, in order to limit as far as possible individual discretion. Perhaps the most remarkable deficiency is, that although all the general legislation of this body is founded upon the presumption that the terms of the officers of State Grand Bodies are established at one year, there appears upon our journal no enactment regulating those terms, except the act of the Grand Lodge of Maryland at the time of its separation from the Grand Lodge of the United States. Other remarkable defects in the general laws are the absence of any provision prescribing the mode in which membership may be renewed by brothers holding expired withdrawal cards, or for the replacing of cards that may have been lost or destroyed. It is the more necessary to provide for these cases because re-initiations are contrary to usage; and even upon this subject there is no law of record upon our journal.

Having placed before you a report of my official acts and doings, as required by the organic law, the duty devolves upon you to institute such legislation as in your judgment may be required by the interests of our cherished Order. It is now, as has before been stated, harmonious and prosperous in all its relations. Our numerous brotherhood, affiliated for no unlawful purpose, but, on the contrary, ever standing firmly in defense of their country and its laws; excluding from their halls all sectarian and political discussions; discouraging every species of vice and immorality; disseminating no other doctrines than those of peace and good-will to man, have thus far been peculiarly favored by the encouraging smiles of Heaven; and to that high source we may ever look with confidence, so long as we maintain fresh and vigorous, in the true spirit of its foundation, an Order built upon the very homestead of humanity—of gentle brotherhood—and keep in view those active interchanges of kind offices that sweeten so much the mingled ingredients in the cup of human life. Let moderation, kindness, and forbearance characterize all our acts; let a genial faith in the omnipotence of good principles and just feeling and action pervade us, and thus shall we carry into practical effect the highest objects of our being on earth, at the same time that we honor the imperishable principles upon which are based the solid foundations of our Order.

WM. W. MOORE, *Grand Sire.*

We have been compelled to omit, for want of room, part of the editorial correspondence, notices of books and Magazines, and several communications.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. NOVEMBER, 1852. NO. V.

ABSTRACT OF THE

PROCEEDINGS OF THE ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF U. S., I. O. O. F., HELD AT BALTIMORE, SEPT. 1852.

We continue from our Oct. No. an abstract of the proceedings of the G. L. U. S. We trust that its length will not prevent any of our readers from giving it a careful perusal. We know that very few of the Order ever get to see what the "source of all true and legitimate authority in Odd Fellowship" has been doing, and we have taken some considerable trouble to give the result of its labors to our readers, and we think they may depend upon the correctness of the abstract.

We will hereafter refer to some of the proceedings of that body, and give our opinion upon some things that it did and some things that it did not. We have no room in this No.

EXTRACTS FROM G. SEC'S REPORT.

To the R. W. Grand Lodge of the U. S:

The undersigned Corresponding and Recording Secretary, in conformity to Law, herewith submits the Annual Report of his office. The following resolutions embody the several subjects of duty enjoined upon him during the recess:

Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of the Grand Lodge are eminently due to P. G. S. Robert H. Griffin, for his efficient discharge of the duties of the office of Grand Sire for the past two years, and for the able, impartial, urbane, and courteous manner in which he has presided over the deliberations of this body during its sessions.

Resolved further, That the Grand Secretary be and he is here by instructed to present, on behalf of this Grand Lodge, to P. G. S. Robert H. Griffin a diploma embodying on the face thereof the foregoing resolution, duly attested with the seal of the Grand Lodge and the signature of the Grand Officers.—Page 1693 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Masters of the various Grand Lodges of this jurisdiction be requested, immediately after the receipt by them of this resolution, to issue notice to the various Subordinate Lodges, soliciting, for the relief of Excelsior Lodge, No. 1, Sandwich Islands, the contribution of a sum not exceeding one dollar from each Subordinate Lodge, and transmit the same to the R. W. Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge, at Baltimore, at their earliest convenient time, to be appropriated by him to the payment of the debts due by Excelsior Lodge, No 1, Sandwich Islands, to an amount not to exceed $2,000, and the the surplus, if any, to be remitted to said Lodge, as trustee, for the sole and exclusive purpose of establishing a fund for the relief of travelling brothers iu those far distant island of the sea, and to be used for other purpose.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of the United States be directed to transmit a copy of these resolutions, at the earliest practicable moment, to the Grand Masters of the various jurisdictions, and also the Subordinate Lodges under this jurisdiction, and request their early attention to the subject—Page 1742 Journal.

Resolved, That the sum of $100 be and the same is hereby appropriated to defray the expenses for a Portrait of Past Grand Sire Robert H. Griffin, when the same shall be delivered to the Grand Secretary, in the city of Baltimore.—Page 1752 Journal.

Resolved, That the members of this body be respectfully urged, at as early a date as possible, to endeavor to obtain from the respective Grand Lodges of which they are members, an annual appropriation of forty dollars, to continue during the life of P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey, and to be applied to his support.

Resolved, That in the event of such appropriations being made by any Grand Lodge, such Grand Lodge be requested to have the same paid over to the Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary of this Grand Lodge, and by him the amounts so re-

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ceived shall be paid over to P. G. Sire Thomas Wildey.—Page 1745 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding Secretary be and he is hereby instructed to address a circular letter to each Grand Master under this jurisdiction, requesting them to refer the subject of the foregoing report and resolutions to their respective Grand Lodges.

Resolved, That a select committee of three be appointed for the purpose of reviewing and accepting, if approved by them, the Index to the Journals of the Grand Lodge of the United States, now in course of preparation, under the order of the last session.

Resolved, That said committee be authorized to draw on the Treasurer for such amount of compensation to the author of said Index as in their judgement the same may be worth, not exceeding, however, the sum of $500.

Resolved, That said committee also contract for the new engravings for the work, referred to in the above report, and have power to sit during the recess, and that the Grand Treasurer be and he is hereby directed to pay to them the same mileage and per diem, now allowed to Grand Representatives, upon the certificate of the Grand Secretary; provided, however, that per diem shall not be allowed for a longer time than one week, and mileage be charged for each mile travelled from their respective residences to the place of meeting and back again, for one time only.—Page 1755 Journal.

Resolved, That the Recording Grand Secretary be and he is hereby directed to procure forthwith a set of full bound books—to open them by double-entry—to keep separate accounts with *Odes, Cards, Diplomas*, each kind of *Degree Working and other Books*—showing their cost, receipts for sale, the number printed, and the number disposed of—also, nominal accounts with *Charters, Representative Tax, Subordinate Tax, &c.*

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be and he hereby is directed to take immediate steps to collect the amounts reported as due on schedule A, and to prefer charges against any and all of the individuals there named in the Lodge to which they respectively belong, in the event of their neglect or refusal to pay the amounts they have collected for this Grand Lodge.—Page 1780 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be authorized to have printed ——copies of the digest of the rules, for the use of the members of this body. Page 1782 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be authorized to furnish a copy of the revised edition of the proceedings of this Grand Lodge, from its foundation to and including the present session, to the members of this Grand Lodge, (as soon as the same have been published,) whenever called for.—Page 1783 Journal.

Resolved, That the Corresponding and Recording Secretary be instructed to have the drawing of the seal designed for the block of marble, &c, placed in a suitable frame, and draw on the Grand Lodge for cost of the same.—Page 1785 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be authorized to procure Regalia for the Grand Officers of this Grand Lodge.—Page 1788 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be authorized to procure desks and chairs for this hall, for the use of such of the Representatives from State Grand Lodges and Encampments as are now without them.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be and is hereby directed to have all pending amendments to the Constitution arranged and printed in the same form as those used at this session, and ready for use at the opening of the session of 1852.—Page 1790 Journal.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary notify the various Encampments of the change in the O. B. N. of that degree.—Page 1796 Journal.

Resolved, That the price of the bound volume, to be printed under the direction of the Grand Secretary, of the Ladies Degree, shall be fixed at one dollar, and that as soon as printed and bound the Secretary shall furnish them to Grand Lodges at that price. Page 1808 Journal.

The 1st and 2nd resolutions have been complied with.

The 3d and 4th resolutions in reference to the "Honolulu Fund, have in part been attended to. The sum of $1,121 50 was forwarded to the G. S. which he paid over to the G. Treas.

The duties required by the 5th resolution were performed.

The subject of the 6th, 7th and 8th resolutions were attended to by the Grand Sec., but the reports of the various Grand Lodges, were not as anticipated; the following being the amount donated to the Wildey Fund, viz: from Louisiana $40; Illinois $40; British North America $50; Missouri $40; South Carolina $40; Arkansas $20. Total $230, which was paid to P. G. Sire Wildey.

The 9th, 10th and 11th resolutions, in reference to indexing the new edition of the Journal, &c., have been complied with, and although many delays are complained of, his report states that two volumes of the indexed and revised Journal will be in readiness during the present session.

The 12th resolution was so far complied with as to enable the G. Sec. to "present

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his fiscal accounts, including a stock account, shewing the cost and sale price respectively."

The thirteenth resolution directs the Corresponding Secretary to take immediate steps to collect the amounts reported as due in schedule A, and to prefer charges against any and all individuals, in the lodges to which they respectively belong, in the event of their neglect or refusal to pay. In obedience to this resolution, the undersigned, on the 5th day of March, 1852, addressed a circular letter to each individual in debt to the Grand Lodge of the United States, enclosing a copy of the above resolution, and earnestly inviting his attention to the subject. No reply has been received to these communications, except from Bro. Charles H. Constable, late District Deputy Grand Sire for Illinois, expressing his readiness to settle, without delay, his accounts if certain credits claimed to be due him were allowed; having no authority to allow the credits claimed, the correspondence upon the subject is respectfully submitted. Believing that a reasonable delay was proper to be allowed to the parties concerned, before carrying into effect the direction contained in the latter part of the resolution, to-wit, to prefer charges against the delinquents, I have not proceeded further than to notify them of your purpose in that respect.

The duty imposed by the fourteenth resolution has not been performed, in consequence of the non-receipt of the manuscript copy of the Digest of the Rules of Order from the committee to whom the subject was committed.

The failure of the undersigned to receive the revised edition of the Journal has prevented him from compliance with the fifteenth resolution; so soon as the work is received the copies designated will be distributed, in conformity with the resolution, if it be the pleasure of the Grand Lodge.

The 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st resolutions were complied with.

From the official correspondence of the past year the G. Sec. makes the following summary:

Great Britain.—A communication, dated London, April 30, 1852, and signed on "on behalf of the Central Corresponding Delegate Committee of England," by P. G. M. L. M. Clogg, P. G. M. P. L. Mair, and P. G. P. L. M. F. Wood, Corresponding Secretary, has been received at this office, addressed to the Grand Lodge of the United States, which earnestly advocates a union of that Order with this jurisdiction. This paper purports to be the act of a committee authorized by a Delegate Meeting of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of England, which meeting, it is alledged, represented two hundred and thirty-three thousand Odd Fellows. The circumstances connected with the severance of the Order in the two countries are of record, and fresh, doubtless, in the recollections of the Brotherhood. The Grand Lodge of the United States, prompted by the most generous impulses of humanity, and at a very considerable expense, sent across the Atlantic a special delegation for the purpose of identifying the work of Odd Fellowship throughout the Earth. The Order in Great Britain, represented by the Manchester Unity, did not meet that magnanimous motive in a kindred spirit. Upon the return of your delegates you promptly declared for a severance of the Union; that divorce still continues, and a branch of the Brotherhood in England now approach you suggesting a renewal of fraternal relations. This organization is known in that country as the "London Order of Odd Fellows," and is wholly independent of the Manchester Unity, the only body of Odd Fellows with which the Grand Lodge of the United States ever held fellowship in England. With the London Order we have never affiliated, having always recognised the various organizations of Odd Fellows in England, outside the Manchester Unity, as schismatic. In the judgment of the undersigned, if Odd Fellowship, as practised in the London Order, bears any resemblance to that of the Manchester Unity, of which fact he cannot permit himself to doubt, a union with such an organization of Odd Fellowship is in no way desirable; and the single condition upon which such a proposition would deserve notice, would be the adoption by that Order of the entire work of the Order as practised in this jurisdiction, and the substitution of the elevated moral of the American Order for the conviviality which characterise the lodge meetings throughout England. In other words, a conformation to the relation which our English brethren, under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of British North America, bear towards us, in all respects, ought to be a *sine qua non* in the consideration of this subject. The papers relating to this application are herewith submitted, and it is respectfully suggested that the subject might be appropriately referred to the Grand Lodge of British North America.

British North America.—No communication during the recess has been received from the Grand Lodge of British North America. The undersigned had, however, the pleasure of a conference with J. Maclaren, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the Province of Quebec, duly accredited as such by the Grand Sire of that Jurisdiction. This distinguished brother visited the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and upon his re-

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turn home, in a communication dated Quebec, Canada East, 24th February, 1852, begs the undersigned to express to the brethren of those two cities, "his sincere thanks for the great kindness shown him, and for the interchange of fraternal sentiments and valuable information afforded him." The same communication conveys the agreeable information, that, "although the Order under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of British North America does not present the same noble aspect which it exhibits in the United States," yet the writer "is happy to say, that there are yet some noble spirits among the brethren in Canada, and it only requires a more intimate communication with our American brethren to catch a spark of the fire that burns so brightly with them." In view of the apparent feeble condition of the Order in British North America, it would seem to be the duty of the Grand Lodge of the United States to make an effort to inspire the Brotherhood in that jurisdiction with renewed energy.

MICHIGAN.—The Order in Michigan continues to be in the highest degree prosperous.

VERMONT.—The report of the present efficient District Deputy Grand Sire of Vermont, states "that the Subordinate Lodges are generally in a very healthy condition and are increasing, but the Encampment branch of the Order does not succeed so well."

MAINE.—I have but little doubt, from the supplies obtained, that the Subordinates of that State is making an honorable effort to free herself from indebtedness to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The average strength of the Order continues in both branches, and general health prevails throughout the jurisdiction.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Order is advancing.

RHODE ISLAND.—From the Annual Report I learn that the Order continues to prosper throughout the State.

CONNECTICUT.—Odd Fellowship in this State is prosperous under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge; but the Patriarchal department appears to have been sadly neglected.

NEW YORK.—The Order in both jurisdictions appears to enjoy a reasonable degree of prosperity; in the Northern Grand Lodge, a large increase of Lodges and accession of membership has taken place.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The progress of the Order continues to be unabated, and the increase of Lodges and membership is co-extensive with that of the past year.

NEW JERSEY.—The highest degree of prosperity prevails in both branches of the Order in this State, and to the untiring and self-sacrificing energy of the late Grand Master, James Wood, of that jurisdiction, the Order owes a lasting obligation. This efficient officer visited every Lodge in the State in person during his term of office.

DELAWARE.—The Order continues to advance with healthful steps in Delaware.

MARYLAND.—In no part of our extended jurisdiction does Odd-Fellowship occupy a prouder position than in Maryland.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—Odd-Fellowship continues to enjoy a healthful existence in this jurisdiction, and maintains its usual strength.

VIRGINIA.—The return from Virginia presents a gratifying condition of the Order, showing, "a steady increase in numbers as well as peace and happiness within the jurisdiction."

NORTH CAROLINA.—Odd-Fellowship advances in both departments, and the spirit of harmony and brotherly love prevails within the State.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—In this jurisdiction a healthy condition of the Order is preserved, and Odd-Fellowship maintains its elevated position in South Carolina.

GEORGIA.—In Georgia the Order prospers and increases in both branches.

FLORIDA.—There are six Subordinates at work within the State, all of which are believed to be in a prosperous condition. The Encampment branch, has not as yet been reported from.

MISSISSIPPI.—I am pleased to say, that there is a steady progress of the Order in this jurisdiction, and unusual harmony prevails.

ALABAMA.—The Order continues to advance in Alabama. There have been six new Lodges instituted during the year.

LOUISIANA.—Odd-Fellowship continues to move forward with unabated strength in this State. The Brotherhood in New Orleans have erected a magnificent hall, for the accommodation of the Lodges and Encampments in that city, and have also, for several years past, interred their deceased members in a cemetery exclusively consecrated as a final resting place for their own membership.

MISSOURI.—"Missouri is all right. Lodges and membership increasing steadily, if not rapidly; our last number is 54, at Oregon."

ILLINOIS.—The Order is in a most healthful and prosperous condition.

INDIANA.—It is with great pleasure that I present to the Representatives a gratifying picture of the condition of Odd-Fellowship in Indiana in both branches. At the late session of the Grand Lodge of that State, charters were granted to eight new Lodges, the last number being 118. The Grand

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Encampment has been no less prosperous, having thirty Subordinates at work. and is entitled, at this session, to one additional Representative, who will be present. The Order in this jurisdiction is, in all respects, in a most flourishing condition. The membership now reaches 5,111.

Ohio.—Odd-Fellowship in Ohio is in a most prosperous, flourishing, and harmonious condition. Never was it more so. We have added largely to our numbers, and the Order has been the means of extending great relief to the needy and distressed. The increase of Lodges during the year has been seventeen, and of members nearly two thousand.

Kentucky.—The Annual report of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, exhibits a gratifying increase of the Order in that jurisdiction.

Tennessee.—But little information has been received of the progress of the Order in this State. There can be no doubt, however, that Odd-Fellowship has had a season of prosperity in Tennessee during the past year.

Arkansas.—The Grand Lodge of this State has had a respectable accession of strength to her Subordinates since the last Annual Report.

Wisconsin.—In this State the Order is, in the highest degree, prosperous, with fifty eight Lodges in active operation.

Iowa.—I have great pleasure in reporting that the Grand Encampment of this State. after a delay of more than one year, has at length been organized under the most flattering auspices.

The Subordinates under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of Iowa are all in prosperous circumstances.

Texas.—The report of the Grand Lodge of Texas exhibits a high degree of prosperity in that jurisdiction. There are now twenty-three Subordinate Lodges at active work in the State, whose aggregate membership exceeds six hundred. When it is recollected that the Order struggled for many years with a bare existence, in that remote region, the progress now exhibited will be more fully appreciated. Herewith an application is presented for an additional Encampment in that State.

Sandwich Islands.—Two reports have been received from Excelsior Lodge No. 1, Honolulu, Oahu, from which it appears, that the Lodge consists of sixty-eight members; that the receipts for these terms were $596 11, and the expenditures for relief $370 00; the whole of which, it is represented, was disbursed for "brothers of the Order not members of the Lodge." This information, it is hoped, may serve to quicken the action of the Lodges in the United States which have not yet contributed to the "Honolulu Hall Fund."

Oregon.—Since our last session application has been received for the organization of a Lodge to be located at Salem, Marion county, Oregon Territory, to be called "Chenieketa" Lodge No. 1. This application has been granted, and the deputation to institute it committed to P. G. E. M. Barnum, of that city, whose qualification was properly avouched. It will be recollected that a charter was formerly granted for Oregon Lodge No. 1, at Oregon City, but the Lodge was never opened, and the warrant never heard of.* This, therefore, is the first Lodge in that distant Territory. The applicants represent that "Salem is the seat of government of the Territory, and that a numerous and healthy Lodge will in a short time be built up in that city."

California.—I am in possession of a fund of varied information from this State, all of which tends to one conclusion, that for want of proper information, the Order, although numerous and prosperous, is sadly benighted, so far as the proper conduct of the work is concerned. It will be recollected that at the session of 1848, A. V. Fraser was appointed D. D. G. Sire for the Pacific coast, wi h plenipotentiary power to institute Lodges in that region of country. This brother came to the Grand Lodge of the United States highly recommended from the District of Columbia, having for several years been connected with the Navy Department. He was the appointee of the government to the command of the revenue service in that part the Pacific Ocean. A brother of high character, occupying a high official position, and a devoted Odd-Fellow, the Grand Lodge gladly availed itself of his generously proffered services, to spread the blessings of Odd-Fellowship throughout this interesting part of the Union. He was duly commissioned with full power to establish the Order on the Pacific coast, and supplied with blank warrants, books, and every necessary material to carry out the purpose of his mission. California Lodge No. 1, was alone instituted by the Grand Lodge of the United States, directly. From the period of this appointment, and the embarkation of this brother, no official return was received until very recently, although rumors had frequently reached this office that Lodges of Odd Fellows had been established in various parts of the State of California. The Corresponding Secretary is in receipt of a com-

* By a report recently received from D. D. G. Sire Fraser it appears that this warrant was used for Excelsior Lodge, Honolulu, now cancelled and returned by him.

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munication from Special D. D. G. Sire Fraser, dated at New York on the 18th day of July last, from which he learns that that officer had been earnestly engaged in the spread of our Order in that country that he had established several Lodges, a full report of which he would make to your present session. The undersigned also received the balance of the supplies remaining on hand from that officer, a schedule of which is herewith presented. During this year the undersigned has received reports and communications from several Lodges and individuals in this State, not yet recognised for want of returns from D. D. G. Sire. It will become necessary, in the continued absence of such returns, for the Grand Lodge to adopt some measure to protect the Lodges claiming to belong to our jurisdiction, of whose organization by your authority no official report has yet been received. I herewith also report an interesting letter from brother Samuel H. Parker, formerly a Grand Representative of New Hampshire, now a citizen of California. It will be seen from a perusal of that communication, that this distinguished brother has not abated any of that devotion or zeal for the cause of Odd-Fellowship, so earnestly displayed by him whilst a member of the Grand Lodge of the United States. He affectionately implores the attention of the Grand Lodge of the United States to the state of the Order in California, and suggests valuable advice. I respectfully commend this communication to your notice. I also herewith present several communications in the nature of complaints and petitions, also a communication from D. D. G. Sire Smily. I regret to say that no dues whatever, except the charter fee for California Lodge No. 1, authorised directly by the Grand Lodge of the United States, have been received from any D. D. G. Sire, or any Lodge whatever in the State of California; it nevertheless appears from their petitions that considerable sums have been paid by the Lodges in that State, and they now earnestly, under the impression that the sums paid by them have found their way to your treasury, ask for the return of them, on the ground of their necessities. This subject requires investigation. Since preparing the above, I am in receipt of an interesting report from D. D. G. Sire Frazer, herewith submitted.

MINNESOTA.—District Deputy Grand Sire John G. Potts, to whose care the Order in this Territory has been wisely committed by the Grand Sire, has furnished a highly gratifying and most interesting report of the healthy and prosperous condition of the Order in this jurisdiction. The Grand Lodge of the United States is under a lasting obligation to this indefatigable Odd-Fellow, for many valuable services heretofore rendered to the Order, but on no occasion more eminently so than for his earnest and persevering efforts in extending the Order into the distant country of Minnesota. His report of the opening of Henepon Lodge, No. 4, and his visitation to Minnesota, No. 1, at Stillwater, on Lake St. Croix, St. Paul's, No. 2, at St. Anthony's Fall, is full of interest, and I commend it to your special attention.

NEW MEXICO.—I have to report that the Order is prosperous in this Territory. A report has been received of the organization of Montezuma Lodge, No. 1, and Paradise Lodge, No. 2, at Santa Fe, together with the semi-annual return of the former Lodge. A proper application has also been received for the exaltation of seven Scarlet degree members, preliminary to forming an Encampment, the commission for which object was duly issued to District Deputy Grand Sire J. D. Ellis. Some dissatisfaction has manifested itself in this jurisdiction, touching the social habits and morals of that community.

The Journal of the last session was distributed when received from the printer, in the ratio prescribed by law.

The Constitution, By-Laws, and printed Proceedings of State Grand Bodies, and of Subordinates under their immediate jurisdiction, received at this office during the recess, are submitted for your approval.

Warrants have been issued during the year, with the approbation of the Grand Sire, as follows:

FOR GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Iowa, at Muscatine.

FOR SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Chenieketa, No. 1, Salem, Oregon.
Henepon, No. 4, St. Paul's Minnesota.
Paradise, No. 2, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

FOR SUBORDINATE ENCAMPMENT.

Ancilla, No. 2, Monticello, Florida.

These applications, together with the returns of the organization of the new bodies, are herewith presented.

Herewith I present copies of the daily papers of the cities of Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Cincinnati, containing the advertisement directed to be made, by resolution of September session, 1849, for sealed proposals for printing the Journals of this body, together with such proposals as have been received.

As required by the several laws regulating this department, the following statement exhibits "the receipts of this office, from what source, and for what object," during the fiscal year 1851–52. A supplementary table will be submitted during the

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session, showing the further receipts of the Corresponding Secretary from the termination of the fiscal year up to the first day of the session, inclusive. The several amounts, in obedience to the provision on that subject, have been paid into the treasury, vouchers for which accompany this report.

It will be seen that there have been paid into the Treasury since September 17, 1851 up to September 1, 1853, inclusive $12,991 73, which sum is the revenue proper of the fiscal year; the further sum of $1,125 50 being also received, but appliable specially to the "Wildey" and "Honolulu Hall Funds" respectively in the amounts indicated in the report. The balance in hand, per report of Committee on Finance, page 1778 Journal of last session, was $16,862 00, which together with the revenue proper, up to September, 1, 1852, forms an aggregate of $29,855 32, in the hands of the Treasurer during the year; of this sum up to September 1, 1852, the period when that officer's account was furnished to this office, for comparison with the books of the Corresponding Secretary, he had disbursed in payments, for mileage, per diem expenses and appropriations of last session an amount which leaves a balance in his hands on that day, of $13,681 24, as appears per his report; this balance, together with the receipts from September 1, 1852, to the close of the session, usually large, will be applicable to such objects as your wisdom may direct.

It will be recollected, that a part of the balance in the hands of the Treasurer, per report of Committee on Finance, consisted of $4,133 82, called drafts in transitu, received by the Corresponding Secretary from Grand Representatives during the session, on settlement of accounts; I have the pleasure to report, that these drafts were duly paid, except in the case of the Grand Bodies of Tennessee and Maine, amounting in all to $1001 84, the amount due by Tennessee, to wit: $268 07, will doubtless be paid at the present session, and the amount due by Maine, to wit: $763 77, will be adjusted. Whilst on this subject, the undersigned begs to say, that with every wish, on his part, to carry out strictly the law requiring cash payments, that nevertheless instances often present themselves, when he cannot avoid temporary indulgence to Grand Bodies, whose ability to discharge any debt incurred for supplies cannot for a moment be questioned. In this respect, something must be left to the discretion of the Corresponding Secretary, and when the Grand Lodge is assured that during a period of ten years past, out of a sale of supplies from this office exceeding one hundred thousand dollars, but a mere insignificant sum has been lost, there can be, it is thought, no great hazard, in confiding this discretion to that officer. To the undersigned, it will be a pleasure to conform to any order which the Grand Lodge may adopt upon the subject.

I submit herewith in connexion with the Finance a Stock account, shewing the amount on hand on the 17th day of September, 1851, when the Inventory was taken, the amount since received and sold, with net profit, and the amount on hand on the 1st day of September, 1852.

No statement of the actual receipts can at this time be made, in comparison, with the estimate of the Committee on Finance of the last session, by reason of the large amount to be received after the close of this report; the estimate was $14,311 37, which will doubtless be exceeded in the aggregate, although, in some instances, the actual amounts received to the credit of particular items, detailed in the report of the Committee vary essentially from the amount estimated. The proper comparison can only be made by the Committee on Finance at the present session when the receipts of the session are fully known.

The usual annual table, shewing the condition and progress of the Order is annexed, in an imperfect form, however, owing to the failure of many of the Grand Bodies to report

The invested funds of the Grand Lodge consists of

Maryland six per cents - - - - -	$2,800 00
Wildey loan, $8,000, less paid $1,758 59	6,241 41
	$9,041 41

All of which is respectfully submitted,

JAMES L. RIDGELY,
Cor. and R. Sec'y.

On page 132 of the October No. of our Magazine, our correspondent "D." informed us that the G. L. U. S. resolved to appoint a committee of five, to prepare a new constitution for that R. W. G. Body, by the next session. Said report is to "lie upon the table during the communication of 1853, and be considered as amendments of the Constitution, By-laws, and Rules of Order, to be acted upon at the communication of 1854." Reps. De Saussure of S. C.; Colfax, of Ind.; Bainard, of N. Y.; Ellison, of Mass., and P. G. Sire Griffin, of Ga., were elected as said committee.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions offered by Rep. DeSaussure, of S. C., be forwarded to the State Grand Bodies, at as early a day as possible after the adjournment of this Grand Lodge, and that they be requested to submit to this R. W. Body at its next session, through their Representatives,

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such amendments or suggestions in reference to the constitution of this Grand Lodge as in their judgment may be necessary to accomplish the object in view.

The amendments proposed to the constitution of the G. L. U. S. were called up, and the following adopted:

So amend Art. XI, as to make the annual session of the G. L. U. S. on the 1st Monday of Sept.

Art. 14 was so amended as to render Past Grands having the Grand Encampment degree eligible to the offices of Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire.

The G. L. of Maine, was upon a resolution offered by the finance committee permitted to liquidate her indebtedness to the G. L. U. S. at the rate of $100 per year, with interest on the whole, until the full claim is settled.

The reports of the various committees being the order of the day. the following action was had:

The following report was not adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, to whom was referred the proceedings of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Texas relative to the admission of Indians as members of the Order and the establishment of Lodges in the Indian Territory, respectfully report:

That in the opinion of the committee it would be inexpedient to grant the application. The wandering and unstable habits of the Indian, the want of education, and the many other reasons afforded by his semi-civilized state, would render him but ill able to carry out the principles of the Order, while it would perchance endanger that necessary secrecy which is required by our organization.

The following report was adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, to whom was referred the inquiries submitted by the R. W. Grand Lodge of Texas relative to the arrears of suspended members, and also as to the admission of persons who having once been members of the Order have lost sight of their connexion therewith, respectfully report:

That in the opinion of the committee suspension from membership works no suspension from arrears. It is a mode of punishment, and the punishment would often be deprived of its force should the arrears cease to run. The committee believe that upon a reinstatement the full amount accruing before and after suspension is that which should be paid.

In answer to the second inquiry, the committee are of opinion that but one course is open for persons to regain admission into the Order who have lost connexion therewith by disuse. It is to apply to the Lodges with which they were formerly connected for reinstatement. It is within the power of the Lodge to make such arrangement in regard to the accumulated arrears as will enable this reinstatement. But no Lodge can receive into membership one who has ceased to be a member of the Order from disuse of his privilege, since such person is unable to answer satisfactorily the questions propounded to every applicant relative to former connexion with the Order.

The following report was adopted:

The Committee on the State of the Order, to whom was referred the inquiry submitted by Grand Representative Anners, of Penn., as to the right of the Noble Grand or Secretary to give traveling cards, unless applied for in open Lodge, respectfully report:

That when the form of visiting and withdrawal cards now used was adopted by this body in 1844, page 73, volume 2, it was declared that it was to be determined upon by the Lodge. This has been reiterated in 1847, page 481, volume 2, and in 1848, page 115, volume 3. Under the existing law, therefore, a card cannot be granted by the Noble Grand or Secretary, or in any other manner than by the action of the Lodge.

The G. L. U. S. decided that a Sub. Lodge had no right to decline admitting a visiting brother, if he is correct in the usual forms. His conduct if improper should be reported to the Lodge granting the card.

Also, That a Sub. Lodge has "no right to refuse a card to a member because of his intention to visit a more dangerous climate than that in which the Lodge is located."

It was decided that a Sub. Lodge "cannot grant leave of absence to an N. G. for a majority of the nights of his term without working a forfeiture of the honors of the term to said officer,"

It was also decided that the "reconsideration of a ballot inadmissible—that if fraud was charged and proved, a new ballot should be ordered."

It was decided that Sub. Lodges "have no power to hold adjourned meetings—they must close in due form," and have called meetings according to the demands of their by-laws.

Section 15, of Article 3rd, of Division 3rd, of the Digest was so altered, as to have the V. G. appoint his own supporters.

The Constitution of the R. W. G. L. of Wisconsin which permits 5th degree members to be present at the installation of the grand officers, and provides for the sale of the property and effects of a Sub. Lodge for the benefit of the G. Lodge, if not reclaimed in 3 years, was approved.

It was decided that when no P. G. was present the N. G. could deliver the P.

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G.'s charges, but that "under no circumstances should the charge be given by the Vice Grand."

It was decided that should a "sliding scale of dues be adopted by any Sub. Lodge," and should it meet the approval of its Grand body that approval would be final.

The Decisions of the Grand Sire were approved as given except the 1st 2d and 4th. (See Grand Sires report in the Oct. No. of the Magazine.) These three were so modified as to make it legal for the Grand Representatives without being "regularly authorized by their respective Grand Lodges" to instruct in a degree that "simply conferred a privilege—and did not necessarily affect the brethren in possession of the work, because they were not required to avail themselves of the privilege." But the G. Sires decision is correct, if the degree be an integral part of the work of the order.

In reference to Decision 2d, the G. L. U. S. "could not concur," that in the absence of such constitutional provision, the meetings ought to be held at such places as are designated in the charters without the power of the G. Lodge to remove. The spirit of the legislation of 1851 was to give power to the Grand Bodies to become moveable."

The G. L. U. S. confirmed the 4th Decision, modified so that when a vacancy was filled in office, the one so filling it was entitled to the full honors of the term, without regard to length of service.

The G. L. U. S. on an appeal refused to decide, that it was "necessary for the officers of a Sub. Lodge to receive the Degree of Rebekah in addition to the requisites required, before they are competent to the several offices of a Sub. Lodge."

The following report in reference to the communication of the Order in England was *unanimously* adopted:

The committee to whom was referred sundry papers relating to the union of the Order in England and America, ask leave to report as follows:

The documents in the hands of your committee are the following:

1. A letter signed by John N. Davis, certifying that he was in destitute circumstances in London, and his case being presented to a Lodge of the Ancient Independent Order of Odd-Fellows in that city, his wants were promptly relieved; and further, that he was the bearer of certain papers to the Grand Lodge of the United States.

2. A communication addressed to the Right Worshipful Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of the United States of America, purporting to emanate from the Central Corresponding Delegate Committee of the Ancient Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of England, and to be signed in behalf thereof; but which in fact has no signature. This paper urges a union of the Order in England and America, and intimates that there is on the part of the members in England an ardent desire for the accomplishment of that object.

3. A document containing the names of some four hundred members and officers of the Order, who are in favor of and urge the adoption of the proposed measure.

4. A printed list of sixty-four Lodges, as belonging to the Order, all of whom it is understood are in favor of this measure.

Your committee deem it proper to state that there are several Orders of Odd-Fellows in England, between whom and the Order in the United States, there are few points of resemblance except in name and the several objects contemplated. The papers in the hands of your committee do not come from that Order of Odd-Fellows from which the Order in the United States has formally separated, but from another and a distinct body. What correspondence there may be between the work, the usages and customs of that Order and our own, your committee are not informed. It is presumed, however, that there is little or none. This fact is deemed of itself an insuperable barrier to the union proposed, unless, indeed, the Ancient Order in England should adopt our work; for it is believed that this Grand Lodge should not abandon its work or hold fellowship with any body that does not recognise that work. Anxious as this Grand Lodge is to extend the beneficent influences of Odd-Fellowship, and hasten the time when our beloved Order shall be one and undivided throughout the Globe, nevertheless, it is deemed proper to say distinctly to all similar institutions of every name and country who may desire a union with us, that such union can only be consummated by their coming to us; we cannot go to them. The policy of this Grand Lodge is fixed—its beautiful ritual is established—its laws and customs are already defined—and having been submitted to the test of practical experiment, have been found to work admirably. If any Body of men at home or abroad shall feel disposed to come into our fraternity, take our name, assume our obligations, and perform our work, and shall distinctly make proposals to that effect, no doubt this Grand Lodge will lend a favorable ear to such overtures. To nothing short of this should this Grand Lodge listen. The committee deem this definite statement due in candor and courtesy to that body which has approached us in a spirit of kindness, and should therefore be treated with all friendship.

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In the present instance your committee are constrained to say, that the papers in their possession lack authentication, and are so indefinite in themselves as to render any action of this Grand Lodge unnecessary, except such as is indicated in the subjoined resolution.

Resolved, That the Grand Corresponding Secretary be and hereby is directed to forward a copy of this report, together with the action of this Grand Lodge thereon, to the Central Corresponding Delegate Committee of the Ancient Independent Order of Odd-Fellows of England, and inform the said committee that his office is the appropriate channel through which they can approach this Grand Lodge, as also of our high appreciation of their kindness in relieving the necessities of a member of this jurisdiction.

An attempt was made to restore the "old work" in the initiation—and to enable a patriarch to be a member of the encampment without being a contributing member of a Sub. Lodge, both of which failed.

An effort to so change the law as not to require the minutes of the German Lodges to be kept in English as well as in German, was made, but after some considerable discussion failed.

The G. L. U. S. decided that "a State Grand Body has an undoubted right to omit recording such of their proceedings as in its judgment should not appear upon the record."

It was decided that a permanent card after twelve months was "invalid for the purpose of visiting, but effective as evidence of previous good standing in the Order, when application is made for a renewal of membership."

"That a brother whose card is lost or destroyed, can upon satisfactory proof be admitted as an Ancient Odd-Fellow."

"That when a card has been lost or destroyed, a certificate under seal from the lodge, setting forth the fact of the original issue, may be used in lieu of the card as evidence of good standing."

"That persons claiming to have been members of the order, but who are unable to establish satisfactorily their claims can only be readmitted by initiation; and such person shall be required to set forth in his petition for membership that he has never been suspended or expelled from any Lodge, and that he is unable to obtain evidence of his former connexion with the order."

It was considered that "any change in the present mode of granting and issuing cards would be inexpedient."

The following report was adopted:

The Legislative Committee, to whom was referred the proceedings of the Grand Encampment of Northern New York relative to Encampment Degrees, beg leave to report:

That after a careful consideration of the measure proposed, they are prepared to avow that the system of grade in the Order is one of vital importance to its prosperity, and especially do they regard favorably the proposal to make the Encampment Degrees an additional qualification for seats in Grand Lodges. But your committee regard the time unpropitious for the introduction of a change so important. The proper period for the introduction of that qualification was when the Order was in its youth, when but few persons would have been affected by the operation of change. At this time it might work great evil, in being regarded oppressive to a large number of individuals, who have attained membership in Grand Lodges; and this Grand Lodge should adopt no new measure which would have the effect of creating undue excitement in the Order, or which would give encouragement to any wide-extended dissatisfaction.

The committee would therefore ask to be discharged from the further consideration of the subject.

The following in reference to Printing was adopted:

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary is prohibited from making payment for the printing of the revised Journal of the present session until the same shall be complete and delivered in conformity with the contract accompanying this report.

Resolved, That the R. W. Grand Corresponding and Recording Secretary be instructed to publish an advertisement in one daily newspaper in the cities of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and Cincinnati, inviting proposals for the printing of this body, as follows:

For composition—plain, figure work, and rule and figure work, per 1000 ems; including the furnishing of stereotype plates, of size uniform with the Journal of proceedings, from new type.

Press work, per token, of 16 octavo pages, for the printing of 8000 copies; also, price for additional copies, per token.

Folding, stitching, and trimming, in good paper covers, per 100 copies.

Also, for printing odes, as now required. Specimens of paper, with prices marked thereon, to accompany each proposition.

The following report exhibits the "nature, value, and revenue of the securities held against P. G. S. Wildey."

The committee appointed to ascertain the nature, value, and revenue of the securities held by this Grand Lodge against the pro-

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perty of P. G. Sire Wildey, would respectfully report:

That the securities consist of, first, an assignment of a bond and mortgage held by D. B. Banks against Thomas Wildey for four thousand dollars, and regularly assigned by said Banks to the Grand Lodge of the United States; second, a confession of judgment upon the part of Thomas Wildey to the Grand Lodge of the United States for four thousand dollars; which securities are upon the following property, viz: a farm of fifty acres of land, situated within six miles of Baltimore, the assessed value of which is four thousand and seventy dollars; also, two houses and lots in the city of Baltimore, the assessed value of which is three thousand eight hundred and sixteen dollars; making the aggregate value of the whole property seven thousand eight hundred and eighty-six dollars. The revenue from the farm is about seventy-five dollars; from the city property, exclusive of ground-rent and taxes, and inclusive of his own residence, is three hundred and one dollars; making the nett revenue three hundred and seventy-six dollars.

The following report was adopted:

The Finance Committee, having carefully examined the books and vouchers of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer, ask permission to offer the following report:

The amount of receipts from Sept. 17, 1851, to Sept. 22d, 1852, are as follows:

For cash on hand at last report	$16,862 59
Received for Wildey fund	1 00
Do. Honolulu hall fund	1,232 50
Books	6,660 00
Representative tax	4,400 00
Dues	451 20
Diplomas	199 00
Cards	3,988 80
Warrants	210 00
Odes	163 29
Balances	268 27
Miscellaneous	249 47
Total	$34,685 62
Amount of disbursements, as per the report of Grand Treasurer Warner	17,478 96
Leaving in the hand of the G. Treas.	$17,206 66

ASSETS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

Cash in the hands of the Treasurer		$17,206 66
Maryland six per cents (cost $2,800)		3,274 46
Wildey loan	$8,000 00	
Less paid	1,759 59	
		6,240 41
Due from sundry individuals		671 85
Due from Grand Bodies		1,392 17
		$28,785 05

ESTIMATES FOR THE ENSUING YEAR.—DISBURSEMENTS.

Salaries of officers	$2,100 00
Rent of office, gas and fuel	270 00
Mileage and per diem of members	8,000 00
Postage and office expenses	350 00
Printing and binding of revised journal	1,000 00
Daily journal of session	250 00
Printing revised journal	400 00
Incidental expenses	150 00
Printing cards and books	1,000 00
	$13,520 00

RECEIPTS.

Representative Tax	$4,300 00
From State Bodies	850 00
Books	2,400 00
Proceedings (revised journal)	2,500 00
Cards	3,000 00
Odes	150 00
Diplomas	100 00
Warrants	150 00
Interest on stocks	160 00
From individual accounts	250 00
	$13,860 00

STATEMENT OF SUPPLIES ON HAND.

Cards,	33,682,	selling price	$3,368 20
Degree Books,	616,	"	1,232 00
Charge Books,	947,	"	1,894 00
Rebekah Books,	1,241,	"	1,241 00
Odes,	6,605,	"	198 15
Institution Books,	672,	"	672 00
G. Lodge Books,	150,	"	150 00
Digests,	25,	"	5 25
Grand En. Books,	68,	"	68 00
Sub. En. Books,	1,175,	"	2,350 00
Diplomas,	501,	"	501 00
Stereotype plates,	2,191,	"	2,191 00
Revised Journal,	700,	"	4,200 00
			$18,070 60

Your committee have carefully and thoroughly examined the books and accounts of the Grand Secretary, and find that they have been plainly and accurately kept. They have also examined the books of the Grand Treasurer and find that they have been correctly kept and the receipts and disbursements supported by proper vouchers.

The amount due this Grand Lodge by individuals has been reduced but little for several years past, and we are of opinion that the only manner in which any thing can be made out of these accounts is to give discretionary power to the M. W. Grand Sire and R. W. Grand Secretary to settle them, as they may deem most advantageous to this Grand Lodge.

It affords your committee much pleasure to be able to state that, in their opinion, the receipts of the Grand Lodge for the ensuing year will be ample to meet its current expenses.

Deeming the bond at present required of the Grand Treasurer insufficient in amount, we recommend that the Grand Treasurer elect be required to give bond to the satisfaction of the M. W. Grand Sire and R. W. Grand Secretary, in the sum of $10,000 before his installation, and offer a resolution to that effect.

We recommend for your consideration the annexed resolutions.

Resolved, That the Grand Treasurer be and he is hereby required after the payment

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of the appropriation directed at this session to invest the surplus in the Treasury in such securities, bearing an interest of 6 per cent. as he, by and with the advice and consent of the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary, shall approve; Provided nevertheless that he shall retain at all times not less than one thousand dollars in his hands to meet the current expenses of the year.

Resolved, That the Grand Treasurer pay to the order of D. D. G. Sire Amos Mathews, of Iowa, for expenses incurred by him in reclaiming the charter and books of "State Encampment" of Iowa, the sum of ten dollars, and that he charge that amount against the fund returned as part of the effects of said defunct Encampment.

Resolved, That the following amounts be appropriated from the monies in the Treasury, for payment of salaries, &c.

Salary of Grand Recording and Corresponding Secretary, - -	$1,200 00
Salary of the Grand Treasurer, -	200 00
Salary of the Grand Messenger, -	700 00
For rent of Secy's. office, gas and fuel	270 00
For mileage and per diem of members or such sums as shall hereafter be reported and approved by the committee on that subject - -	8,000 00
For postage' or such amount as shall be paid by the Grand Messenger, under direction of the Grand Lodge -	250 00

And such sums of money as the Grand Secretary shall require for the printing and binding of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge, and of supplies during the ensuing year, said accounts being first approved by the Grand Sire. Also, that the Grand Secretary be authorized to issue warrants for the above appropriation, and for ordinary incidental expenses.

Resolved, That the Grand Treasurer elect be and he is hereby required to enter into bonds with the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary in the penal sum of ten thousand dollars, and that said bond be presented to this Body previous to his installation.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary, with the approbation of the Grand Sire, be and he is hereby authorized to procure a new seal and press for the use of his office.

Resolved, That the debts due, and outstanding for several years against the D. D. Grand Sires, and other persons, now appearing upon the books of the Grand Secretary, and comprehended in Schedule A., reported at the last session, be and the same is hereby referred to the Grand Sire and Grand Secretary with instructions, in their discretion, to adjust the same upon such terms, by compromise or otherwise, as will best promote the interest of this Grand Lodge.

The following report was adopted:

That the Encampment branch has usually been considered as more exalted than the Subordinate, and that precedence is generally given to patriarchal degrees. This, however, may be controlled by circumstances; as for example, where the procession is organized under and in behalf of a single Subordinate Lodge. In this case precedence is usually given to the body under and on whose behalf the procession is organized.

In reference to the Degree of Rebekah, it was decided that the opening ceremony for that degree can be governed by that adopted for the other degrees; that it already has a closing ceremony; that the Annual P. W. should be given at the anti-door, and that there is no objection to the ladies singing any part of our odes during the time candidates are being introduced for initiation; that "the wives of Odd Fellows in good standing throughout the Union, on the 20th September, 1851, have a vested right to receive that degree," and that "such wives, though their husbands may have deceased since that date, may, if they still remain widows, receive the degree in the Lodge of which their husbands were members, the assent of the Lodge thereto being first obtained, and other ladies being present at the same time with their husbands for initiation in the degree."

The following action was had in reference to the appeals taken from the action of the G. Lodge of Indiana:

The Committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of D. G. M. W. K. Edwards from the action of the R. W. Grand Lodge of Indiana, relative to fining members failing to attend funerals, beg leave to report:

That after a due examination and consideration of the papers laid before them, they believe it to be one of those questions that should alone receive the legislation of State Grand Bodies, and would recommend the passage of the resolution as annexed:

Resolved, That the appeal of D. G. M. W. K. Edwards be not sustained.

The committee on Appeals, to whom was referred the appeal of P. G. Wm. Henderson from a decision of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, in granting a charter to a Lodge to work and keep their record in the German language, when the final cards of the petitioners did not accompany the petition, would respectfully ask leave to report:

That the form of petition for a charter for a Subordinate Lodge, as laid down in the Digest, requires the petitioners to hold withdrawal cards from Lodges legally recognised by the R. W. Grand Lodge. Section 2, Chapter 1st of the general laws of Indiana, requires that the cards of petitioners for a dispensation or charter for a Subordinate Lodge *must* accompany the petition, or be deposited with the D. D. Grand Master in

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whose district the proposed Lodge is to be located, whose certificate shall answer in place of said cards. Your committee believe that State Grand Lodges are competent to decide upon a literal construction of requirements like the one here presented, without the interference of this R. W. Grand Lodge. They therefore offer the following resolution:

Resolved, That the appeal of Past Grand Wm. Henderson be dismissed.

It was decided, "That a card of withdrawal is the absolute property of the holder, and is an evidence of his former good membership; and when he offers to deposit it, and thus gains admission into a Lodge, if rejected, they have not the right to mutilate the card by endorsing "rejected" thereon."

A regular form for opening and closing Degree Lodges, and Lodges working in the degrees was adopted.

The G. Sire's instructions, accompanying the Degree of Rebekah, were approved.

The subject of a safe system of dues and benefits engrossed a considerable portion of the attention of the members, which after all the reports, &c., resulted in the following:

"*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, with leave to sit during the recess, whose duty it shall be to inquire into the true relation that should subsist between dues and benefits, and to construct a table, showing upon the established principles of life and health insurance, what amount of benefits will accrue from a given amount of dues at each year of age. from 21 to 60; and report at the next session of this Grand Lodge."

Reps. Williams, of Ky., Billinghurst, of Mo., and Jennings, of Ala., were appointed a committee on Life Insurance.

Reps. Seymour, of S. C., Hunt, of D. C., and Smith, of Me., were appointed a committee to prepare a form of service for dedicating halls.

The price for the books containing the opening ceremonies of Degree Lodges was fixed at 100 per cent. advance upon cost.

After some other business was presented and laid over until the next session, the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die*.

Sir Robert Peel.—It is an interesting fact, and one that has come to us on authority, that for many of the latter years of his life, Sir Robert Peel was in the invariable habit, at whatever hour he returned from Downing street or the house of commons, of reading for half an hour in some serious or religious book before going to rest. It was only by this habit, he said, that he could keep his mind calm and clear after the distractions and irritations of the day.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Forty years ago my father's family settled in one of the counties of central New York. All was a wilderness, wild, grand, beautiful. We located fifteen miles from the farthest pioneer. The woods were around us, the tall trees, and the picturesque mountains.

We had opened a space in the forest, and a cabin of that good old time afforded us shelter. It looked new and comfortable, and its chimney-smoke curled gracefully up and vanished with the shadows of the forest. The blackened heaps smoked and crackled, and deep in those wildwood solitudes the wilderness blossomed and smiled in the presence of yellow harvest. A happy home was there. The birds sang at early morn, and the deep river near the door murmured sweetly at nightfall. There was a gentle whispering in the old trees. As they bowed their heads in the winds, a holy anthem floated up from the vast temple where nature breathes fresh and pure from the hand of God. The wild flowers bloomed even by the very door-sill, and the deer stopped in the forest to gaze upon the smoke of the chimney-top.

'Twas a beautiful home in the old wilderness! The Spring brought us neighbors. 'Twas a great day when a settler came in and purchased land across the river. He received a warm welcome from pioneer hearts, and by the ready agency of pioneer hands, a comfortable log-cabin peeped out from the dense woodland on the opposite bank. I watched the smoke from the open roof as the sun went down, and eagerly looked for it the next morning. But it was not the smoke I cared so much about. I only knew that it curled up from the fireside, where dwelt as beautiful a creature as ever bloomed away from the busy world. And so I watched the smoke, and dreamed as I watched the river, until the moon threw down its beautiful pathway of shining silver, and listened for the sound of familiar footsteps.

Across the river was the home of Carry Mason. Before the mellow haze of autumn had dropped its dreary hue on leaf and stream I had learned to love her, and to tell her so in the still moonlight of that hidden home.

The leaves faded and the winter winds swept through the forest. But we cared little for that. The snow fell thick and fast, but our cabin homes were bright, and our hearts were alive with happiness and hope. When the spring opened and the birds returned we were to be married.

A winter evening party in a new country. Did you ever attend one, reader? There are large hearths and open hearts there to be found.

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Carry and I were invited to attend the party; a rude 'jumper' had been built, and in this we started. Ten miles were soon passed, and we found ourselves in as merry and happy a throng as ever gathered on a frontier. The huge fire crackled on the wide hearth, and old-fashioned fun and frolic rang out until a late hour.

The moon had gone down when we started for home, and the snow began to fall; but we heeded it not, for we talked fast as the stout horse sped on the forest path.

Carry grasped my arm and whispered, hist! The wind shrieked over the tops of the dark pines, and I laughed at her fears. But she nestled closer to my side, and talked with less glee. In spite of all my efforts, a shadow would creep over my own spirits.

The road wound among a dense growth of pines which shot upwards, and veiled even the sky from our path. The old pines swayed and moaned in the increasing storm, and the snow fell fast and thickly. I touched the horse with the whip and he moved briskly through the wood. Again Carry grasped my arm. I heard nothing save the storm, and yet I was startled as the horse gave a quick snort and struck into a gallop. With a heart full of happiness, I had not dreamed of any danger.

Again the horse snorted in alarm. There was a sound above the storm. I felt my cheek grow white and cold, and the blood run quick back to my heart.

Clear, wild, terrible, it burst out in an unearthly howl like a wail from the world of fiends. I heard it. Its dismal, heart-chilling echoes had not died away on the storm, when it was answered from a score of throats.

Merciful God! a pack of wolves were around us. In those dark woods at night, and the storm howling overhead, a score of hungry wolves were fiercely yelling each other on to the feast.

For a moment my senses reeled. But I felt Carry leaning heavily on my shoulder and I aroused.

But what hope was there? I had no weapon, and the maddened devils were in the path before and behind us. There was but one chance, and that was to push ahead.

This was a slim chance, and I grew sick as I thought of Carry. The quiet cabin, and the happy hearth at home, flashed swiftly through my brain.

At that moment a dark shadow glided up by the side of our sleigh, and so wild and develish a yell I never heard. My flesh crawled on my bones. A cold shiver ran to my heart and crept over my head as though the hairs were standing on end. Two orbs glared out like demon lights, and I could hear the panting of the eager beasts.

Finally grasping the lines and shouting sharply to the horse, we shot away.

The horse needed no urging. At the act, that infernal chorus again burst out in earnest, and their dark forms leaped in lengthened strides on either side of us. The speed was fearful, and yet the yelling devils kept pace. Turning to speak to Carry, I saw a dark form leap into the path, and as we sped ahead, his teeth shut with a vice-like snap, missing Carry, and stripping her shawl from her shoulders. With a shriek she clung to me, and with my arm I saved her from being dragged out of her seat.

I became maddened—reckless. I shouted to the horse, now reeking with foam. We went on at a fearful rate. The stumps and roots and uneven places in the road, threatened every instant to wreck our sleigh.

Home was three miles distant. Oh, for a world to give for a home!

As the road struck the river bank, it turned shortly almost on the brink of a fearful precipice. Here there was a new danger. It was a difficult place, and there was not only danger of upsetting, but being hurled into the river.

There was a path across this angle of land where logs had been drawn out. It was a mile nearer this way to a clearing, than by the river. But I durst not attempt it with a sleigh.

On we sped! That fearful pack, neck and neck with us, and every now and then, jaws shutting like steel traps, close to our persons. Once around that angle, and I hoped.

How madly I shouted to the noble brute. We neared the turn in that race for life.

Heavens! the infernal devils had crossed ahead, and hung in dark masses. A demon instinct seemed to possess them.

A few rods more! The wolves seemed to feel that we had a chance, for they howled more devilish than ever.

With a sweep the horse turned in spite of me. The left runner struck high on the roots of a pine, and the sleigh swung over like a flash, burying us in the new snow. Away sped the horse, and my heart sunk as I heard his quick footsteps dying out towards home.

The maddened pack had followed the horse, and shot by us as we were thrown out upon the bank, for a number of rods. A shriek from Carry arrested them in their career; in an instant they were upon us. I gave one long, desperate shout, in the hope of arousing the folks in the cabins. I had no time to shout again. Their hot breath burned upon me, and their dark masses gath-

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ered around like the shadows of doom. With a broken limb, I wildly kept them at bay for a moment, but fiercer and closer surged the knashing teeth. Carry lay insensible on the ground before me. There was one more chance. A stunted pine grew upon the outer edge of the bank, and shot out nearly horizontally over the river below nearly a hundred feet from the surface.

Dashing madly in their teeth with my cudgel, I yelled with the waning energy of despair, grasped Carry with one arm, and dashed recklessly out upon the pine. I thought not of the danger; I cared not, I braved one danger to escape a greater. I reached the branches; I breathed freer as I heard the fierce howl of the baffled pack.

I turned my head, and God of mercy! a long shadow was gliding along on the trunk of our last refuge. Carry was helpless, and it required all the strength of intense despair to hold her and remain upon the slippery trunk. I turned to face the wolf—he was within reach of my arm, I struck with my fist, and again those fearful jaws shut with a snap, as my hand brushed his head. With a demoniac growl he fastened upon the shoulder of Carry! Oh! for help—for a weapon—for foothold on earth, where I could have grappled with the monster.

I heard the long fangs crunch into the flesh, and the smothered breathing as the wolf continued to make sure his hold! Oh! it was horrible! I beat him over the head, but he only deigned a munching growl. I yelled, wept, cursed, prayed, but the hungry devil cared not for curses or prayers. His companions were still howling and whining, and venturing out upon the pine. I almost wished the tree would give way.

The wolf still kept his hold upon Carry. None can dream how the blood hissed and swept through my knotted veins. At last the brute, hungry for his prey, gave a wrench and nearly threw me from the pine. Carry was helpless and insensible. Even the crunching teeth of the monster did not awaken her from the deathly swoon into which she had fallen.

Another wrench was made by the wolf, and Carry's waist slipped from my aching grasp, leaving me but the hold upon the skirt of her dress. The incarnate devil had not released his hold, but as if aware of the danger beneath, retained his grip on the shoulder of Carry.

The end had come! My brain reeled! The long body of the wolf hung downward like a dark shadow into the abyss, fast wearing out my remaining strength. The blood gushed warmly from my nostrils, and lights danced and flashed across my eyeballs. The overtaxed muscles of the hand would relax and as instantly close convulsively upon the eluding skirt. I heard a tearing as if of stitches! The black mass writhed and wrenched as if to deepen the hold. A sharp crackling mingled with the humming noises in my head, and the dress parted at the waist! I shrieked as I heard the swooping sound of the fall of the black devil and his victim. As they shot down into the darkness, I heard something like the bay of the old house dog and the firing of guns—but heard no more.

Weeks and months passed away, before the fearful delirium of that night left me. I returned to consciousness in my father's cabin, an emaciated creature, as helpless as a child. My youth had passed away, and I was prematurely old. Look at this arm that clung to Carry! It is withered. I have never raised it since that night. In my dreams I feel again that fearful night, and awake, covered with the cold, clammy sweat that gathered upon me while on that pine.

The neighing of the horse, as he dashed into the clearing, had aroused the people at home. The empty and broken sleigh told a brief story. The howling of the wolves arose on the blast, and with guns and the old house dog they rushed to the scene.

They found me senseless upon the trunk, covered with blood, and a wolf feeling his way on the icy branch towards me. In turning at the sound of their approach, he slipped and went down upon the ice.

Our people looked long for Carry Mason, but did not find her till next morning. They then went down on the ice and found the corpse. The wolves had not picked her crushed bones—I thanked God for that.

The fall had partially broken the ice, and the oozing water had frozen and fastened her long black hair as it had floated out. The wolf had not released his death grasp, and his teeth were buried in her pure, white shoulder.

The spring sunshine and birds, and green leaves had come again, as I tottered out. My sister's led me to a grave on the river's bank—the grave of all my youthful hopes, and all that I loved. The wild flowers were already starting on the mound. I blessed them, for they were blooming over the grave of Carry Mason.

Industry may be considered as the purse, and Frugality as its strings, which should rather be tied with a bow than a double knot, that the contents may not be too difficult of access for reasonable people.

We should remind ourselves of the faults of others only to avoid them, and never *speak* of them except to save a friend.

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DAVID AND JONATHAN.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

How true friendship refines and sublimates the feelings. What a charm it imparts to society! How it smooths our pathway to the last resting place of humanity! We say true friendship, for alas, is not much of what assumes the distinctive title, a mere caricature of the genuine principle of devotedness! The hollow intercourse of fashionable society bears no affinity, not even the remotest to that warmth of heart—that expansiveness of feeling—that generous, self-sacrificing spirit which the son of the imperial Saul, the first sovereign of the Jewish people, invariably manifested for the persecuted son of Jesse. David, we have no doubt, possessed all those captivating traits which win regard by the operation of a fixed law in psychology, viz: that the lovely and excellent will attract, the odious and repulsive will act conversely. But was it not a little singular that a young man who had been raised in luxury, and who was heir presumptive to the Jewish crown, should have formed an alliance so intimate with the lowly musician who touched the harp-strings in his father's presence! Yes, it is remarkable, when we think how often talent and worth, and physical loveliness, are overlooked, sadly depreciated, because their possessor, forsooth, occupies a lowly position in the fabric of society. But Jonathan had not only a sound discriminating judgment; he had also that magnanimity of soul which is governed by no silly usage in the selection of the object of its regard. Though born and bred in a palace, he venerated the character of the shepherd boy of Bethlehem, and clasped him to his heart in a passionate embrace. When, Saul, actuated by a spirit of remorseless malignity, was hunting David like a partridge on the mountains, and the poor minstrel was almost crushed by the manifestation of such a cruel spirit, by one to whom he looked up with filial reverence, how constant and how true was Jonathan to his excited friend! In the friendly covenant, and seal it with kisses and scalding tears. Beautiful exemplification of steadfastness—beautiful illustration of the tenderness of genuine attachment when it finds a place in the manly bosom, and is allowed to put forth in full and unrestricted development, its blessed fruits! We cannot think of the oath of fidelity which they mutually took to keep the chain of friendship bright, without being melted into tears. Jonathan fully realized that his friend was ultimately destined to grace the regal diadem, and he was anxious to secure the kindness of David in behalf of his rising family. Alas! poor Jonathan, how soon was he fated to fall in sanguinary fight, and leave his orphaned progeny to David's watchful care. Poignant was the mental anguish of David when the sad event took place. Overwhelming his emotions when he heard on Mount Gilboa the companion of his youth was smitten down by the Philistines in the full vigor of his manliness. Oh, in what exquisitely touching syllables did he mourn the departure from this beautiful earth of that tried friend who never swerved from loyalty—who was true as steel to all his interests—who would have laid down his life to have rescued him from impending danger! His elegy on that mournful occasion is a masterpiece of pathetic writing. It embodies deep feeling—abounds in delicate touches of the genuine, beautiful in style, and is a brief compound of heart-emotion. As a model of composition, it is incomparable. 'Thy love for me was wonderful—passing the love of woman; I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been to me; how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished.' Oh, David never forgot that hour of anguish—its remembrance was burnt into every fibre of his heart. How tenderly he sought out the offspring of Jonathan—fed them at his regal table—and loved them for the father's sake. Search the records of ancient or modern history, and where will you discover an instance of such devotedness! Does it not transcend the narrative of Damon and Pythias in true dramatic beauty! Yes, David and Jonathan, two noble hearts were yours. We will study and profit by your characters. We will try to evince the same steadfastness in our personal attachments—the same constancy in our regards; and never, till life's latest hour, will we banish from our bosoms the remembrance of the sterling character of the friendship which subsisted until death, between the son of Saul and the youngest born of Jesse.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHFR!

Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drop to your parched lips? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother, your own dear mother! Now let me ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

To imitate the errors of great men is much easier than to practice their virtues.

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'TO BE OR NOT TO BE—THAT'S THE QUESTION.'

Whether a young man of twenty-two, or three years of age ought to get married or not. Now is not this an important question to be answered! And, as we think, it is not so very easy a matter to answer it judiciously, as may be at first thought supposed. It necessarily depends very much upon circumstances, which can be known only by individuals interested. That every young man of the age supposed, ought, or in fact has a moral right to get married, is not only very doubtful, but will admit of an unqualified denial. A young man of loose habits,—but we hope and believe that there are but few of this class in the good old Puritanic town of Dorchester,—no property, and less business, has no moral right to get married,—he has no business with a wife; and though perchance it may be 'leap year,' no lady should encourage by word or deed or propose marriage with any young man under such circumstances.

If such a young man is determined to be miserable himself, he has no right, either moral or civil to involve another, and particularly a female, in sadness, disappointment and misery. But on the contrary, a young man of correct morals, and industrious habits, sustaining, and deservedly so, a good reputation in society, settled in respectable business, with bright prospects of continuing in it; with a good degree of energy and perseverance;—even if his capital be small, and the profits of his business not very large; yet if his income be a little more than sufficient, when prudently managed, to support a small family,—this man has not only a *right* to be married, but to do so, *is a duty he owes to himself and to society.* His own and the social, moral and civil best interests of society demand it.

Young man, you are not sure of being tomorrow what you are to-day; you know not what temptations may be thrown in your way; nor how far you may, at another time, give way to inducements, that have hitherto failed to lead you astray. The ability to do good, or avoid evil, at some future day is no more within our control, than are the swift-winged moments, that are continually flying past us. It is therefore the dictate of prudence and wisdom, and it becomes us to obey; if we are safe to-day it is our duty to place ourselves, if possible without the pale of temptation. There are many other reasons, that operate more or less powerfully, in favor of early marriages. The young man who marries the first object of his early love, will be in a majority of instances happily married and comfortably settled, and looks and feels as if he belonged to the great family of mankind; as if he was a man; as if he was of some consequence in the world. And he will devote the prime of life—his best, most joyous and happy days, to the best possible purpose—to the full enjoyment of that domestic happiness, for which his Creator intended him. Besides if he should be blessed with a family, he will live to superintend their education, and see them settled in the world before he leaves it. And this, it frequently happens, is not the case, when a man marries at an advanced age.

But if he declines marrying when young, and dwindles along to forty or forty-five, he becomes a testy old bachelor, dissatisfied with every thing, and finding fault with everybody. He finds himself no longer the favorite of the ladies. He scolds about the married state, yet secretly regrets his hard fortune and that he did not marry when young; from a desire of revenge, he praises the blessedness of a single life, yet he is at the same time determined to marry, *hit or miss.* We say then to every young man whose character, situation and prospects are in accordance with the above specifications, get married. If you would subserve your own and the highest interests of society and the perpetuity of the race, get married. You cannot be happy alone, and you are alone, no matter if you have the society of father, mother, brother, sister, you are alone, all alone without a wife. You have most emphatically a social nature. Adam, surrounded with every thing lovely and with every thing lovely and with every beautiful object in creation, though in the garden of Eden, without trouble, trial, sickness and sin, was not, nor could not be happy while he remained single. No, Adam in the midst of *Paradise* was not completely happy, for he was alone; he had no lovely woman to cheer and bless his lonely hours. Think of Adam's favorable position, for contentment and happiness. Yet the lovely groves, the green fields, the perfume of flowers, and the songs of joyous birds were not enough; all the joys of paradise could not fill the void, which he was fully conscious must be filled before all would be peace and joy. Under circumstances as favorable as were our first parents, he was compelled to look abroad for another object of admiration, affection and love. 'The earth clothed in the richness of beauty, asked a response to her smiles; the sun poured around him the glories of day; the moon hung on high her silver crescent at the evening hour, and the stars, with their new polished lustre, seemed to bestud God's diamond throne; but the entire universe with all its *existing* charms did not afford him a suitable object for converse and companion-

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ship. At last woman, Aeaven's last best gift, stood before him; and with sweet and placid smiles dispelled the shade which had gathered over his desponding brow.' Then, and not until then, did creetion end—*then, and not until then, was Paradise perfect.*

Young man, if you would enjoy your business calling in life, get married; if you would hove a friend wha will stick closer than a brother, in prosperity and adversity, get married; if you would have a friend to administer to your comfort in health, and watch over you in sickness, and by her own hand administer medicine, and by her own tears cool your feverish brow; get married, and if you would secure pleasure, even in labor and toil, get married, and then you will say:

'So I must away
My honest part to prove,
But labor seemeth play,
While we work for those we love.'

South Boston Gazette.

AUTUMN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

Welcome ye trees, in dying verdure clad,
Weeping your golden tears on all below;
Hail, lovely autumn day, whose aspect sad,
Delights my sight and softens all my woe.

With thoughtful step in lonely woodland path,
I love to mark the year's retreating form,
When sombre as the mournful shades of death,
The sun's veiled rays scarce tell the approach of morn.

Yes, in these autumn days, when nature dies,
Her glory gone, all beauteous things I see—
The farewell of a friend, the last two sighs
That waft from dying lips the last sweet smile to me.

So, ready from the shore of life to spring,
Weeping for some bright days of hope long past,
Still look back with envy's poignant sting,
And view departed joys which yet no joys possessed.

Earth, sun, vales, nature, beautiful and fair,
For you, on death's dark verge a tear I'll shed,
So lovely is the light, so pure the air,
That shines and breathes around the dying head.

Yet to the dregs this cup of life I'll drain;
This mingled cup of nectar and of gall;
Still, in its depth all hidden may remain
One drop of life to compensate for all.

Perchance, all shrouded in futurity,
Some bliss, by hope unseen, I may decay:
Perchance, my sister soul my soul may see,
To read my spirit with a kindred eye.

The flower resigns 'ts perfume to the gale,
Breathing its latent sweetness ere it die;
My soul exhales in sorrow, like the wail
Of some low song of mournful melody.

EDUCATION AGAINST VICE.

No one can look upon the picture which the records of crime present without clearly discerning that ignorance is a prolific parent of immorality. Ignorance keeps out of sight those powerful and commanding motives, which, being clearly seen, do, in fact, deter such multitudes from vicious courses; mental cultivation creates a taste for those enjoyments which are noble in their character and more worthy the pursuit. Our criminal records are very instructive, as showing from what class of community come the vicious and immoral. Of 1,916 prisoners received into the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, less than half could read and write; and almost the whole, even of these, could barely form rude and misshapen letters. Nothing like education could be affirmed of them. The Chaplain, in a letter affirmed that during the nine years of his connexion with that prison there had not been more than two or three convicts who had received a collegiate education, and not more than double that number who had ever been members of an academy. Of the three hundred convicts then in prison there was not one that he could employ to write out catalogues for the prison library! Of 14,289 persons accused of crimes in France, 8,689 could neither read nor write; 3,[illegible] could read and write imperfectly. Of 4,[illegible] abandoned females in Paris, only 110 c[illegible]ign their names well; 1780 wrote very badly; while considerably above half the number could not write at all. Of 8,103 persons of the same description in London, only four had received a superior education; 80 could read and write well, 1,237 could read and write imperfectly, and 6,773, more than three-fourths of the whole, could neither read nor write at all. How much of money and misery is saved a community by educating all classes. The school house shuts up the prison.—*Boston Traveler.*

When a rakish youth goes astray, friends gather around him in order to restore him to the path of virtue. Gentleness and kindness are lavished upon him to win him back again to innocence and peace. No one would suspect that he had ever sinned. But when a poor confiding girl is betrayed, she receives the brand of society, and is driven from the path of virtue. The betrayer is honored, respected, esteemed; but his heart-broken victim knows there is no peace for her this side of the grave. Society has no helping hand for her, no smile of peace, no voice of forgiveness. There are earthly moralities unknown to heaven. There is a deep wrong in them, and fearful are the consequences.

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[From the Banner of the Union.]

MEMBERSHIP IN THE ORDER.

It is well known that in all animate bodies soundness is necessary to a prolonged state of existence; if a part becomes corrupt the whole body feels the blight. And unless the diseased part be healed or removed, certain decay is inevitable. These facts should not be forgotten or disregarded in determining the membership of Lodges and Encampments. For the same laws that rule the natural, govern associate bodies. A slight wound upon the finger will inflame the whole arm and nerves connecting with the seat of reason, carry madness to the brain, and thus destroy all healthful action. So it is with Lodges, a single bad member is an ulcer on the body, and the poison will find its way through the veins, and at last reach the brain. When a vicious member first commences to send forth the poison of his heart and infuse it into others, a small minority only may be effected; but as the disease continues, the inflammation will increase, and passing from vein to vein, or member to member, destruction is inevitable. We have known of a single member of a Lodge creating turmoils and discords and infusing a feverish excitement into the whole Lodge, so as to destroy all healthful action, converting the sanctuary of Friendship, Love, Truth, into a den of envy, hatred, and blood. There is but one remedy in such cases; the cause of irritation must be removed before the fever can be allayed.

There is a familiar adage well worthy of an abiding place in every man's mind, and of influence over all his actions; 'An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.' We would have brethren remember this in proposing and voting for members. If a bad man be rejected, a friend may feel a little aggrieved, but no serious injury will be felt; but if he be once admitted, he may poison the whole fountain before those who are associates with him are aware of the pestilential character of his corrupt heart.

We will now offer a few suggestions for the consideration of the Order. First—Never propose any person for membership, without being perfectly satisfied that he is worthy, and that his motive proceeds more from the principles of benevolence and charity, than from a desire for self-aggrandizement. Second—Before proposing, tell the candidate the objects of our affiliation, and do not paint in too glowing colors the advantages to be derived, but be particular and state the duties of a good and faithful member, and if he hesitates, or inquires whether those duties cannot be evaded tell him he is not yet prepared. Third—In judging of the character and fitness of candidates, do not be governed too much by the 'fashion of the world.' But remember that thousands who are careful to fulfil every statute obligation, are contaminated with sins that make them enemies to our Order, and violaters of the commands of Heaven. Never countenance the avaricious man, though he may fulfil, to the last letter, every agreement; for in following the desire of his craven heart, he violates the most important feature of the Fraternity. Do not admit the vain and proud, for they will cause the world to say we are not linked together by the ties that we have chosen for our motto. They will be lavish with the term 'brother' in the Lodges; but in the street they will pass you as they would a dog. We have seen a few specimens of humanity of this description, and always felt pity and contempt for the shallow and weak apologies for men. Do not admit the talker and busy-body, nor the drunkard, nor the profane man, lest they contaminate the virtuous, and hinder the discreet, the temperate, and those of pure hearts and gentle conversation, from uniting with us. And fourth—Those who are already united with us in a common obligation for the furtherance of the benevolent designs of the Order, and who violate the solemn promises they have made, or neglect their duties to the Order, to their country, their families, or themselves, should either be reformed or expelled. But in dealing with them, greater caution is necessary than with those who are not members. In removing a rotten tree from a nursery, or tares from among wheat, there is danger of injuring the sound trees, or of destroying the wheat. 'Deal gently' with the erring brother, and, if possible, persuade him to return to duty. But if he persist in evil, and will not hearken to the voice of reason and the entreaties of his brethren and companions, then remove him from the fold.

Brethren, we entreat you to consider the importance of the suggestions we have here thrown out for your consideration. If our beloved Order ever falls from the high position it has attained, or if it does not rise still higher in the estimation of the good and the favor of Heaven, it will be on account of corruption within, not from enemies without the pale of the Fraternity.

Man is born passionate of body, but with an innate though secret tendency to the love of good in his mainspring of mind. But, God help us all, it is at present a sad jar of atoms.

Employ the moments of your existence as though they were years, usefully.

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[From the Ark.]

THOUGHTS FOR BROTHERS.

Since I connected myself with the "Mystic Order," I have been a silent looker on, attending to my routine of duties, without ever arraying myself before the public as an advocate for what I consider the true principles that should actuate every brother belonging to the Order.

1st. We are known and distinguished from all other societies, by the name of "Independent Order of Odd-Fellows." The G. L. U. S. is thus known; every charter granted proclaims it, and every card issued bears the initials "I. O. O. F." upon the face of it. This being so universal, and well attested fact, it is folly, yea, downright presumption, for any one to adopt the extreme, and proclaim himself "*independent*," as though it required "*independence*," as a prerequisite to become an Odd-Fellow. In my humble judgment, it is the reverse; we are *dependent*—the object and aim of the society at large, is to afford an asylum for its members to depend upon in case of necessity. If we are sick, we need care, and kind attention; if we are in want or distress, we need consolation and a helping hand. If the cry of the helpless orphan (a pure gem of Odd-Fellowship) greets our ears, it is our bounden duty to soothe the little mourner, take it under our fostering care, and bring it up in the way of virtue and sobriety. If the heart of the lone widow is wrung with anguish and pain, it is our duty, above all others, to alleviate, to bind up, and to pour into the wounded spirit the oil of gladness.

None are so circumstanced in life as to be free from want. It is the common lot of mankind "to want;" the cares, ills, and business of life are too much of an every-day's occurrence to need illustration. No one lives, who is not more or less dependent upon his fellow man.

Let us, then, be Odd-Fellows indeed; be united, for in union there is great strength of action, and energy of purpose; the chief corner stone of that beautiful temple, Odd-Fellowship, Friendship, Love and Truth, is the mainspring of action, and Charity is the keystone of purpose—all firmly bound together by the tripple chain of "good will to man and peace on earth."

Let us then have but one view and one aim in carrying out the great and firm principles of the Order; for where there is contentions, there is strife, and this ends in discord and hard feelings. Such a state of things should not be allowed to exist by the wise and judicious. That is not the way to conduct for those who are called by the endearing name of brother: brothers should dwell in peace and unity.

I say again, let us who have drank at the fountain, and been invigorated with its elevating principles of heavenly wisdom, show it forth to the world in our daily walk and conversation, that we are not hypocrites, but honest men, and true—men who daily practice the principles they preach—and Odd-Fellowship would soon be, what it ought to be, "a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid," and its members the salt of the earth.

To be an Odd-Fellow is to be diverse from all others; and to be different from them is no light and trivial thing, as some vainly imagine. No; for an Odd-Fellow is bound by the sacred and endearing ties of humanity, "to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan." To do this systematically, we must join heart and hand, as though we felt the weighty responsibilities, and to be alive to the cause that we have so nobly espoused. The eyes of the orphan, the widow, the Daughters of Rebekah, and the men of the world, are upon us. Shall we go on in the discharge of the varied duties, as inculcated in the different charges and lectures? or shall we carelessly fold our arms in luxury, close our eyes against the scenes of squalid want and wretchedness, stop our ears, and be deaf to the cry of distress and anguish, and say in Pharisaic pride of heart, "be ye clothed, warmed, and fed," and not lift a [illegible] towards doing it? I hope you will [illegible]rward like honorable men; men who pledged their sacred honors to fulfil cordially, to the best of their abilities, the duty allotted them.

Brothers, how does your sacred honors appear before the members of the Order, the world, and your God? Have not many of us great reason to lament on account of our plighted vows? Under other circumstances in life how would a man be looked upon (by the sober and reflecting) who had betrayed his trust? In what light, then, should the plighted honor of an Odd-Fellow be viewed? Do not decide in a passion; but think of it calmly and seriously; let conscience have its weight in the matter. Have you done your duty towards yourself, your neighbor, and your God?

Brethren, because you belong to the I. O. O. F., never assert your *independence* by saying "I will do this;" "I will do that;" "I will attend the Lodge meetings whenever I think proper;" "I am not going to be forced into measures; no not I;" "you need not put my name to this or that committee;" "I will not visit that brother—he has no comforts, or conveniences, and I never did think much of him; a poor mechanic, with a house full of children, and a sickly wife; I wonder what business he had to join *our* Order. There is Esq. B., Doct. H., lawyer Q., and

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that gentleman who lives over the way in that beautiful mansion; they are men of rank and standing in society; such men are an honor to the cause; they have an influence!" Did Esquire B. ever see his father's *lap-stone?* or Dr. H. his father's *anvil* and *leather apron?* or lawyer Q. his father's old *butcher's stall?* or that gentleman over the way in that beautiful mansion, his father's rickety old *dray?* Such a state of high-mindedness should not be tolerated by any member of the Order. All should be, and act like BROTHERS, having but one object in view; as willing to go and watch by the lonely couch of a poor and distressed brother, as the brother clothed in purple and fine linen, and who fares sumptuously every day. It is our duty, each and every one, "to do good unto all men, but more especially unto those of the household of the faith."

F. ST. J. G.

INFLUENCE OF ASSOCIATES.

It has been quaintly but wisely said that mankind is divided into but two classes, those that lead, and those that are led. The first are few in number but they give a tone to society, a character to the world around them, and are frequently accountable for the follies, the vices, and the crimes of a whole community. The same fact takes place among the young. Human society is the same in all ages, and among those just entering life, there may be found the leader and the follower, for either good or evil. To the leaders, we can only say, at present, beware of the example you set. The destinies of human souls forever depend upon you, for you have more influence in the formation of the character of your companions than even their parents themselves. The time is coming when all the evils of a wrong influence, all the influences of a corrupting example, every unholy or impure precept, every character contaminated and every prospect of usefulness blasted through your agency will cry out, trumpet-tongued for your condemnation. To those who are led whose destiny and character depend upon the influence of others, we can say, 'beware of your associates.' Your minds are pliant, your opinions unformed—you are ready to pursue any road pointed out to you by the musing companions around you. Beware then of whom you choose for your companions. If they are vicious your own docile dispositions will be easily led into the same dangerous courses they pursue. If the moral principles of honesty and purity are wanting in them, the contact with their stronger powers of decision will soon undermine those principles in your heart. This caution is more particularly needed by young and inexperienced lads from the country who go to cities as clerks or apprentices. Their whole character, not only during youth but forever may depend upon the choice of their first companions. Their whole success in their employment; the acquisition of those habits that will make them useful and respectable hereafter, will depend upon the of the associates they select. They may conduce him by steps unapparent to himself, to the downward course of dissipation, dishonesty and degradation, or they may lead him insensibly to the higher walks of sobriety, honesty, and good order, until habits are fixed, character is steadied, and success in business reached. *Much*, may we not say, EVERY THING to them in life, depends upon the *influence of associates.*

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense, while we feel that death is with us, that we are powerless, and He all-powerful, and the last faint pulsations here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel, in the midst of stunning calamity about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some benificent provisions to soften its intensities. When the good and the lovely die, the memory of their deeds, like the moonbeams on the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surrounding gloom a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could, dispel the darkness that environs us.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, maintains good order; who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society; whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural rule and all natural claim, as the reluctant, the backward spmpathy—the forced smile, the checked conversation, the hesitating compliance the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom, in comparison of intellect and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.

BLACK BALLS form the bulwark by which Odd Fellows may save the Order from the invasion of the unqualified. Forget it not! forget it not!

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HARMONY.

[The following article is copied from a late number of the "*Odd Fellow*," the organ of the Canadian Order of Odd Fellows, in connexion with the Manchester Unity, published at London, Canada West. The term "Harmony" as used by our Manchester Unity brethren, is synonymous with our rule of the "Good of the Order;" yet our practice, as a general rule, is not such as that detailed by the "Odd Fellow." We have no doubt that much good would result from the practice adopted by these brethren, if properly carried out, at the Lodge meetings in the States.]

There is a period in the daily life of every good man, and especially of good Odd Fellows, when this comfort is sought for and enjoyed beyond all earthly delights. The bustle of the world, the eagerness of business, the contention for all our best aud noblest aims, when ended or attained, makes us long for retirement in the ease and quiet of our homes, and to enjoy the peace, harmony and repose of those blessed firesides whither we may resort for the sweet communion with, and enjoyment in, the society of those we love honor and esteem.

Harmony may be enjoyed in various ways. The Christian, in communion with, and in rehearsing hymns and psalms of praise to his God—the musician, in the enjoyment of the everlasting strains of the Apolonic art—the aged man, in rehearsing the scenes of bygone years, in recounting deeds of valor, acts of benevolence, and looking back and sighing over the past, and hoping for the coming haven of a peaceful future—the young in listening to the tales of the old, comparing with the present, and drawing lessons for avoiding the rocks upon which thousands have made shipwreck of all their fondest hopes.

And Odd Fellow's "Harmony" is welcomed and enjoyed, by the good of the Order. with quite as much heart-felt pleasure as any of the foregoing. We have met a few, but very few, who do know what it means. Some even of the few were not wanting in all the desire and capabilities within themselves of making the best of *harmony*, but merely required further instruction. Some of the same few never took time to consider the good that this harmony might produce; whilst a small, *very small* portion of the few were never intended for Odd-Fellows, who could not enjoy harmony anywhere.

For the information of the uninitiated we must explain, that "Harmony," technically so called in our Order, simply means a time when the proper business of a Lodge has been disposed of, and the brethren mix together as one family, to enjoy *fraternal* communication, unconstrained by forms and ceremonies, amongst themselves; and to afford an interchange of social and friendly intercourse. During this time they may be intellectualy and profitably employed, or they may amuse themselves by the pleasing enjoyment of vocal and instrumental music, or in whatever way may be considered most pleasing or profitable to the majority, consistent with the rules and principles of the Order. This is the proper time to recognize and welcome strangers, to advise them about their worldly affairs, to impart wholesome counsel and advice. There may be [as in all societies there ever are] between some two brothers present, feelings of coldness or estrangement. "Harmony" is the season during which all the brethren endeavor to heal up these wounds, and to persuade such brothers to throw the veil of Charity over one another's faults and foibles, and to make the whole *be* as well as to *appear* one family.

The N. G. of every Lodge has a great responsibility upon his hands. He is answerable, not only for its well-working internally, but for its honor out of doors. He is bound to see that the landmarks of Odd-Fellowship are kept within view, that none sail out of sight of them, and that those seasons of harmony are improved. We have visited Lodges where the N. G. has closed the business, locked up the Lodge, and marched away, without once thinking of harmony. Such officials may make good stereotype counting-house clerks; they may decide all questions of law and order with the strictest scrupulosity; they may keep the accounts and business of the Lodge in all due official order; they may fill their chairs with stiff unbending dignity, and the whole affair may be got through with clock-work regularity and cold heartless precision;—but after all, those people are not Odd-Fellows; nor do they possess more the feelings of Friendship, Love and Truth, than the automaton player did the spirit and excitement of the absorbing and kingly game of chess. We recommend all brethren of the Order to select their officers from those who are the best at Harmony, and their Lodges will be sure to succeed.

Never tattle. It is the mark of a little mind; it is the mark of a base and degraded mind. Like "carrion birds," tattlers live upon the putrescence of others.

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DIAMOND-CUTTING.

It is not known, with any degree of certainty, whether the ancient inhabitants of the East had any knowledge of the art of diamond-cutting; but it is at the same time very clear, that the nations of the West knew nothing of it till a very late period. Even to the latter part of the fifteenth century, the diamond was appreciated principally for its supposed talismanic properties and its hardness, and as that hardness prevented its hidden beauties from being brought to light by cutting and polishing, it was regarded more as a rare cabalistic curiosity than a precious ornament. Some diamonds, however, whose natural form and polish were more favorable to the development of their clouded brilliancy, foretold the splendor they would display were it possible to cut and polish them as other gems. Numerous attempts were made to attain this desired end, but all in vain, until, about 1460, Louis de Berghen, a young jeweller of Bruges, succeeded in cutting the first diamond.

The invention of the art of diamond-cutting has, like many others, whether mythically or not, been mixed up with a love story. Berghen, it is said, was a poor working jeweller, who had the audacity to fall in love with his wealthy master's daughter. The young lady was favorable to his suit, but on proposing to her father, the old man reproached him for poverty, and sneeringly said, in allusion to the supposed utter impossibility of the feat: "When you can cut a diamond, you may marry my daughter, but not before." These discouraging words induced a train of reflection in the mind of the young man. He considered how other hard substances were cut; iron, he mentally cogitated, is cut by steel. "What is steel," he exclaimed, a light breaking upon him, "but iron?—the diamond, then, may be cut by a diamond." Laying out all his available means in the purchase of two small diamonds, he contrived, by cementing them to two pieces of wood, to rub them against each other till they were reduced to dust. With this dust, and a machine which he invented he cut two facets on another diamond, which he triumphantly exhibited to the old jeweller. But a diamond had never previously been cut; men, wise in their generation, had said that a diamond never could be cut; and consequently, according to the general mode of treating inventors in those days, a charge of sorcery was brought against the first diamond-cutter. Berghen, thrown into prison, had abundant leisure for deliberation. Two courses were open to him; one was to keep his secret, and be burned as a sorcerer; the other, to clear himself of that charge by shewing how he cut the diamond by natural means, and thus lose the exclusive benefit of his invention, to which he considered he was so justly entitled. He adopted neither. Fortunately, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, the ruler of Flanders, came to hold his court in the city of Bruges, and was soon informed of the diabolical art of the young jeweller. Charles was passionately fond of jewels, and possessed a very large diamond. Like the Spaniard, who, if the miracle were performed, did not care if Mohammed himself did it, the Bold duke sent for Berghen, and commanded him to cut and polish the large diamond, as he best could, either by aid of the Prince of Darkness, or his own unassisted efforts. In due time the work was completed; and Charles was so delighted with the brilliant beauty of the previously dull stone, that he remunerated the young jeweller with two thousand ducats. We need not inform the reader how Berghen soon married his lady-love; but we may state that, retaining the secret of diamond-cutting in his own family, he and his descendants acquired immense wealth. After the death of his patron Charles, he removed to Paris, where, for two centuries afterwards, the Berquins, as the name was Gallicised, were the most famous jewellers of their time.

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

If there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Ruth to Naomi, than the subjoined, we have not seen it:

'Lord! bless and preserve that dear person who Thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his joys—a refreshment in all his sorrows—a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from all ungentleness, all discontentedness, and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever.'

The daughter of Themistocles had two lovers, the one a coxcomb, the other an honest man. The first was rich, the second poor. He took the honest man for his son-in-law; "for I had rather," said he, "have a man that wants wealth, than wealth that wants a man."

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ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

How eloquent is silence! Acquiescence, contradiction, deference, disdain, embarrassment and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing.

Do you seek an assurance of your Mistress's affection? The fair one, whose sensibility shrinks from an avowal of her tender sentiments, confirm's her lover's fondest hopes by complacent and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion. which you may deem false made by some one, of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt? You denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent.

Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive and submissive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a coxcomb? You signify your despicable opinion by remaining silent and treating his loquacity with contempt.

Are you in the course of any negociation, about to enter on a discussion painful to your own feelings, and to those who are concerned in it? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence.

Are you witness to some miraculous display of supernatural power; the dread and astonishment with which you are impressed, imposes involuntary silence. Silence has also its utility and advantages, and first, what an incalculable portion of domestic strife and dissension might have been prevented; how often might the quarrel, which by mutual aggravation has terminated in bloodshed, have been checked in its commencement by a well-timed and judicious silence! Those persons only who have experienced, are aware of the beneficial effects of the forbearance which, to the exasperating threat—the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall answer never a word. Secondly, there are not wanting instances where the reputation, the fortune, the happiness, nay, the life, of the fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence, either by the suppression of some condemning circumstances, or by refusing to unite in the defamatory allegation. Thirdly, to any one who is anxious to pass for a person of deep reflection and superior understanding, I would recommend to say but little; silence being considered by many people as a certain indication of wisdom; and I must myself confess I should prefer the man who thinks much without speaking, to him who speaks much without thinking.

Not that I would be supposed to be an advocate for habitual taciturnity. No one can better appreciate the delight derived from intellectual intercourse. Notwithstanding which I see daily cause to admire the truth and justice of that apothegm which says, 'Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety.'

OPINION OF THE YANKEES.

Next come the people, let us see them; one feels so anxious to see the "monarchs" at home—the far-famed Jonathan—he of reform—the rifle and republic; the cool, shrewd, vigorous, large-souled, indomitable citizen! He that is so criticised, admired and feared, by all classes in Europe; well, here they are; the real, living Yankee at home. And business,—and, as to houses of business, let me say, that he who walks along Broadway, may see one of the finest trading establishments in the world, a literal marble palace, devoted to commerce; and if he turns into the lower part of the city, where the wholesale merchants "most do congregate," he will conclude that London has a rival, and will, within a century, have a superior; and one looking on this great city and people, is prompted to pause and analyze the peculiarities of mind that compose the American. Vieing with the Parisian in dress—the Englishman in energy—cautious as a Dutchman—impulsive as an Irishman—patriotic as Tell—brave as Wallace—cool as Wellington—and royal as Alexander, there he goes—the American citizen! In answering your questions, or speaking commonly, his style is that of the ancient Spartan; but put him on a stump, with an audienee of whigs, democrats, or barn-burners, and he becomes a compound of Tom Cribb and Demosthenes,—a fountain of eloquence, passion, sentiment, sarcasm, logic and drollery, altogether different from anything known or imagined in the Old World States. Say anything of anybody (as public men) untied with conventional phraseology, he swings his rhetorical mace with a vigorous arm, crushing the antagonistic principle or person into a most villainous compound. See him at dinner, he despatches his meal with a speed which leads you to suppose him a ruminating animal, yet enjoying his cigarro for an hour afterwards, with the gusto and *ennui* of a Spaniard.

Walking right on, as if it were life against time, with the glass at fever heat, yet taking it cool in the most serious and pressing matters, a compound of the Red Man, Brummel and Franklin,—statesman and laborer, on he goes, divided and sub-divided in politics and religion,—professionally opposed with a keenness of competition in vain looked for even in England; yet, let but the national rights or liberty be threatened, and that vast nation stands a pyramid of resolve, united as one man, with heart, head, hand and purse, burning with a Roman zeal to defend inviolate the cause of the Commonwealth.

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[Written for the Western Odd-Fellows' Magazine.]

IN MEMORY OF MRS. LAURA M. THURSTON.

"VIOLA."

BY MRS. A. M. COLLINS.

"Viola," I see thee in my dreams,
In the angel's home above,
Where the pure ineffable beams
Of never dying love
Twine o'er thy classic brow of snow
A holy diadem,
To seraphs a bright cynosure,
Its every flower and gem
A token of thy pilgrimage below.

Thou wearest the same sweet placid smile,
To angels only given,
Unmixed with sin or earthly guile,
The ransom'd pearl of heaven.
Thou griev'st not for thy sea girt home—
On fair New England's shore—
Where thy youthful thoughts were wont to roam,
To hear the ocean roar,
Or gaze upon thy mountain's crusted comb.

"VIOLA," life had its charms for thee,
Yet dim'd with many a tear,—
As on sweetest flowers we see
The pearly dew drop clear,—
The hopes of life, its strongest tie
Seems, ever seems, a spell,
The form adored must droop and die,
We know alas too well,
Fade like the rainbow in a summer sky.

Oh, in those beautiful climes of light,
Where darkness never brings
The faintest shadow of the night
Upon its raven wings;
Nor sin, nor sorrow, nor despair,
Nor stern cold death no more,
(Who seeks the young, the gifted and the fair,)
With barbed arrow sure,
Can never reach the loved ONES there.

"VIOLA," sweet gentle child of song,
Thy words my bosom thrill,
I know,—I FEEL that thou art gone,
Thy music lingers still,
Like some enchanting vision broken
By a touch, rude and brief;
But words like thine by inspiration spoken,
Clouded by woe or grief,
Leave on the heart an everlasting token.

Oh thou with bright harp of living strings,
And tones of heavenly fire,
Waft o'er my soul on angel's wings,
The echo of thy lyre,
Here below 'mid shadows death and gloom,
Sad dreamy twilight hours,
I fain would twine a wreath of fading bloom,
Of wild and simple flowers,
To lay WITH TEARS upon thy lowly tomb.

Fraternal Correspondence.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 16, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS: The copy of the "*Western Odd Fellows' Magazine*" has been received, for which the "General Relief Committee" of New Orleans tender their thanks. They take pleasure in assuring you that the reading of the article in your valuable Magazine on the working and practical utility of our General Relief Committee, afforded them sincere gratification; the views therein expressed, the points advanced and maintained, are approved and reciprocated by all Odd Fellows here, at least so far as our knowledge extends; and we candidly believe, that the mass of Odd Fellows throughout the country, if they would give the subject a serious thought, and the consideration which it deserves, would acknowledge the correctness of the principles there laid down, and so ably advocated. We feel grateful for the very flattering manner in which you noticed our efforts to carry out practically, the true and genuine principles and objects of our beloved Order; to know that the efforts of our Committee in the good work of Odd Fellowship is understood and appreciated by our brethren abroad is a source of gratification which we feel proud to acknowledge; and yet the work of the Committee is but the simplifying and condensing of the usual mode of proceeding in the Lodges, when applied to for relief by brothers from abroad.

The Order in our State is in a highly flourishing condition; we have 31 Lodges and 8 Encampments, of which 17 Lodges and 5 Encampments are located in our city, and all are progressing onward in prosperity and usefulness, and working harmoniously together, nor do we hear of any complaint against any Lodge for delinquency in the duty of attending to the sick, and relieving those in need of assistance. Notwithstanding the heavy drain upon the Treasuries of the city Lodges, occasioned by their efforts and exertions to assist in raising the means to rear our new and beautiful hall, which, now nearly finished, stands a noble monument to the energy, taste and perseverance of the Odd-Fellows of New Orleans, an or-

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nament to the city and a convenient and spacious retreat for Odd Fellows to meet in and consult on their labors of love, notwithstanding these extra and unusual outlays, the finances of our city Lodges seems to be in a healthy and promising state; all liabilities thus far, have been, promptly met and paid, without having been in a single instance, a drawback to the rightful claims of brothers whose circumstances placed them in the position to receive the pecuniary relief which our Order contemplates.

The flattering position which the Order in our State now occupies in the scale of prosperity is, no doubt, to a great extent, the effect of the industry and efficiency of the officers generally, throughout the Order, commencing with the officers of the Grand Lodge down to the last instituted subordinate. The effect of the officers displaying a laudable ambition, and effective interest in practicing the principles inculcated and taught by Odd Fellowship, must necessarily be to communicate a like disposition to faithfully discharge the duties and obligations of an Odd Fellow, to the members, and the result is an active, healthy state of things, of which as members of this great brotherhood we have reason to be proud.

The officers of our Grand Lodge are men of high standing and acknowledged worth in our community, just such men as give credit and standing to any institution with which they may be connected. Our Grand Master H. D. Ogden, a talented young lawyer, by the urbanity of his deportment, and thorough knowledge of the laws of the Order, and the correct and satisfactory decisions given when information is wanted on points of law or usage, has won the good opinion of the brotherhood throughout the jurisdiction, and the credit of being an honor to the position which he occupies. Our D. G. Master, J. G. Dunlap, a merchant of high standing and reputation, of an amiable disposition, yet firm and decided in all his acts and measures, is very popular, and well he deserves the enviable position for his active and untiring perseverence in advancing the interests and welfare of Odd Fellowship. Our Grand Secretary, T. H. Shields, who is also a P. G. Master, and who, when he occupied that high station, was one of the most popular officers we have ever been favored with, is most studious in the performance of the duties of his office, and in his zeal for the cause, and ever alive to whatever is required of him in furtherance of the good work. And Bro. Henry Williams, the pioneer of our Order in this State, I might almost say its actual founder, and one of our earliest P. G. Masters, is Worthy Grand Treasurer. he is looked to as the Patriarch of the Order here, beloved and respected by all, he still performs the duties of whatever station is assigned him, with the same faithful exactness that has so long been his characteristic quality. The other officers of our Grand Lodge are men of the highest standing in the community, though I cannot particularize at this time, as this communication has already extended to an undue length, and I fear taxed your patience already, suffice it to say, that the Order in Louisiana is in good condition and progressing onward in the march of prosperity and usefulness, and bids fair to rival the most flourishing jurisdictions in the country.

Again assuring you of the thanks of our Committee for your kindly notice, and their friendly feelings for the success of your Magazine.

I remain yours, in F. L. and T.

JAMES FURNEAUX,

Corresponding Sec. Gen. R. Com.

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Shelbyville, Ind., Oct. 26th '52.

Messrs. Editors: To-morrow we move into our new hall; we have the entire building nearly completed, but will not dedicate it until next spring, perhaps about the middle of May next.

The 13th day of next month being the 5th anniversary of the organization of our Lodge, we propose organizing an Encampment, the Dispensation, &c. is on hand, and we are waiting for the final completion of the new hall, and the convenience of the Grand Officers before commencing operations, as we purpose doing things up just right. Fraternally yours, W. H.

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BROOKVILLE, Ind., Oct. 22d, '52.

MESSRS. EDITORS: Having a few leisure moments I thought I would let you know how we are progressing in the eastern part of the State. Last Thursday I paid a flying visit to Magnolia Lodge, No. 80, located at Fairfield, where I had the pleasure of assisting at the initiation of six gentlemen, all of whom will make good working members. By the way one word in commendation of Magnolia. She is ever blooming, and is at present producing a most abundant harvest, having admitted near twenty members since the beginning of this term. She has not finished her third year, yet numbers near fifty members, all good and true, and I think I may safely say, she is one of the best working Lodges in the State. Protection Lodge No. 63, will have a celebration on the 30th inst. On Wednesday last we admitted three young men as members of Penn Lodge No. 30, and I think our Lodge was never in a better or healthier state than at present. Yours in F. L. & T.

F. R. A. J.

OBITUARY.

RISING SUN, Ind., Oct. 18, '52.

BROS.—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of our much beloved Bro. JOHN M. LEMON, who died at Plaquemine, La., on the 8d inst., of consumption. Bro. L. leaves a large family of children, who are now bereft of both father and mother, Mrs. L. having died some 18 months since. The orphans are under the care of Lodge No. 4, located at this place, and are the first we have had charge of. We shall endeavor, as far as possible, to supply the places of their parents, and may kind Heaven guard and protect the orphans, and teach us to bestow the attention demanded at our hand. Fraternally yours,

D. MOSS.

EDUCATION.—Says Sidney Smith: The real object of education is to give children resources that will endure as long as life endures; habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy; occupation that will render sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and death less terrible.

Aim high young man. He that aims at the sun will shoot higher than he whose mark is on the earth.

The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

Bro. JAS. FURNEAUX, New Odd-Fellows' Hall Cor. Camp and Lafayette sts. has been appointed agent for the Magazine in New Orleans, and he is authorized to receipt for us for all monies paid on account of the Magazine.

We are under many obligations to our Brethren in that city for the kindly interest taken in our enterprise, and we shall endeavor to deserve their confidence in future.

CELEBRATION AT LOUISVILLE.

On the 14th of last month we were permitted to join our Brethren of Louisville in their "Union Celebration." At an early hour of the day we joined a procession of the Brothers of New Albany, and proceeded to Louisville, accompanied by Reisinger's incomparable Sax-Horn band, where we were received by the Officers appointed for that purpose. The procession in Louisville was formed at 10 o'clock P. M., under the direction of P. G. CHARLES WOOLFOLK, Chief Marshal assisted by several other Marshals, and marched through some of the principal streets of the city to the Brook street Methodist Church. The assembly there listened to a chaste and beautiful address from Bro. P. G. B. I. RAPHAEL, upon the subject of Odd-Fellowship, its aims and influence. The address was heard with breathless interest by the congregated hundreds of the Order, who crowded the vast building to its utmost capacity. This intellectual feast was followed by one of creature comforts, such as it has not before been our fortune to see. The tables were surrounded by near a thousand hungry guests, who did justice to the elegant and bountiful repast spread before them. The day passed without the slightest untoward incident to mar the harmony of the festive occasion.

The procession was one of the largest of Odd-Fellows we have ever had the pleasure of seeing, and a finer looking set of men we have never seen congregated, and their manner and bearing on the street, at the church, and in the dining hall declared them well worthy the name they bore.

All the preparations of the occasion were of a character to elicit the applause of all the guests assembled.

DEDICATION AT NEW ORLEANS, LA.

On November 22d, the "Odd-Fellows' Hall," erected by the various Lodges in New Orleans La., will be dedicated and set apart for the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and for the diffusion of the principles of benevolence and charity.

Avoid the tale-bearer, as you would a pestilence. He that will bring to you the faults of others, will carry your faults to them.

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INFLUENCES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

In a former number we referred to the aims of Odd-Fellowship. We now propose to examine some of the influences exerted upon those who may become connected with the fraternity. In our intercourse with the world, we are, to a very great extent, governed by the example of those with whom we associate. The foreigner, who has all his life long lived under the iron rule of absolutism, comes to our land of equal rights, unacquainted with our peculiar customs, uninstructed in our laws, and yet by obedience to this governing influence, he at once becomes a free, law-abiding citizen. Ask him why he pursues this or avoids that course of conduct, and in nine cases out of ten, he can assign no other reason than that others do so and he follows the example. The mere act of settlement here renders him amenable to the laws and he learns obedience from example. So in the Lodge, members learn to obey municiple and parliamentary rule, by doing as others do. The influence of example does not, however, stop here—it spreads itself over his course of life, lending its aid in modifying not only the commoner and grosser principles of the moral constitution of those who have not yet gained a full degree of moral development but also in elevating the desires and purifying the affections of those who pray to be governed by the high and holy motives of action presented to us in God's word.

The influence of our association on the moral feelings of its members is no where more fully shown than in opening the heart to the wants of the distressed. This influence it is true cannot be seen by the uninitiated so readily as by those who are in the daily habit of associating with the members of the Order.

The man who is in possession of abundance of the goods of this life never fails, and who it may be even boasts that he never fails to contribute to the wants of all who call upon him for aid, often does so without knowing anything of the real requirements of charity. The divine Savior of the world "went about doing good" and in his instruction to his followers delivered in that touching parable of the man who fell among thieves; he taught that the man who BOUND UP the wounds of the fallen stranger—pouring in Oil and wine was emphatically his brother. The act of relief afforded by the contribution of money to the needy is that which costs the donor less than any other and at the same time does him least good. For "money is twice blest, it blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

But the Odd-Fellow by the internal arrangement of the society to which he belongs is brought into intimate connection with distress, is called upon for all those acts of kindness and care of the suffering which cannot fail to soften his heart and render it open to all the claims of suffering humanity. Among the wealthy the bed side of sickness is surrounded by all the appliances that can soothe pain and alleviate distress, if they are of a character which can be procured for money. Here is not the proper field of charity. Sympathy is due to distress in all situations, but relief can be afforded better in the middle and lower walks of life. In those departments of society are we to look for the exercise of the true charity which grows out of the fraternal relation—designed to be established by our Order.

This charity, practical benevolence, is that which "blesses him that gives." Fictitious accounts of suffering will raise the desire to relieve the distress but as no opportunity is afforded for the exercise of mercy the mind becomes accustomed to consider it a fiction and thus harm and not good results. But contact with suffering, whether resulting from accident or from an effort on the part of the person, will render the mind more ready to appreciate and relieve the distress presented. The benevolent operations of the order produce this result on the minds of all.

One of the duties of the Odd-Fellow is to wait upon the sick in person, to attend to his wants, to alleviate his pain, in short supply to him as far as is possible, the place of a BROTHER. This actual association with the sick during the hours of suffering develops the affections in obedience to a natural principle, of the science of mind. Any act of the mind as well as of the bodily powers becomes easier by practice. Habit will in a short time remove from the act of practical care of the sick all those ingredients that at first may have presented an almost insuperable barrier. For the confirmation of this opinion we appeal to every Odd-Fellow who has been called upon to aid the suffering by actual attendance in person to his wants. And to those of the order who have never learned by personal experience that it is "more blessed to give than to receive" we would say go to the bed side of the sick, attend to his wants, soothe his pain, and point his mind to the great source of all good, and unless they be deep sunk in the abyss of moral degradation they will come away better man, and better Odd-Fellows.

In the December No. of the Magazine we will present our readers with a fine lithographed portrait of JOSEPH L. SILCOX, G. M. of the Grand Lodge of Indiana, together with a sketch of his life up to the time of his election. We are determined that there shall be nothing wanting on our part to make the Magazine acceptable to the Order; and if it is not patronized as it should be, it will be no fault of ours.

The second No. of the series of articles entitled, "THE CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOOD," will appear in our next.

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THE LADIES' DEGREE.

Below we insert a letter from Sister Boyle. Though we do not by any means endorse Sister B's. opinions of the motives which gave rise to the degree, yet we think that the communication contains many truths and in lieu of giving any extended opinion ourselves we leave the matter before the fraternity and hold ourselves ready to receive and consider candidly the opinions of others.

Mercy, sympathy for, and relief of suffering, form the peculiar sphere of women. They are often called angels, from the resemblance of their characters to those ministering spirits sent forth from the throne of Omnipotence to minister to the wants of those who shall be heirs of eternal blessedness. In the scale of moral and intellectual existence woman stands next to these and only a LITTLE lower. Men urged on by the innate craving after the good and true, form themselves into fraternities whose object is to imitate, as far as their rude nature is capable of imitating, these superior grades of existence. Shall angels and women aid us in this holy aspiration or will they complain of aggression upon our part and take the work out of our hand? To these superior orders we say go on, doing mercy in your own exalted sphere but do not attempt to prevent us from doing likewise in the grade in which an all-wise creator has placed us.

MESSRS. EDITORS: In the different O. F. periodicals I see of late many communications and editorial articles relative to the "Degree of Rebekah," in all of which the degree is extalled in the highest terms. No one, as yet, (of my sex,) has spoken in disfavor of it. This seems remarkable to me. It is remarkable because the degree, as given here, is an absolute *humbug!* Please excuse the word, I hate it as much as you can; and seldom, if ever, use it. We are too apt to call things "humbugs;" often because they do not agree with our feelings, or are beyond our intelligence. We should be careful to term any thing humbug because *we* do not fall in love with it. But my dear Sirs, do *you* not think that "our lords," when they conceived the idea of "tickling our fancy" and buying our good will and love for the Order of O. F. by conferring a *degree* on us, which is nothing more in reality, than a bundle of elegant periods and exciting sentences, without an organized system of carrying the doctrines of the degree into effect, thought us poor innocent creatures easily wrought upon by *flattery* and fond of outside display and tinsel, even if no practical good ever comes of it? To me it, seems the U. S. G. L. had in view but one object, the silencing of "woman's tongue," in regard to the Order. Else, why not, in getting up a degree, constituting us *Odd*-Fellows, prescribe rules and duties for us, instead of merely admitting us on *certain occasions* into your Halls and reading a beautiful lecture to us? Why not charge us with a *part* of the burthens of the benevolence of the Order! Why not accept of us a trifle of *dues*, to be expended on widows and orphans? Why not send us on errands of mercy when Odd-Fellows' *wives* and *widows*, *daughters* and *sisters* are sick? Why not send by our hands the donations decreed to Odd-Fellows' widows, and entrust to us the education of Odd-Fellows' orphans? Why not burthen us with the procuration of good and respectable service for poor Odd-Fellows' *girls?* And why not a hundred and one other duties impose on us, which seem most appropriate to woman's sphere! Oh, no! We must never meet only at *your* permission, and then *in silence* listen a while and "go home." This you think will win us to your side and hush our complaints at the late hours of our worse-halves. Now, don't be mistaken! Look at the thing rationally, Messrs. Editors, and give me your candid opinion if this *degree*, and its laws must not be materially changed before it will give but a transitory and brief gratification to women? We want to be *useful;* not mere ornaments and "convenient furniture." E. S. F. BOYLE.

Madison, Sept. 24th.

BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND PERIODICALS.

MASONIC REVIEW.—A monthly of 64 pages, edited by C. MOORE, Cincinnati O.; terms $2,00 per annum, in advance. This well established and well conducted monthly, appears in an enlarged form and new dress. It is a beautiful specimen of typography, full of excellent matter, and worthy the patronage of the craft. Bro. C. Moore is a good writer, and has our best wishes for his success.

TEMPLAR'S MAGAZINE.—A monthly of 32 pages, edited and published by Dr. J. Wadsworth M. W. R. of the Supreme council of Templars, Cincinnati, O.; terms, $1,00. The first No. of the 3d volume of this popular Temperance Magazine is on our table. It is devoted to the Order of the Temple of Honor, and thus far has done good service in the great cause of Temperance. As an evidence of its popularity we notice that about 50 copies are taken in our place, and it merits all the patronage it receives and more.

THE ATONEMENT, THE KEY DOCTRINE—REV. DR. T. R. BOND, GREGG & SONS, New Albany Ind. The above is the title of a religious work from the pen of Rev. Dr. Bond of the Baptist Church, of this city. It is written in a plain, and common sense style, and will doubtless make a valuable addition to the literature of his church.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PACKET FAWN, Sept. 11, '52.

It is pleasant after having been dosed and blistered for a couple of weeks, to get out of the sight of medicine and doctors and find ourself on board of a neatly and comfortably furnished boat on the beautiful Ohio, surrounded by sociable and agreeable male and female acquaintances. Such is now my condition, and what more pleasant than fine scenery and good company when traveling. I consider that the Ohio has some as fine and beautiful spots upon its banks as any river in the world. I have gazed with delight upon panoramas of the rivers of the old world, rich in their legendary lore, and all that our own Ohio needs to make its hills as classic and beautiful, is that its bold and precipitous bluffs, its wooded hills and shores, and its grassy lawns, shall have the wild deeds that have been enacted upon them, woven into stories baptized with the dews of centuries. True they can never boast of baronial castles, and life-like towers. The time to create such legends for our scenery has gone. But if the dim and silent forest could relight its fires, and take the death palsy from its tongue, what deeds of noble and heroic daring, and what sights of romantic and thrilling interest might be brought to light. If the Past would tell us of the race that built our mounds, and tell us whence they came and whither they went—whether the same hands that built them reared those vast temples and towers of Mexico, Central America, and Peru, would we not have a history that would rival in richness and romance the wildest legends of the older world? Or, if it could only reveal to us the scenes and events of those days when through their vast wildernesses and wooded hights roamed the wild beasts pursued by the wilder aborigines, and this river was rippled only by the light bark canoes, or the winds of heaven, would not its storied page furnish fields in which the imagination might soar until her wearyings would fail? But we need not baptize the hills and groves and cities of the Ohio in the mists of the almost forgotten Past, to make them beautiful, for is not "La Belle Rivere" one of the "loveliest of all the rivers of earth? Do not cities spring up on her banks like the magic creations of the Lamp of Aladdin? Is there not ever gliding on her bosom, like creatures of life, moving palaces, such as never floated on the Nile, or the Indus, or the Euphrates? Does not her surface ever gleam in the morning sunbeam or silvery moonlight, like a mirror of silver?" And if the Past of the Ohio is almost traditionless, does not the Present reveal to us a glorious Future when its silvery waters shall flow through a region of country which the peaceful arts and sciences have gilded with a light that seems of heaven?

But all the associations of the hour are not pleasant. Take your gaze from the beautiful scenery without, and look upon some of the throng within. See you those two gray-headed men at the "bar?" they are already drunk, and yet they must have more of the water of death. What a sad work does liquor make of all that is lovely, and how mournful to the thinking man is the sight of age debased by liquor,—"old age comfortless and diseased."

And here is a family, consisting of a woman and four or five children, whose external appearance denotes almost extreme poverty. Sadness is written upon the features of all. They are far from home, among strangers, on their way to the West seeking the home of a distant relative. The love of gold has called the husband and eldest son from home, and all its endearments, to the Pacific coast, and thus the wife and sisters are left to buffet the rough waves of life alone.

I have often thought that if some of those who seek the smiles of precarious fortune in the mines of California, could look upon the ones they have left behind—and could see an aged mother, and delicate sisters breasting the rough surges of the world alone, living at the mercy of those unrighteous shopmen who make their fortunes out of the ill-paid labors of their needles, that they would not be so anxious to heap up a little gold; for they would feel that every ounce of that gold was coined out of the lives and hearts of their weary mothers and sisters. Ah, it strikes me that if the husband and father now in California (unless he be a heartless fellow) could see the wife of his bosom clad in her faded and worn out garments, sitting by the side of a small band box, that apparently contains her earthly all, patching a few old clothes, for her children to wear until they can reach the home of that distant relative, his conscience would smite him for his neglect, and he would hasten home, if he had to beg his way, and relieve the wants of that sad, uncomplaining wife. And yet, if all reports be true, there are husbands and sons in the golden country, living in riotous dissipation spending their hundreds per month, whose wives and mothers and sisters, are wearing out their sorrowful lives in earning a scanty subsistence. But enough, for the hoarse whistle of the boat tells me I am nearing Evansville.

EVANSVILLE, Sept. 15.

It had been five years since I was here until my present visit, and I know of but few places, that have, during that time, improved as rapidly. This being the depot for the Wabash and Green Rivers' products, a commercial importance is given to it, that is not possessed by any other city of southern Indiana. The Evansville and Illinois Railroad now in operation to Princeton, and the prospect of a speedy completion of the Canal have produced an elevation in the prospects of this city. These

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two great works are being vigorously prosecuted, and will, when completed add greatly to the wealth and prospects of Evansville. I know of no place in the State that presents superior advantages to Evansville, and I consider that of all our cities, she alone is the rival of New Albany, for the palm of supremacy. Her position, her natural and artificial advantages, the energy and capital of her citizens mark her as one of THE cities if not THE CITY of Indiana. Several cities are struggling for this honorable distinctian, and many consider that Lafayette, Indianapolis, Madison, New Albany, and Evansville, have about equal advantages, and are now running, neck and neck for the prize of supremacy. In this contest Evansville is certainly not in the rear, and it may be well for those who fancy themselves sure of success to redouble their energy, for in the next few years the race will be ended.

Evansville occupies a beautiful site and commands a fine view of the Ohio. The city is well, though not compactly built; many of its business houses and family residences being ornaments to the place. It appears better from the river than any of our Indiana cities.

There are two fine Lodges and one Encampment here, making about 200 Odd-Fellows. I had the pleasure of setting beneath their tent with the patriarchs, and enjoying on life's rough journey a few moments—not of rest, for that comes not to them who have assumed the obligation of the order—but of sweet converse as we passed along. I formed an acquaintance with many of the members and found them good men and true.

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PRINCETON, Sept. 17.

After a pleasant ride of an hour and a half upon the Evansville and Illinois Railroad I reached this village. It is a neat place of some 1,000 or 1,200 inhabitants. It has always ranked as a town of much intelligence—called, in fact, by many persons in that section of the State a "reading town." It is improving in business, buildings, and bulk, and bids fair to be an excellent inland town—if a town or a great railroad connecting it with the Ohio and the Lakes can, in this day of progression, be called "inland."

There is a Lodge here numbering some 35 or 40 members, in a fair state of prosperity. They have labored under some difficulties, and slight misunderstandings in reference to what Odd-Fellowship is—but I have no doubt, from the spirit manifested by those I saw, that every thing that has hitherto interrupted the harmony of the order or lessened its progress and influence in that community will be banished, and peace and prosperity will crown their efforts. The elements of a fine Lodge exist there, and as soon as experience shall teach them what they need, there are hearts and hands in that Lodge to devise and perform. There is material there for an EXCELSIOR Lodge, if they will only call it into requisition. I became acquainted with most if not all of those residing in town, and found them willing to do battle in the great cause of benevolence. As the community bears the name of a reading community, you must look for a large subscription list from Princeton.

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NEW HARMONY, Sept. 20.

This place has long commanded a portion of the attention of the citizens of Indiana. From what I read of it a few years since I expected to find it an old, dilapidated, ante-diluvian looking town, so perfectly ancient in its tastes and sympathies that a stranger in the garb of the nineteenth century would be as great a curiosity, and be stared at as much as a show wagon is by a crowd of anxious urchins. Well there are some old houses and old people there, and there are some queer looking houses there, but the village occupies one of the loveliest sites in the valley of the Wabash. Upon two sides of it lie large rich and well cultivated farms. One of the other sides is the commencement of a range of low cone-shaped hills, that stretches back into the valley, adding by contrast beauty to the scenery. At the other side the Wabash murmurs its sweet music, and forms an outlet for the produce that may be gathered from the rich adjacent bottom lands. Many of the residences are well and tastefully built, and nearly all of them have large yards, filled with grapes and various fruits and flowers. And although I saw it and walked over it, in the rain, I consider it one of the most lovely places for residence I have visited in our State. The majority of the citizens appear to be of an intellectual turn, public and private libraries exist, and scientific lectures are delivered gratuitously.

Flowers, music and sociability, (what think you of the compound, reader?) are cultivated, and add greatly to the pleasure to be derived from a visit or a residence here.

While here, I had the pleasure of paying a hurried visit to the geological cabinet of David Dale Owen. It is, I presume, the finest and most extensive one west of the mountains, and one of the best in the world. It contains from 15,000 to 20,000 geological specimens, gathered from various parts of the world, some of which are very valuable. The whole I suppose, is worth from $7,000 to $10,000. The most interesting specimen to me was that of a huge Ichthyosamus (from the Greek words signifying a fish and a lizard.) The Ichthyosaurus is a remarkable species of gigantic marine animal, which inhabited the earth in the earliest ages of creation. The head is similar to that of the crocodile, except that the orbit of the eye is much larger; the backbone resembles that of the fish. The teeth are like those of the crocodile. The paddles, for locomotion are like those of the whale, except there are four instead of two. It is supposed to have subsisted on fish, and the

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latest formation in which it is found, is the chalk marl at Dover, England.

The specimen in Mr. Owen's cabinet is one of the largest and most perfect in the world, being nearly 17 feet long. There is one in a British museum, somewhat more perfect, but not so large. The one here, was found in Germany, and purchased by Mr. O. at a cost of between $800 and $400.

I was not here upon Lodge night, but was shown through their hall. It is occupied by the Templars and Odd-Fellows, and has been fitted up by them in a style that would do no discredit to any city in the State. Harmony and prosperity attend the labors of both orders.

GRAND LODGE OF KENTUCKY.

We are indebted to G. Sec'y. Moore of Ky., for a copy of the proceedings of the July session of the Grand Lodge of that State. In looking over the proceedings we find that there was a considerable amount of business transacted. The following recapitulation of the work will give our readers some idea of the flourishing condition of the Order in that State.

RECAPITULATION.

Number of members composing the R. W. Grand Lodge of Kentucky	655
No. of working Lodges under her jurisdiction,	89
Initiations,	688
Rejections,	68
Admitted by Card,	145
Withdrawn,	272
Reinstated,	31
Suspended,	136
Expelled,	33
Died,	44
Past Grands,	687
Contributing members,	4114
Revenue,	$33,674 83
Assets, cash,	$23,838 23
Assets, invested,	$12,558 69
W. and O. Fund,	$28,035 12
Number of Brothers relieved,	407
Number of Brothers buried,	45
Amount paid for Relief of Brothers,	$5,800 87
Amount paid for Widowed Families,	$583 59
Amount paid for Education,	$418 79
Amount paid for Burial of Dead,	$2,255 10

During the sitting of the G. L. a committee appointed at a previous session made a report upon a plan of mutual Life Insurance for the Order in Ky. We have not had time to examine the tables presented by the Committee; but we have great doubts of the ability of the G. L. of Ky., to carry out the provisions of the plan proposed. In the next No. of the Magazine we may attempt to give our views as to the feasibility of this enterprize.

Bro. George R. McFarlane, the Grand Warden of the G. L. of Pennsylvania, died at Hollidaysburgh, on the 27th of September, from injuries received by the falling of a heavy piece of iron in his foundry. Bro. McF. was highly esteemed as an Odd Fellow and as a citizen, and his death has caused sorrow and mourning among the brethren throughout that State.

We are indebted to the publishers of the "Golden Rule" for a fine lithograph portrait of the M. W. G. Sire elect, of the G. L. of U. S. I. O. O. F. Wilmot G. De Saussure, for which they will accept our thanks. The publishers offer them for sale at 50 cents a copy. Members of the Order who desire a copy can procure them by forwarding their orders to the publishers of the Golden Rule, New York.

From every section of the Union we have the most cheering news of the progress of Odd Fellowship, and so long as our brethren cherish the sublime moral teachings of the Order it must prosper. The elements of dissension, strife, and final dissolution are among us, but no fears need be entertained if we but foster the Golden Rule, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us TEN dollars, we will forward ELEVEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year.

To any person who will send us FIFTEEN dollars, we will forward SIXTEEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year, and one copy of the Digest, the Digest free of postage.

To any person who will send us TWENTY dollars we will forward TWENTY-TWO COPIES of the 'Magazine;' or TWENTY-ONE COPIES of the 'Magazine, and two copies of the "Digest;" or TWENTY COPIES of the "Magazine," and ONE COPY of the "Odd Fellows' TEXT BOOK;" the Digest and Text Book will be sent free of postage.

Send on your names.

AGENTS.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Magazine in their respective places, and are authorized to receive subscriptions, and receipt for money on account of the Magazine.

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As Ever yrs

Jos. L. Silcox

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. DECEMBER, 1852. NO. VI.

THE WILL OF AN IMPLACABLE WOMAN, AND HOW REVERSED.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

It is remarkable what extraordinary self-reliance man, the creature of a day, will ofttimes exhibit; with what deliberate hardihood he will affect to dictate terms to Providence with what daring boldness he will decide, propose and plan, forgetful that there is a Being above with whom it specially rests '*to permit*.'

The following brief record of passion and prejudice, details events which partially came under my own eye. The names of the leading actors in the scene are materially varied, in deference to the feelings of surviving relatives. But to the parties themselves, such alterations are idle. The verdict of their fellows to them is valueless. They have passed beyond the reach of human censure and applause.

But their fate carries a moral often forgotten, and always needful. May it teach the hard-hearted, and revengeful, and merciless, to forbear, and to forget, and to forgive.

On a couch in a room expensively furnished, belonging to a large house admirably situated in one of the best parts of W——, sat a lady, on whose fierce and marked features impatience and pain were plainly visible. By her, in a most deferential attitude, stood a young girl of some eighteen or twenty summers, whose fair brow was overcast with premature care and gloom; and who was watching, with evident and ill-concealed apprehension, the excited and irascible woman beside her.

The contrast was marked and striking. The two beings seemed hardly to belong to the same sex. One—young, gentle, affectionate—appeared the image of innocence, meekness, and feminine dependence. The other—dark, stern and forbidding—was the type of passion, and violence, and tyranny, and selfishness.

The room was well lighted. Costly articles were profusely strewed about it. Indications of ample means were not wanting. And yet its occupants appeared strangely and hopelessly sad. For an hour neither spoke. The younger, with her anxious gaze fixed steadfastly on the sufferer, seemed hardly to breathe.

The latter at length broke silence.

'Ah, yes, you may well look at me!' she spoke in a harsh and angry tone; 'I'm worse—much worse. I knew that this would be the case. More pain—more throbbing—more fever! So much for that filthy stuff which you persuaded me to take at the doctor's bidding. Do you wish me dead, girl? On my soul, I fancy that hope to be uppermost!'

The gentle being thus addressed spoke not, but looked up, sadly and reproachfully, at her wayward relative.

'What! no reply?' continued the elder lady, angrily; 'you don't care to spend your breath on me, eh?'

'Dear, dear aunt!' returned the young girl, eagerly, while tears, which she vainly strove to check, half choked her utterance, 'you would avoid, yes, I am sure you would avoid such unmerited upbraidings, were you aware of the pain they inflict.'

'Your pain cannot equal mine,' exclaimed the invalid, sharply, shifting her posture on the sofa, with an expression of great suffering; 'and as for tears, shed them. I intended you to feel. For whom upon this earth, I should like to know, but for me? Havn't I educated you, and clothed you, and housed you? Feel, indeed! You're bound to feel.'

'I *do* feel,' was the sincere rejoinder, 'grieved at your present sufferings, and deeply grateful to you for much and continued kindness.'

'Miss Ossulton,' cried the other, 'don't use such honeyed words; they cloy.'

'O, that anything that I could say—that anything I could do—might have the good fortune to please!' murmured the youthful and anguished nurse.

Rap—tap—tap! at the door. 'Listen!' resumed the sick lady; 'listen and be alive.'

'Miss Ossulton,' was whispered in a very subdued tone, by a low, clear voice, outside the apartment; 'Miss Ossulton, the doctor is below in the dining-room.'

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'And there he may stay!' ejaculated the sick lady.

The voice continued—

'He begs to know whether Mrs. Dunsterville be asleep; and if not, he wishes to see her.'

'Asleep, no; I'm wide awake, and have been all my life!' said Mrs. Dunsterville, sharply. 'Tell him to be off. I'll follow no more of his directions, and take no more of his decoctions. I'm worse, much worse, after his every visit. Tell him to be off!'

'Oh, madam,' interposed the young lady, 'send no such message as that, I entreat you. It would be a positive insult to Mr. Sierveright, whose care and attention have been unremitting. You yourself have acknowledged the anxiety with which he has watched your case.'

'He has shown attention, I admit; but that's no more than his duty. He'll be paid for it. I'll not see him. I ought to have been well long ago—that I ought.'

'What am I to say, Miss?' persevered the voice at the outside; 'be pleased to give me my answer.'

'You have it,' cried Mrs. Dunsterville, sternly; I'll not see him. I'll take no more drugs, and pay for no opinions. Let him be off; he'll be more useful elsewhere.'

'I'll say as much,' whispered the voice, and ceased.

'Oh, aunt!' cried the young lady, deeply moved, 'how can you speak and act so harshly? What a return for Mr. Sieveright's kindness! You do him great injustice. And as for recovery, how can you expect it when you refuse a fair trial to your doctor's remedies?'

'He shall poison me no further; that I am resolved upon,' was the closing rejoinder of the resolute lady.

Mrs. Dunsterville passed a most uneasy night, was materially worse the next morning, and her neice desired and succeeded in procuring a second opinion upon her case.

The view taken of her situation was so serious, that, at the suggestion of both her medical attendants, a hint was given her that no time should be lost in arranging her worldly affairs. She received the information with her habitual hardihood.

'I understand you, aud the remark does not alarm me. Your impression is mine. I believe I'm bound for my last journey. In truth, I've been of the opinion, from the first, that the drugs I've been taking would end me. No cat or dog could survive them. And for the Christian's inside—whew! On other points you think, and I agree with you, that it is time that I should dispose of my property. But I must have a couple of hours to consider how and to whom. Meanwhile send for Mr. Maldimand, my attorney.

Prior to that gentleman's arrival, she had two hours of apparently deep and serious solitary reflection. At the expiration of that interval she rang for her niece. It is doubtful whether so close a relation as that of aunt and niece existed between the parties. Many held they were very distantly connected. But the relationship already laid down was that which Mrs. Dunsterville wished the world to understand as subsisting between them, and the wish was tacitly acquiesced in.

'Fanny,' cried the elderly lady, with an air of stern decision, 'I'm about to pay you a sorry compliment. I'm about to leave you what I can't take with me. Now, girl, no tears, no sobs, no sighs. Listen: my Will will convey to you all I possess. The farms at Yelland, my savings, this house as it stands, my plate, carriages, all will be yours, but upon one condition. I must have your solemn promise, nay your oath, that not one sixpence of your income shall ever pass to your father, and that you will never permit him, even for an hour, to be an inmate of your house.'

The young lady gazed steadfastly on her harsh and forbidding relative, but no word of comment escaped her.

'You hear me, I presume?' thundered the rich woman, vehemently.

'I do,' was the scarcely audible reply.

'And you assent to my conditions!'

Miss Ossulton trembled. Her color faded rapidly from her face, lips, brow, till she resembled rather a statue than a living, breathing being; but whatever was her emotion, it found no vent in words. She maintained an unbroken silence.

'Speak and quickly; time presses, and my share of it is small, resumed the elderly lady, passionately—'in one word, do you assent?'

'I cannot,' murmured the neice, slowly and solemnly.

'Then all I have to leave will be bestowed elsewhere.'

To the inexpressible indignation of the excited Mrs. Dunsterville, the sole reply which this potent threat elicited was a mute gesture of acquiescence.

'Be it so!' she exclaimed, with a forced and frightful laugh. 'And now where is Mr. Haldimand? Why does he tarry? Hasten him by another messenger. My instructions will soon be given. And these,' she resumed, again addressing her niece, while her order was being executed, 'and these will affect you chiefly! They will—ha, ha, ha! they will render you a beggar.'

The pale and trembling being at whom these inuendos were hurled, replied in low

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and feeble tones. The gist of her answer it was difficult to gather. But it terminated with the words 'endured.' Mrs. Dunsterville pounced upon her at once.

'Ah! yes! that sounds well from your lips. You who have from childhood been surrounded with every comfort which money could procure. know forsooth about endurance. You who have yet to learn what 'stint' is, have truly much to 'endure!' But your trials are coming; poverty among them—an awkward looking foe even at a distance; but desperately disagreeable to grapple with at close quarters. You'll know something about it when I am gone.'

'Life has evils worse and more humiliating to face than poverty,' was the calm reply.

'Oh! it has, ah! well, you'll know them practically when you go out governessing on £20 per annum. That's before you when the breath leaves my body. Your father, saucy and audacious man, can't support you. Of that, I presume you feel by this time assured!'

'He cannot, I know it well.'

'And you used to express a desire to be able to lighten his burdens.'

'I did wish, I do still wish—Heaven knows how earnestly—to help him. It has been the cherished aim of my life.'

'You'll be able to manage it when you're in service. Ha, ha, ha! Miss Ossulton, whom the young men used to flatter and flutter around as Mrs. Dunsterville's heiress, going out as governess on some £20 a year. What an agreeable reverse of fortune!'

And the ailing woman laughed hideously and repeatedly.

The young lady listened with a flushed cheek and tearful eye, but in silence. Another peal of mocking laughter was heard from the invalid's couch. As it ceased, a low and gentle voice said:

'Aunt, hear me. You know I have never harrassed you with repeated requests, but now I urge as one most anxiously, most earnestly. Deal with me as you please, but remember in this solemn hour my father. He has had many trials, many struggles, much to brave and much to bear. His character is blameless; that I fearlessly assert. Leave me penniless, if you will, but I implore you to bequeath to him some small bequest, some trifling annuity, not so much to cheer and comfort him as to testify your frank forgiveness and good will.'

'You'll be clever if you get me into that state of mind,' said the old lady, shifting her cushions.

Her young relative persevered.

'Aunt, you are rapidly hastening where forgiveness of injuries is indispensable.'

'Don't pretend, girl, to teach me my duty, mind your own. Your father deeply offended me; I said I never would forgive him. And I never will.'

'True, but listen—'

'No, I will listen to nothing further on that point.' Then, with a bitter expletive, frightful at that hour and from a woman's lips, she added, 'into this house that man shall never enter, nor one sixpence of my money shall he ever have. Such is my fixed resolution, and I defy what is under the Heaven or above the earth to rule it otherwise.

Shocked and terrified, the listener retreated and buried her face in her hands.

A light step was now heard outside the door, and in a subdued tone a voice whispered:

'Mr. Haldimand, ma'am, the lawyer, is below, and waits your pleasure.'

'Show him into the dining-room, and say I'll see him almost immediately.'

The light steps retreated.

'Now, Miss Ossulton, poverty or independence?'

'Poverty,' was the reply, 'poverty and a calm conscience.'

'Quite heroical; a sensible choice, and most deliberately made. But understand me, while I withhold, I also give.'

The niece looked up, timidly in evident doubt as to the speaker's intentions.

'You don't catch my meaning, eh? I'll explain it. Your expectations by my will I take away, and in lieu of them bestow my curse.'

'No, no!' shrieked the other, quickly and almost wildly. 'You cannot be serious; for mercy's sake speak not thus, and now!'

'But I will speak and you shall hear me. To you, Fanny, I have been all but in name a mother. Every kindness, every indulgence, every vigilance which a mother could bestow, I have shown; nothing has been grudged, nothing has been withheld that could make you happy. And now, ungrateful girl, my dying curse shall follow you—'

'Stay, stay!' interrupted the shrinking Fanny; and as she spoke she threw herself before her strange benefactress, and grasped convulsively her hand; 'cease, cease those frightful threats. I'll make any promise you ask—take any oath you require—do anything—but oh! curse me not—curse me not, I implore you.'

'Then do, and at once, my bidding. Write on that sheet of paper the words I now dictate.'

The niece, pale and tearless, obeyed almost mechanically, so thoroughly had anguish and apprehension possessed her.

'Show me what you have written.'

The victim handed her tormentor the re-

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vengeful and revolting document. The latter read it over thrice, and thoroughly weighed each expression. Returning it to her grave and dejected relative, the old lady observed:

'Yes, that's my meaning. I must endeavor to make your promise binding. First of all, sign it. Good! Now bring me that New Testament which is lying on my toilette table. Hold it in your hand, and take an oath, as they do in courts of justice, in my presence, on that book to abide by what you have written in that paper.'

Miss Ossulton did so.

'There—nothing can be better—that's just as it sdould be! and now I am ready for Mr. Haldimand—let me see him at once.'

The party thus summoned was an upright and honorable man, who took, with commendable air and precision, Mrs. Dunsterville's instructions, and more than once reminded her of some whom he thought had claims upon her. To these she turned a deaf ear. Miss Ossulton's rights she regarded as paramount; and a will was drawn up, conveying to that lady, absolutely, the bulk of that relative's property.

Fatigue, exertion and emotion, were now telling fearfully on the sufferer. She was evidently worse, and after considerable hesitation, she was asked whether she would like to see a clergyman. She replied in the affirmative, naming one, and begged that the party might be summoned immediately. He came. She told him that she was arranging her affairs, that the exertion incident upon such a task had aggravated her complaint; that she believed her life was beyond insuring, and that therefore she had wished to see him.

'You are rich,' was the ecclesiastic's reply; 'you are childless; you have no near relatives. Be merciful in the closing act of your life. Show in the final disposition of your property a kindly and compassionate spirit. Remember the poor.

She looked up with an air of surprise.

'Why, upon earth, am I to do that? Remember them! Out upon it? They have often remembered me, and impudently enough in all conscience! They hooted me at Yelland! Upon one occasion I got into trouble; and—yes—they actually hooted me.'

'Requite evil with good,' said the clergyman mildly.

'No—I'm not likely to do that. Nor would you if you were my weight and size, and had to run for dear life as the brutes made me do. *Remember the poor*, quotha? They're an improvident, saucy, good-for-nothing set—two-thirds of them are hypocrites, and the remainder drunkards. I hate the everlasting cant about the poor—it's nauseous. Let others remember them,' she said stoutly, 'I won't.'

'But the conduct you allude to though indefensible was probably accidental—not deliberate, thus regard it and forgive it.'

'I'm none of your forgiving sort. That girl's father,' pointing to Miss Ossulton, 'offended me. I've never forgiven him, and won't. He didn't frequent this house in my lifetime; he shan't enter it after I'm gone! The woman next door exasperated me when I lived in Yelland. We had a dispute about a pew. I didn't know but what we'd have a bit of a sly tussel in church. I never forgave her, and never will.'

'Heaven is barred to the unforgiving; have you considered this?' asked the astonished visitor.

'Ah, well! I'm tired and in pain; and I'm exhausted and sad; I can listen to nothing further at present; will you repeat your visit to-morrow?'

The wondering clergyman took his leave. As he lingered for a brief space in the breakfast room below he asked a loiterer.

'Was this lady's property her's by inheritance?'

'Oh, no,' was the ready reply. 'She filled a subordinate station in the household of the late Mr. Dunsterville. He was her senior in years, and required a good deal of attendance. She played her cards adroitly, and was amply rewarded. He married her and at his death left her all he had. A lady bred and born she can scarcely be considered.'

'Ah!' said the Churchman, 'that explanation solves a riddle.'

Further interviews took place, but with no result. The clergyman was understood to have returned to his former topics, and to have pressed them anew and earnestly on the attention of the departing lady. But in vain. She would leave no benefaction, however trivial to the poor, nor concede the slightest token of forgiveness to her delinquent kinsman.

She died as she had lived, exacting and unforgiving.

They buried her at Yelland. The funeral array was costly; but among those that followed her to the tomb it would have been difficult to point to one saddened spectator. Her will was produced and read. The necessary forms were gone through, and Miss Ossulton was declared sole heiress to her kins-woman's entire property.

To effect the transfer occupied some little time. But the day at length arrived when all forms were completed and all the requisite documents signed; and then Miss Ossulton was actual possessor of the ample means bequeathed her.

She had taken her final leave of her man

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of business, and had received his congratulations on the last signature being given, and the last out-standing claim arranged.

She was, in truth, owner of all Mrs. Dunsterville had possessed.

Her spirits, naturally joyous, rose at her escape from business details, which she never liked, and for which she was unfitted. She had described it in the morning as an eventful day for her. It was so in a sense she little anticipated.

With a light heart she returned home to an early tea. Her attendants heard her dancing and singing apparently in high spirits, and looking forward to a bright and happy future. On a sudden there was a pause—a faint scream, and a dull heavy fall. The house maid rushed into the sitting room. There lay her young mistress senseless and partially convulsed upon the floor; raised her and applied restoratives. To no purpose. Miss Ossulton gasped once or twice and expired.

An inquest was held—a verdict returned, 'Died from natural causes,' and the young girl was buried.

Who was her heir? No will could be found. No document of a testamentary nature was forthcoming. She had died intestate. Who was her successor? Her father. And consequently Mrs. Dunsterville's entire property became his property.

To that headstrong and wayward woman it seemed never to occur that her niece was mortal; must die childless and intestate. For such a contingency her will—so decidedly worded—made no provision. One feeling animated her—revenge. She aimed at carrying it out beyond the grave. Her resolve was to punish her kinsman even when she was in her coffin. But the fiat of a higher power mastered her. The party to whom she left her property never enjoyed it, and the being whom she resolved on barring from any share in it, come into its full and prompt undisturbed possession.

A few weeks passed, and the large and well plenished abode of Mrs. Dunsterville presided as owner Mr. Ossulton, owner of the house which he never was to enter!' Of her income he was master, to save or to squander as he pleased—that income of which she vowed he 'should never be one sixpence the better!' There he stood giving orders in her pleasure garden—trimming coolly and carefully her favorite rubus which stood near the gate—that tempting rubus on which the little street boys would lay their marauding fingers, which had brought her into so many squabbles—and about which Mrs. Dunsterville had so often assured some audacious spoilator that if she 'lived to see the morning light, she would most assuredly have him up before the mayor, and transport him beyond the seas for the rest of his days. She could do it, and she would!'

Poor Mrs. Dunsterville! Had she been a crowned head, what a despot she would have made!

And no one missed her, save the street urchins, every thing under the new *regime* looked much as usual. Even the parrot—the favorite parrot—the only human being on the wide earth, (as her late mistress used unaccountably to phrase it,) 'the only human being on the wide earth who really loved and esteemed her!' shrieked, and sang, and laughed, and whistled in her cage, and occasionally screamed out as of old:

'Poor Mrs. Dunsterville—poor lady—poor lady—oh, oh!'

Oh, Polly, Polly! you may well repeat your lesson, and dwell upon the theme. If your late mistress could have looked up out of her costly coffin and seen who was reigning in her stead—could have witnessed who was laying down the law in *her* house, and turning over *her* valuables and routing out *her* repositories—could have observed who was drinking *her* wine and taking an airing in *her* carriage.

Scream Polly, scream, by all means. There is meaning in your phrase. 'Poor Mrs. Dunsterville.'

Reader, one parting word. It is pertinent to assure you that this is no fictitious tale. The will thus over-ruled, was made. The characters thus portrayed existed. The sentiments thus recorded were deliberately avowed. The sudden death here described, actually occurred. Does not this narrative warn us how wretchedly they miscalculate who fancy that they can control and command events? Does it not remind us that the issues of every scheme, however cruelly planned or resolutely executed, rest *alone* with Him who is the irresistible?

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

LOVE AND PEARLS.

'Tis said, when love was but a child,
The angels saw him weeping;
They kiss'd his lips, and then he smil'd,
And fell 'mid rosebuds sleeping!
They took and bound his golden curls,
With wreaths of dew-flowers streaming;
Then turn'd his tears to radiant pearls,
And took him up to Heaven dreaming!

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OUR ORDER A NECESSARY ORGANIZATION.*

BY G. REP. BRO. I. D. WILLIAMSON

Social architecture is a science, of all others, most important to the well being of man on earth. It takes up the scattered and disjointed individuals of our race, and it teaches us how to place them in their true relations, so as to form one great and harmonious social fabric. To each brick, and stone and piece of timber, it assigns its proper place, and thus, of human beings, forms a glorious temple, with every joint compacted, and every want supplied.

The first, and by far the most important truth with which the social architect has to deal, is the positive brotherhood, and essential unity of the human family. I do not say their equality, for except in some few respects, there is no such thing on earth as equality. Intellectually, morally, or physically, there are not two men living who can truly be said to be equal. On the contrary, there is every possible grade and variety, from the highest to the lowest, ranging from the sinewy arm of Sampson down to the helpless infant—from the capacious intellect of Newton to the vacancy of the idiot, and from the purity of Jesus to the corruption of the homicide. And it is this endless variety of human character and of grade, that furnishes the material for an harmonious social structure. All that is necessary, is the science which shall assign to each his true position; and such a position there is, for every one, in consequence of this wonderful variety. But waiving this question of equality in a strict sense, we affirm that all men are brethren, and members of one common family, so nearly allied and closely related that their real interests are one and indissoluble; and this great truth must not only be held in theory and admitted in the abstract, but it must be regarded practically, and infused into the organic structure of society. The social body must recognize the fact, that each individual member is a part of itself—that his sufferings affect the whole body; and that his interests must be looked after and cared for, else the whole body suffers. It must abjure the idea that each man is an isolated fragment of creation, made for himself alone, and all his interests centering in himself; his sufferings and his woes affecting none but himself; and it must look upon each being that bears the human form, as one of its members, and as having a claim upon our sympathy and care. Precisely here it is, that all existing forms of human organization fail, and have failed, from the beginning. They overlook this "large brotherhood of our race," (you know that word;) they regard humanity as a mass of fragments, that cannot be compacted; they are framed for the benefit of the few; their precept is, "Let each man keep all he has got, and get all he can;" and no matter who falls so that self wins; and no care has the great body for the evils that befall the individual, except such as is forced upon it by the idea of self-preservation, or the irresistible law of necessity. Hence cases of individual suffering, keen and severe—wants pressing and clamorous, are continually arising, for which society has no adequate provisions, no salutary remedy. Look and see if it is not so.

Man is indeed in his primitive state, comparatively independent of his fellow man. His temporal wants are few, and the comforts around him, though meagre, have this advantage—they are fully within his reach, and he can obtain them by his own efforts, unaided by his fellow man. The little hut, constructed by his own hand, suffices for a shelter from the inclemencies of nature. The wilderness before him is his storehouse, and running stream or the placid lake his larder. He hunts the deer with his quiver and his bow, or draws the fish from the liquid element, and thus his wants are supplied. Or if he has advanced a step in the scale of progress, and has substituted the domestic animal for the wild game of the forest; or engaged in rude attempts at agriculture, he is still measurably independent. A rude tent is his dwelling, and he feeds his flocks where he pleases—the right of pasture being conceded. He also enjoys the right of cultivating the earth, and may sow and reap at his pleasure, without restriction or hindrance.

But as the race multiplies, and improvement goes on, the whole aspect of things changes. The dense forest is cloven down by the woodman's axe, and the game disappears. The right of property in the soil is recognized, and the land is appropriated to individual use, so that a man can no longer sow and reap where he chooses. The result is, that many are left with no means of support, but such as are dependent upon the will of others. They cannot live by the chase, for the game is gone. They cannot feed a flock, for they have no pasture. They cannot till the soil, for it is owned by another. In the bosom of our old mother earth, there may be treasures untold, and in sufficient abundance to place every being that looks upon the sun in the firmament, above the reach or fear of want; but the privilege of drawing forth these treasures, is no longer held as an indefeasible right; for

*Extracted from an "Address to the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, delivered at St. Louis, Mo., on the 33d anniversary of the Order in the United States."

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the earth no longer belongs to the great race to whom God gave it, but to a few for whose benefit the social fabric was reared; so that he who sows must first beg or purchase the privilege; and he who reaps must eat no more than a tithe of the harvest. And thus it is that the body of society moves on, looking only to the interests of the aggregate, and uncaring for individuals, until of the masses of every nation under heaven, it must be said this day, there is no spot upon the face of God's earth where they can dig or delve without paying tribute to another. Thus individual interests instead of being protected and preserved, are immolated upon the altar of social interests. The blundering architect has left out half the material of the building; so that they have no place in it, but must be like rubbish around it, to be trampled under foot and despised. He has robbed his fellow of his portion in the earth, and practically tells him he has no business to be here; for there is not an inch of ground upon which he may stand without permission from a power above him. And what is given in return for those natural rights of which he has been despoiled, or which he has voluntarily yielded up? Simply this: A chance in the battle for gain. The privilege of running a desperate race in the midst of antagonism and strife, where all may not hope to win the prize. A mere ticket in a lottery where there are at least ten blanks to a prize, and where the one who draws the prize turns him round and tramples upon his less fortunate neighbor. Call you this, a practical recognition of the principle of human brotherhood? Nay, that principle would have regarded the interests of the whole, and would have guaranteed to every individual at least a minimum, sufficient to give an annuity against want and absolute suffering for the necessaries of life. In this, the social structures of the past and the present have all failed, and therefore it is, we have said, that they are all imperfect and defective.

Means of support are precarious, and there is no guarantee against deep poverty and pinching want. In health, the poor man who has been fortunate enough to secure the privilege of toiling for another, may obtain enough for the sustenance of himself and family. But when sickness comes and the arm is so palsied that it cannot wield the ponderous hammer, or the implements of industry; and when death approaches and strikes down the head of the family, then it is that the hungry wolf looks in at the door, and there are no means left by which the widow and her helpless children can procure a respectable, or even a comfortable livelihood.

These are evils upon which the sun shines always; and in the streets and lanes of this and every other city, you may look upon them every day of your lives. They are evils against which, under existing institutions, no sagacity or forethought can effectually guard; so that there is not a man who can say, in certainty, to day, that he will not feel them in all their bitterness to-morrow. It is the radical, fatal defect of the social structure of the present, that it affords no guarantee against these evils, and provides no adequate means for their prevention or cure. Nay, but by the very isolation it inculcates and recognizes, and the exciting antagonism of conflicting interests that it fosters, it invites, produces and perpetuates these gigantic evils. I insist, therefore, that the imperfections of the present organic structure of human society, render the guaranteeism of Odd Fellowship and kindred associations, not only convenient but absolutely indispensable. I proclaim it in the ear of day, that it is no excrescence upon the body politic; but that is the natural outgrowth of the principle of human brotherhood, applied to the times and the circumstances—that humanity calls aloud for such an institution, and it supplies a deep seated and permanent want, which the social organization of the world fails to meet, and which is not supplied in any other way.

Am I wrong here? And shall I be told that there are legal provisions for the evils that I have named? and will it be insisted that the imperfections of those provisions are made up by the private charities of a benevolent and christian people? Let us see.

Your laws provide for the poor indeed, but there are radical defects in this system. The first is, that it comes too late. It overlooks the old adage, that "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure." It goes not to the man to sustain his steps, when first he stumbles or trips; but it waits until he has fallen, and is fairly down, so that he cannot rise. It builds an alms-house; but it so happens, that the vicious and the abandoned are there in such numbers that virtue shrinks from the contact, and the name of a pauper becomes disreputable, and your alms-house is regarded, not as a *home*, but rather as a prison. To go there, a man must become a pauper, and feel himself degraded, if not absolutely disgraced.

And then again, it is a heartless system. It doles out its pittance to the hungry; not because it loves him, nor yet because it recognizes his *right* to receive it, but because the necessities of the case, and the instinct of self-preservation, on the part of the body politic require that the deed should be done;

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and thus while it feeds the body it often sends the iron into the soul. And so of the sick man in the hospital. He feels not that he is ministered unto by the spirit of kindness; but that those who attend upon him are hired menials, who are doing for the sake of filthy lucre what they would not do for their love of God, or man. And thus the system often probes the very wound it is intended to heal.

But again. It is said we live in the midst of a christian people, and charity will not look coldly on and see much suffering. It may be so; but it should be remembered that suffering virtue shrinks from observation, and bears its sorrows in secrecy and silence; so that the eye of charity looks not upon the woes of the world. There are Samaritans who will turn aside from the crowded thoroughfares of life, and seek out the objects of charity, that they may relieve them. But the masses of men, who throng the marts of trade, have no time for works like these. They crowd and jostle each other in the busy streets; and as the tide of trade and commerce flows on, the thoughtless masses are borne upon its current, and turn not to the right or the left to listen to the wail of misery that comes up from the lanes and hovels of the city, where misery congregates, and human suffering calls, and calls in vain, for help. The result is, that relief comes not until application is made, and the sufferer becomes an importunate petitioner for alms. This, the most deserving, are slow to do.

Unfortunately, also, there are those who make it their business to feign necessity where there is none; and to appeal to charity for the means of indulging in vile and vicious habits. A few instances of imposture of this kind, are sufficient to make us suspicious, and cause us to hesitate ere we lend our aid, even when it is well deserved. On this account, hard is the fate, and meagre the supply of those who are compelled to appeal to the charity of the world.

But if it were otherwise, and all human want could thus be relieved, it would be an objectionable method. There is in the human heart a laudable pride, which loves the "glorious privilege of being indepencent." Such is the loss of self-respect, the crushing of spirit attendant upon the thought of being a beggar, that the sensitive, the right-minded, and the virtuous, will suffer and endure until the very heart-strings break, ere they will petition for alms, and even then, receive it with a bruised and broken spirit.

What we want, and what a true philosophy and genuine philanthrophy imperiously demand, is a system of social organization, into whose structure and laws the principle of human brotherhood shall so far enter as to guarantee every member of the great body against suffering from want, and against pauperism and beggary. A system which will meet the evil on the threshold. Availing itself of the means at hand in the day of prosperity, it should, by small instalments, which all can spare, lay up a fund, not to support paupers, but to prevent men from becoming paupers; not to bestow upon beggars, but to prevent the necessity of begging. It should go to the man who is prostrate with sickness, so that he cannot pursue his avocation, and whose accustomed supplies are therefore cut off, and furnish him with the means which shall prevent him from going to the alms-house, or sending his children out to beg. It should do this, not in reluctant charity, as to a mendicant, but freely as to a man and a brother, to whom it is justly due, by virtue of the compact into which he has entered. It should sit by the bed of the sick man, and make him feel that he is surrounded, not by mercenary hirelings, but by brethren, to whom he is bound to render similar services in the like circumstances. And if death comes, it should take up his orphan children, not as foundlings and strangers, nor yet as burdens imposed, but as heirs of an inheritance which their fathers purchased, and cherish them as jewels in the crown of its honor.

And such is Odd-Fellowship. This is the precise position it occupies; and therefore, it is, that we place it upon the category of things not to be cast aside as useless or unnecessary. It has grown up naturally—it has a true philosophical position in the onward and upward movement of our race. It is a step in advance toward that period when "one law shall bind all nations, and that shall be the law of love." It supplies a want which is left unsupplied in the political and social structures of the world. Principles which all hold in theory, and works that all admit as duties, it embodies in its organism, and renders efficient by enforcing them in positive enactments. Thus much we have said in regard to the position of Odd-Fellowship among the social organizations of the day.

True Conscience.—When the immortal Sidney was told that he might save his life by teling a falsehood; by denying his handwriting, he answered: "When God has brought me into a dilemma, in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gave me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

Follow peace with all men. Wranglers are fools.

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AIM AT PERFECTION IN ONE THING.

BY ARTHUR.

There are many men who go through life without any object in view, save that which is dictated by the caprice of the moment, that it has passed into a proverb, that man is the creature of circumstances. And yet how disgraceful is such a course to one who has before him so many high and noble ends, to be attained by patient and unremitting labor.

The man who passes life thus, may be compared to a ship on the ocean without a rudder, at the mercy of the winds and waves. He is driven to and fro by every changing breeze of circumstances. To-day he may be engaged in some valuable labor, and tomorrow leaving it but just begun, he may devote himself to some other employment; and though they may all be important in their place, yet, because he finishes nothing, because he perfects nothing, his life will at least be a failure. Like a man lost on one of our vast prairies in a snow storm, he will wander round and round with no fixed object in view, and make no real progress.

In the journey of life, there are many different paths that may be chosen and at the end of each one of those paths is a prize; but it cannot be reached without traveling the whole path. Those prizes are various as the ways which lead to them. By pursuing one path, a man may attain one object, while if he chooses another path, he will receive a different reward. But unless he selects one road, and patiently follows it, instead of walking for a time in one and then turning back into another, he will find his time expired while he is at a distance from any of the objects which have in turn occupied his attention. His life will have been a failure. Not a beam in the vast fabric of society—not a stone in the great work of progress will be inscribed with his name, but he will go down

> 'To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
> Unknown, unhonored, and unsung.'

When Napoleon enquired if a certain work were practicable and was told that it might be if circumstances favored, he proudly answered, 'I make circumstances; let it be done.' Though in one sense this remark may seem presumptuous, yet with a little qualification, it was true of his whole course. His brilliant career was one continued triumph of circumstances. For he had an object to which he made them subservient. His whole energies were bent toward a single point which, like the guiding star of the mariner, he kept ever in view. If perchance a cloud flitted over it and for a moment paled its beacon light, changeless in his resolve he pressed steadily on. Through storm and calm, through light and shade, one grand purpose, was ever uppermost in his mind—and the world knows the result. The parting words of the patriarch Jacob to his eldest son convey a lesson of great importance to all and the truth of which is written on every page of history: 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.' Exemplifications of this might be multiplied without number. The record of the past is full of them. Almost invariably those who have distinguished themselves by their deeds and earned a place among the world's heroes are those who throughout their lives have constantly labored for one thing, and perfection in this thing. Demosthenes, notwithstanding the great natural defects which hindered the attainment of his wishes, by unwearied diligence at length succeeded in reaching a position unrivalled by ancient orators.

It matters little what difficulties may lie in the way of the accomplishment of any object. To an indomitable will and untiring diligence almost anything is possible. Then have you any great end in view—be not deterred from the undertaking by any obstacles that may lie in the way. True to your aim as the needle to the pole—tireless as the Indian in his revenge, let one idea ever be the controlling power of your mind. Let everything be subsidiary to that. And pursuing this one object, rest assured that you will not fail 'to make your mark,' and effect something for the good of society. And doing this, when the day of life o'er, its sun will set—a useful life-work done.

Knoxiana.

The contemplation of distresses softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. It extinguishes the seeds of envy and ill-will towards mankind, corrects the pride of prosperity, and beats down all that fierceness and insolence which are apt to get in the mind of the daring and fortunate.

PUNCTUALITY.—Ah that's the word—punctuality! did you ever see a man who was punctual, who did not prosper in the long run? We don't care who or what he was—high or low, black or white, ignorant or learned, savage or civilized—we know that if he did as he agreed, and was punctual in all his engagements, he prospered.

Home without a wife is a strange land, a head without brains, a heart without conscience, a ship without sails, an ocean without waves, a world without religion, a heaven without a God.

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[From "Roughing it in the Bush."]

TRAITS OF INDIAN CHARACTER.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

The Indians, under their quiet exterior, possess a deal of humor. They have significant names for every thing, and a nickname for every one, and some of the latter are laughably appropriate. A fat, pompous, ostentatious settler in our neighborhood they called *Muckakee*, "the bull-frog." Another, rather a fine young man, but with a very red face, they named *Segoskee*, "the rising sun." Mr. Wood, who had a farm above ours, was a remarkably slender young man, and to him they gave the appellation of *Metiz*, "thin stick." A woman, that occasionally worked for me, had a disagreeable squint; she was known in Indian by the name of *Sachabo*, "cross-eye." A gentleman with a very large nose was *Choojas*, "big, or ugly nose." My little Addie, who was a fair, lovely creature, they viewed with great approbation, and called *Anoonk*, "a star;" while the rosy Katie was *Nogesigook*, "the northern lights." As to me, I was *Nonocosiqui*, a "humming bird;" a ridiculous name for a tall woman, but it had reference to the delight I took in painting birds. My friend, Emilia, was "blue cloud;" my little Donald, "frozen face;" young C——, "the red-headed woodpecker," from the color of his hair; my brother, *Chippewa*, and "the baldheaded eagle." He was an especial favorite among them.

I have said before that an Indian never forgets a kindness. We had a thousand proofs of this, when, overtaken by misfortune, and withering beneath the iron grasp of poverty, we could scarcely obtain bread for ourselves and our little ones; then it was that the truth of the Eastern proverb was brought home to our hearts, and the goodness of God fully manifested towards us, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days." During better times we had treated these poor savages with kindness and liberality, and when dearer friends looked coldly upon us they never forsook us. For many a good meal I have been indebted to them, when I had nothing to give in return, when the pantry was empty, and "the hearth-stone growing cold," as they term the want of provisions to cook at it. And their delicacy in conferring these favors was not the least admirable part of their conduct. John Nogan, who was much attached to us, would bring a fine bunch of ducks, and drop them at my feet "for the papouse," or leave a large muskinonge on the sill of the door, or place a quarter of venison just within it, and slip away without saying a word, thinking that receiving a present from a poor Indian might hurt our feelings, and he would spare us the mortification of returning thanks.

WOMAN'S SPHERE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

"I have given her as a help-mate," said the Voice that cannot err, when it spake unto Adam "in the cool of the day," amid the trees of Paradise. Not a slave, a clog, a toy, a wrestler, a prize-fighter, a ruler. No, A HELPER.

If the unerring Creator has assigned different spheres of action to the sexes, it is to be presumed that some adaption exists in their respective spheres, that there is work enough in each to employ them, and that the faithful performance of that work will be for the welfare of both. If He hath constituted one as the priestess of the "inner temple," committing to her charge its veiled shrine and sacred harmonies, why should she covet to rage amid the warfare at its gates, or to ride on the whirlwind that may rock its turrets? Rushing, uncalled to the strife, or the conflict, will there not linger in her heart the upbraiding question, "with whom didst thou leave thy few sheep in the wilderness." Why need she again be tempted by pride, or curiosity, or glowing words, to forfeit her own Eden?

The true nobility of woman is to keep her own sphere, and adorn it, not as the comet, daunting and perplexing other systems, but like the star, which is the first to light the day and the last to leave it. If she win not the laurel of the conqueror and the blood-shedder, her noble deeds may leave "footprints on the same sands of time," and her good works, "such as become those that profess godliness," find record in the Book of Life.

Sisters, are not our rights sufficiently comprehensive, the sanctuary of home, the throne of the heart, the moulding of the whole mass of mind, in its first formation? Have we not power enough in all realms of sorrow and suffering, over all forms of want and ignorance, amid all ministries of love, from the cradle dream to the sealing of the sepulchre?

Let us be content and faithful, aye, more, grateful, and joyful—making this brief life a hymn of praise, until admitted to that choir which knows no discord, and where melody is eternal.

Knowledge may slumber in the memory, but it never dies; it is like the dormouse in the ivied tower, that sleeps while winter lasts, but awakes with the warm breath of spring.

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[For the Banner of the Union.]

PRINCIPLES OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.*

I come now to speak of the general principles and objects of the Institution. The first grand principle is that of Christian Charity—charity in its true and extended sense; not the mere giving of alms—not the attendance of the sick alone, but active brotherly love and kindly feeling; the discountenancing all that is wrong; the support of all that is right; the preservation of decency and order; for all these are charities. Its objects are manifold, and it combines in itself the qualities of a Benefit Society, and a Benevolent Institution, guarding strictly, by a simple but clear and extensive arrangement, against the evils and dangers which have sometimes been found to affect both. The decent burial of the dead, and the support of sick brethren, are amongst its principle objects; but another very important end has been aimed at and attained. It often occurs, *in Europe especially*, that a mechanic, or laborer, has to travel far in search of employment. Want and sickness but too frequently overtake him in his course. To assist him on his way, and guard him, as far as possible against such accidents, many societies have been formed, and have been beneficial. But numerous evils have combined themselves with the good. Men of dissipated habits, capricious and unsettled dispositions, and wandering, unstable purposess have often taken advantage of such societies, to indulge in a propensity to roam. The contrivance of a mere card from the association to which they belong, without a strict and well organized system of scrutiny, and secret signs and pass-words, by which imposters can be detected, and honest members recognized, has proved altogether insufficient to prevent fraud, deceit and wrong. But in the case of the Order of Odd-Fellows, with their Lodges spreading thickly over the face of the land, a network of communication, carrying frequent intelligence from Lodge to Lodge, and district to district, with an organized investigation by the proper officers, into the means, the purposes, and necessities of every brother about to travel, and a system of pass-words to guard against imposition, it is rendered nearly impossible that fraud—that great discouragement to benevolence—should take place while the means of speedy relief and assistance are assured to want and sickness.

Here is one of the beneficial uses of these signs and pass-words. And let me remark that the scrutiny mentioned implies no spying. But these are not the only objects sought for and attained by the Order of Odd-Fellows. It has been judged that the periodical meeting of men, united together by kindly sympathies towards their fellow-creature, and having before them at each assembly, as a principal end of all their efforts, objects of general benevolence, must naturally tend to promote union, harmony and good feeling amongst neighbors. At the same time, the connection of each separate body—each small community of brethren with other Lodges, with districts, and with a great widespread and active society, extends the beneficial influence, and the feeling of Brotherhood to all mankind, and casts the glorious sunshine of the heart over the wide world itself. The practise of endearing virtues; the presence of good and honorable objects; the maintenance of order, courtesy, and propriety of demeanor at these meetings, all tend to elevate the individual to expand the heart, and to improve society; while the social communion of the Odd-Fellows' Lodge, teaches how to enjoy and to be cheerful without vice, or levity, or intemperance.

It is impossible to be, at heart, a member of this Order, and not to be a good man.

Other collateral objects are frequently sought for by the different Lodges, and in different districts, according to the means at command, and the lights of the members; but in all, they are directed by the same great principle of Christian benevolence. One object I may mention, as it is generally kept in view by the English Lodges, and is commended, though not enjoined by the general society. I refer to the establishment of a Widow and Orphan Fund.

In an English Lodge, to which I myself belonged, in consequence of the general healthiness of the locality, and the frugal habits of the members, a considerable surplus of money accumulated, and it became a consideration what was to be done with the fund. But one principle was appealed to, but one rule followed. It must be so used as to do the greatest possible benefit to our fellow-creatures, and that which seemed to afford the best and most certain direction, was the education and maintenance of the orphan children of some of our Brethren. To that purpose was the surplus fund applied. and blessed were the results.

The next head which I have proposed to treat of, is: The means employed to carry out the principles and objects of the Association. It would occupy too much of your time, were I to enter into the detail of all those arrangements which have been decided upon by the Order for properly regulating the distribution of its funds; but it is confidently believed that those arrangements are as well adapted to the objects to be attained,

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as the imperfection of human reason will permit. The greatest possible care is taken to guard against fraud and wrong (as I have already shown, in some instances).

Due economy is inculcated and insured by the election of various officers in the Society in general, in the Districts, and in the Lodges, one great part of whose business it is to keep a watchful eye over the distribution of the funds, and over the character and conduct of the members, *in so far as their* relations with the Order is concerned. Strict and well-devised rules are laid down for the communications between Lodge and Lodge, for the reception of the members of one Lodge into another, and for the assistance to be given by each Lodge to sick or traveling brothers from distant districts.

Men have been devising systems, framing communities, organizing societies, and dreaming dreams for regenerating society by processes, which would impose upon them the gigantic task of creating new materials for the construction of a new world. All these schemes have hitherto proved lamentable—ludicrous failures. We may admire the philanthrophy that prompted them; but we must condemn the self-sufficient presumption of the attempt, and smile at the ridiculous insignificance of the result. Neither do I venture to put forth this Order as a panacea for all the great moral evils of the world. But this I do know—this do I boldly venture to assert, that if all men would be brought to adopt and act upon the fundamental principles of this society, on all occasions, the great moral panacea would be found; for those principles are the principles of Christianity. The great difficulty—the only difficulty is, to persuade men to follow them. But this we dare to say, that, in our society, we do persuade men to follow them strictly, *on certain occasions, and during certain times;* and that the whole tendency of our society is to persuade men to follow them always. So much at least we gain, and we defy the world to gainsay us.

But there is something more. Our scheme boasts one great advantage over all those to which I have alluded. It is practical—it is practicable—it is practised. It is in active operation; it benefits; it embraces millions. We take man as he is, and we try to make him better—at all events, we rescue a part of his time from misuse; we direct a portion of his energies to high and holy objects; we train him, from time to time, in the habit of right thought, gentle demeanor, and generous action; and though we assume a lowly and a humble name, and put forth no vain claim to superior wisdom, or to mighty intellect, we boldly assert, that our objects are as high as the highest, and our course as pure and upright as the infirmity of man will permit.

The poor and needy; the traveler and the sick; the widow and the orphan, bear testimony to the work of the Order. Many an aching brow has been soothed, many a fevered lip moistened, many a heavy heart raised by its care and providence. Many a mourning wife and bereaved child, has, by its existence, had cause to raise the voice of gratitude, where only it is due, and say, 'thank God, I am not left altogether desolate!'

*Extracted from an "Address to the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, delivered at Stockbridge, Mass.

VISIT THE SICK.

Yes, visit the sick, is a command uttered by Odd-Fellowship, and binding upon every Odd-Fellow, who should strictly and punctually attend to this highly important matter. We should not only be ever ready to take our turn, in rotation, to sit up with him through the dark and silent hours of midnight, and render him all the assistance in our power; but as it is our right and our privilege to visit a brother in sickness or distress, we never should wait for an invitation to do so. And when we make these visits of mercy, we should not make them merely a business matter, because we are bound to their performance by our laws; but we should do so from a cheerful disposition to do good—from a sympathetic feeling to mitigate the sorrows and woes of others, to bind up the broken-hearted; well knowing that it will not only be gratifying to the brother, but equally so to his friends and relatives. When a brother is laid low on the sick bed, whose frail body is racked with tormenting pains, oh! how pleasant and agreeable to receive the visit of some true and faithful brother—with what a thrill of delight does he receive the friendly hand! how consoling are these kind acts to his troubled spirit.

When the cold and icy sweat-drops of death are standing upon the pale and wasted countenance of a worthy brother, who is about to sleep the long and silent sleep of death—when the vital spark is about to flit away for the world above—when he is about to bid a last and long farewell to all he holds near and dear on earth, oh! then above all other times we should be there, that his last look may be turned upon us, in feeling of gratitude and friendship, for this last kind and fraternal act of goodness. Ah! when my time comes to 'shuffle off this mortal coil'—when about to launch my frail bark upon the dark and mysterious ocean of eternity, may I have the inexpressible delight of seeing clustered around my dying-couch the

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well-known and familiar faces of my beloved brothers, that they may wipe my pallid brow, cheer my weak spirit and bid me 'trust in God.' And when they have performed the last sad duty of depositing my cold rigid remains in the house appointed for all, laid them low in the cold damp grave, may they there shed over me the tear-drop of affection; and after casting upon my coffin the evergreen, the emblem of immortality, may they, under its chastening influence, sacredly renew to each other the warm pledge of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

When God, in the plentitude of his wisdom and goodness, takes away from this mundane sphere a worthy brother of the mystic tie, who leaves a widow and young orphans, see to it, brothers, that they receive your labors of love and mercy. Remember that there is no cessation from labor so long as there are any of his family left, who may be in need of your charity and kind acts of benevolence. Call often to see his bereaved widow, and tender her those consolations which you may be able to offer; and make all needful inquiry concerning her prospects and her situation; and if she is in want, make it known to the Lodge, that it may make the proper provisions to supply her need. Never let it be said, that Odd-Fellows neglect those placed under their charge; but be always ready to wipe the falling tear from the weeping eyes of the disconsolate widow, and hush the cries of the mourning orphans. Let that heavenly grace, pure charity, predominate in all your proceedings, both public and private. Never let it be said in truth that the sorrowing child of humanity—the true Odd-Fellow, has applied in vain at your doors for needed assistance. Never let it be said that a worthy Odd-Fellow has taken up his abode in the poor house, or is dependent on the cold charity of the world for support.

Reading.—Of all the amusements that can possibly be imagined, for a working man, after daily toil, or in the intervals, there is nothing like reading a newspaper or book.

It ever relieves his home of dullness or sameness. Nay, it accompanies him to the next day's work, and gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his every day occupation, something he can enjoy while absent, and look forward too with pleasure.

If I were to pray for a taste which would stand by me under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be taste for reading.

THE YOUNG PRUSSIAN.

Frederick, King of Prussia, one day rung his bell, and nobody answering, he opened his door, and found his page fast asleep in an elbow chair. He advanced toward, and was going to awaken him, when he perceived a letter hanging out of his pocket. His curiosity prompted him to know what it was; he took it out and read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, in which she thanked him for having sent her part of his money to relieve her misery, and telling him that God would reward him for his dutiful affection. The King after reading it, went back softly to the chamber, took out a purse full of ducats, and slipped it with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his chamber, he rung the bell so loudly that it awakened the page, who instantly made his appearance. 'You have had a sound sleep,' said the King. The page was at a loss how to excuse himself; and putting his hand into his pocket by chance, to his utter astonishment he there found a purse of ducats. He took it out, turned pale, and looking at the King, shed a torrent of tears, without being able to utter a single word. 'What is that!' said the King, 'what is the matter!' 'Ah! sire,' said the young man, throwing himself on his knees, 'somebody seeks my ruin! I know nothing of this money which I have just found in my pocket.' 'My young friend,' replied Frederick, 'God often does great things for us, even in our sleep. Send that to your mother; salute her on my part, and assure her I will take care of both her and you.'

"I would have every one consider," says Addison, "that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be forever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

In the nature of man, the humblest or the hardest, there is something that lives in all of the beautiful or fortunate, which hope and desire have appropriated, even in a childish dream.

There is a way of doing good in the world, on a small scale, that is scarcely appreciated. A man who educates one child faithfully, may effect a work of greater benevolence than one who has won the name of philanthropist. The love concentrated on a family may produce richer fruits than that which embraces the world.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

A SKETCH.

BY EARNESTINE.

'Twas the deep hour of midnight—all was gloom,
Dark, dreary as the portals of the tomb;
The wind in fitful gusts swept wildly by,
Driving the heavy clouds athwart the sky.
Within a chamber, cheerless, cold and drear
Sat a young girl, while from her eye the tear— .
The scalding, bitter tear of anguish rolled,
Evincing sorrow, that the LIPS ne'er told.
No light, save of the fire, shone thro' the room,
And it had burned so low, it seemed the gloom—
It only deepened by its flickering light,
And rendered yet more drear that lonely night.
As the sad watcher saw the embers die,
And heard the howling blast rush madly by—
She bowed a moment 'neath the storm of grief,
And in a flood of tears sought sad relief.
Then hushing the wild tumult in her heart—
Which seemed to tear the cords of life apart—
She turned and with a quick, yet noiseless tread,
Approached and knelt beside a lowly bed,
Whereon reclined a youth, whose marble brow
Genius had stamped her own—his dark hair now
Damp with the dews of death, was backward flung,
And o'er the pillow in rich masses hung.
His mild expressive eyes—sparkling and bright,
Seemed to have borrowed an unearthly light,
And shone with such strange brightness, that it seemed
All of his soul—his SPIRIT, thro' them beamed.
His pale lips quivered—and he murmured low—
"My darling sister, yield not thus to woe,
"Let me once more recline upon thy breast,
"Before I go to my eternal rest."
She rose, and seated on the lowly bed,
Upon her bosom placed his dying head;
Then brushing back the curls from his pale brow,
She murmured softly, "Rest thee brother, now."
He gently clasped her hand and whispered low,
"Sister, my hour has come and I must go!
"Nay, weep not Ella—though upon my brow,
"I feel the hand of Death is resting now;
"His fingers cold, are twining 'round my heart,
"And soon will tear the silver cords apart.
"I fain would linger yet a while with thee,
"But fate has passed the sentence—it must be.
"A chaplet of bright laurels I had wreathed
"To bind upon my brow—but Death has breathed
"His chilling breath on them, till one by one
"They've passed away, as dew-drops in the sun.
"But tho' the fragile ties of earth are riven,
"They will united be again in Heaven;
"And there, dear one, we will wreathe brighter flowers,
"Than ever bloomed within earth's fairest bowers.
"They'll place my body, Ella, in the tomb;
"But oh! remember this is not my home!
"The CASKET only will they bury here—
"The JEWEL's place is in a brighter sphere.
"Now kiss me fondly, sister, as of old,
"And clasp me to your bosom—I am cold.
"List! What wild melody breaks on my ear?
"Is it THY voice, sweet sister, that I hear?
"Sing louder, for it sounds more faintly now,
"And place your hand upon my throbbing brow.
"With "Father"—"Mother"—soon I now shall be,
"And we will watch and wait, dear one, for thee.
"I've loved thee fondly!" Here his voice grew low,
"Meet me in heaven—now farewell—I go!"
One icy shudder, one half stiffled moan—
His eyes closed gently—Ella was ALONE.
One wild, heart-rending cry broke on the air,
Like the deep hopeless wailing of despair.
"My Brother! Oh, how CAN I give thee up?
"Great God, in mercy pass this bitter cup.
"My fondest hope—the IDOL of my heart;
"My own, my noble Brother, MUST we part?
"Ah! never thro' my heart will thy voice thrill,
"Its music wild, is hushed—THY heart is still!"
She gently twined her arms about his neck,
And her dark hair—that he had loved to deck
While yet in health—with earth's bright flowers—fell
Around his pallid brow, and as a spell
Of magic power, bound her to the spot,
She pressed him to her bosom—but spoke not.
The long, lone hours of night still onward sped,
And yet she sat alone there, with the dead.
At length she raised her head; how strangely pale!
While o'er her features, as a mystic veil,
Sorrow had flung her mantle dark; but now
An air of calmness rests upon her brow.
Hark! Like the echo of a broken Lute,
Whose magic chords for ages have been mute,
Yet when 'tis swept by fairy fingers, brings
A strain of wildest music from its strings;
E'en thus arose her voice, so sweetly wild,
In gentle accents, while she faintly smiled,
And clasped still closer to her throbbing breast,
The brother she so often had caressed,
While yet in life, as though she strove to warm
With her heart's throbbing, his now lifeless form.
Then on his marble brow her lips she prest,
And gently sang as if to hush to rest,
With her low chant, the one she loved so well,
As though she knew her voice contained some spell
That could but charm the ear it chanced to meet,
And soothe each sorrow with its music sweet.
And then the morning dawned, and strangers came,
They paused and listened—for still rose the same
Low, mournful, thrilling chant, above the dead;
And each one sighed, for well they knew had fled
The "light of reason," from that breaking heart,
And in her being, now could hold no part.
The only one she loved, was now no more—
SHE WAS A MANIAC! and life's cares were o'er.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 15th, 1852.

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[From the Masonic Mirror and Keystone.]

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.

BY GEO. OSCAR BARTLETT.

As the universe, with its swelling orbs and radiant beams of brightness, its mystery, and harmony, and beauty, is to the external organs of sense, so is the inspired volume to the soul. While the heart drinks deep and intoxicating delights at nature's cool and delicious fountains, the soul, with lofty grandeur and intellectual power, struggles through its own ideal up to the holy purity of the infinite.

Throwing aside its divine precepts—its plan of salvation to a lost and erring race; viewing it simply as a poem, the Bible commands the admiration of a world. It is, and ever must be, considered a sublime, a God-inspired poem—full of grandeur, pathos, simplicity, and truth—comprehensive and eternal. The poetry of the Bible first opens a creation's dawn. God created the Heaven's and the Earth, and saw that they were good; but darkness yet covered the unborn world. Had mortal eye existed, its dim and sightless orbs would have gazed on chaos and impenetrable gloom. The imagination, with its air-wrought visions, can picture the vivid darkness—the awful sublimity of that hour. A vast and glorious universe, sleeping in the solemn shadows of a rayless night beneath the hand of Omnipotence.

God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." Full of poetry and sublimity was that moment, when light, flashing like a meteor, shot from the Eternal's throne, struggled through the azure realms of infinity, and showered its beauty on a new-born firmament; each scattered ray a gem; each sparkling gem a world, now glittering in the jewelled diamond of night. Its quivering beams threw triple heat on India's spicy groves, the flowery plains of Arabia and Hindostan; the bright enchanted vale of Kathay, and the burning sands of Africa; then traced in golden pathway, with a track of brilliants, across the mighty deep, and rolled its purple flood of grandeur onward to the frozen regions of eternal snows.

God said, "Let there be light, and there was light." The morning stars pealed their first anthem through a joyous creation—Paradise lay breathing in this new effulgence; the distant mountains caught the wondrous element of Almighty power, and shining vallies, and the crystal lake, and all the smiling and expansive universe of God, with its millions of starry and yet unknown worlds, was bathed in the soft ineffable loveliness of light. Thick wavy shadows of the lustrous element floated across the trackless billows, lighting up its thousand diamond crests with a flood of emerald beauty, which trembled in the sun's first beams; the choral deep echoed its unwritten poetry through the azure vault of heaven,

"And felt the first flash of the new-born flame,
Back from its depths in softer brightness flung."

Thus rosy light, God's air-winged messenger, the first pilgrim from the ark of heaven, traversed the illimitable regions of space, and heralded with dazzling brightness its sublime mission of Omnipotent goodness.

The past is poetry; and the sacred records of antiquity, from the remotest ages of time, bear upon their illuminated pages the loftiest elements of poetic inspiration. The literature of each age is marked by the distinctive character of its poetry. The great volume before us, embracing, as it does, a history of more than six thousand years, with its types and symbols—its significant figures, prophecies, and miracles; the divine commands of God's chosen and peculiar people, illustrated in the burning bush—the manna in the desert—the scourges of Egypt—the parting of the Red Sea, and the ascension of Elijah into heaven, is replete with the finest essence of true poetry, and is stamped with the divine impress of God's own hand. Nothing can be more lovely or exquisitely touching than the melodious breathings of the singer of Israel, or more tender than the plaintive songs of Saul for his friend Jonathan; or more deeply affecting than the lamentations of David over his beautiful, his unforgotten but lost Absalom. The stars are the poetry of heaven, but the Bible is the poetry of God.

IMPRESSIVE TRUTH.—"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and it gives a man far higher privileges. A man with a reputation for sobriety, may have a fit of apoplexy, and fall in the street, without hurting his reputation. A rich tippler who suffers such an attack, is always afterwards believed to have been dead drunk once in his life, at least. If a temperance man's horse runs away and smashes the buggy, it is charged to the vice of the horse. If the driver is in the habit of taking a horn occasionally, every body knows that time, he took a horn too much. A teetoatler can indulge in bloodshot eyes, a boil on the nose, or a prodigious headache in the morning. If a tippler carries either, ever so innocently, it is a token of a spree and his friends straightway condole on his coming ruin.

Once give your mind up to suspicion and fear, and there will be sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with the sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

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[From the Token.]

SECRECY.

"He that goeth about as a tale bearer, revealeth secrets, therefore meddle not with him that flattereth with his lips." Of the negative virtues, none carries along with it more security and respect, through all the walks of life, than secrecy. It is equally essential in all regular organized associations, in the counting house, in the administration of State affairs, and in domestic regulations. Its advantages, like those of every other thing, are most evident in its absence. The want of secrecy is uniformly attended with danger and discredit. By divulging the secrets of another, we make the world our enemy; by divulging our own, we make the world our master. Secrecy, encompassed by opposition and ambush, has hourly assaults to repel, or mines to counter-work. Some have so much of the inquisition in their hearts, that they huut after secrets with the utmost cunning, and generally with the most flattering success. They then repay themselves for the trouble of the inquiry by enjoying the malignant pleasure of exposing them in that situation, and at that juncture, in which they may do the most mischief. Others labor to explore what it is our duty or interest to conceal, that, by threats of disclosure, they may lay us under a contribution, or that they may impart their information for a reward to those who may gain some advantage by the disclosure.

A more amiable, and more victorious invader of our secrets, is woman. Armed with beauty, she attacks us by endearments. Unequal to the charming encounter, we surrender our whole souls to be ransacked by her eager curiosity. Hence, secrets of the highest import, secrets that involve the fate of nations and families, are entrusted to a female, and from a want of proper mode of education on this point, national as well as domestic difficulties are multiplied. But of all the enemies of secrecy, none is so resistless as intoxication; this, while it disarms a man of his rational faculties, divests him of his character. It confounds the distinction between the open and reserved; under its baneful enchantment all are *blabs* alike. Indeed secrecy, like every other exercise of prudence, requires a level calm of mind, which inebriety destroys; it is also endangered by the tumult of joy, the ebullition of rage, or the distraction of anguish and grief. These are all adversaries which secrecy ought either to shun or resist; there are others, also, with which it should capitulate. Though a secret be one of the most sacred commissions with which the mind can be charged,—a commission which neither advantage should attempt, nor distress force us to violate. I admit it falls a victim to duty under circumstances when the safety of our country, of our religion, or our neighbor, demands its exposure. But to duty, every wise man on such occasions will have secured honorable access, as he will never assume the unconditional custody of any secret.

In the foregoing we have considered the *want* of secrecy, but it may, on the other hand, be carried too far, and degenerate into unnecessary closeness,—a closeness which in some constitutions is innate, and in others engrafted by the dread of those evils that attend the opposite extreme. We will substitute a character: Romeo is a man of impregnable reserve; he makes a secret of everything, and guards it most sacredly. Through all his conduct there reigns a mysterious privacy, which tells mankind that he thinks them all traitors, with whom, if he could exist without them, he would hold no communication. By this suspicious gloom, he excites the curiosity of every individual. Every body attempts to detect what he hides with such ostentation, and when they have detected it, industriously promulgate it. Thus every hour he exposes his secrets to increasing danger, and of course heightens his watchful tenacity.

People of Romeo's temperament often excite our laughter. Those of the opposite description may be loved; these can only be trusted. Those, from being too sociable, injure society; these hate it, and let it remain undisturbed. If those disjoin friendship, these never come within its bounds. The sufferings of those make them conscious of their failing, and in some measure may abate it; the fault of these appearing to themselves a merit, is stubborn and progressive. Human excellence lies in a mean, the mean then of these two extremes seems to be secrecy concealed under open manners, which will insure the love of those who cannot detect the concealment, and the esteem of those who can.

Tarentum, Pa. I. W. S.

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

A man says that the first thing that turned his attention to matrimony was the neat and skilful manner in which a pretty girl handled a broom. He may see the time when the manner in which that broom will be handled will not afford him so much satisfaction.

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RETURN TO LABOR.

Most of the freemen of this country, have had their minds engrossed in politics for several months past, and we fear that Odd-Fellows have been so deeply engaged in the canvass, as to forget that they owed allegiance to any other than partizan organizations.

We have attended many Lodge-meetings since the political campaign commenced, and found the Lodges thinly attended, and, in many instances, hardly enough members present to fill the chairs, and that, too, in Lodges numbering several hundred members. Now we would not ask any one to refrain from exercising the rights and privileges to which all are entitled. But on the contrary, we commend due watchfulness and jealous care for our political institutions; yet, men's minds often become clouded when their passions and prejudices are aroused, and they allow themselves to follow delusive fancies, and imagine they see a substance, where there is but a faint shadow.

For months past, the public press has been filled with earnest appeals to the voters, and in most instances coupling those appeals with violent denunciations against political opponents, and fulsome adulations of their own candidates. According to the statements of these unreasonable reasoners, the prosperity of the country, if not the existence of our free Iustitutions, depended upon the election of their candidate to the chief executive office. But the worst feature of the campaign, was the virulent attacks upon the private characters of the candidates, and the scandalous disregard of the truth in relation to their public acts.

On one side, Gen. Scott was called a 'paltroon coward and coxcomb,' and represented as a man void of all capacity, for any post of honor. Others would admit that he was a good *military* officer, but that there all his talents ended. Some declared that if he was elected, he would play the tyrant; and others, that he would be the tool of the most reckless and abandoned of his party.

On the other side, Gen. Pierce was called a drunkard, and accused of ignominiously leaving the battle field, and of fainting through fright, and represented as a man scarcely capable of 'pettyfoging' a suit before a Justice's court. Such charges upon both sides, were base calumnies, and unworthy of intelligent freemen; and we only advert to them now in hopes that it may have the effect of inducing some to restrain their partizan warfare to the bounds of reason and rules of decency.

The election has passed, and with it, we hope, every ill feeling that has been engendered, will end. We now ask our brethren of the Order, whether belonging to the successful or the defeated party, to think once more of that Institution from which all partizan and sectarian controversies are banished, return again to the halls and join in the labors of Friendship: seek to improve the condition of our fellow-men. There is much to be done, notwithstanding the giant strides our country has made in bringing society towards that elevated and just position necessary for imparting to the masses an intelligent appreciation of the blessings of civil government, and a sense of duty towards each other. When there shall be no more to be done in improving the condition of man, then the period prayed for, by the benevolent and humane, will have arrived, no physical sufferings will be endured which the united efforts of all can relieve. Selfishness, hate, and pride, will sink into insignificance, and universal hosannas will ascend to Heaven from millions redeemed.

Of all organizations for accomplishing so desirable an object, the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows stands pre-eminent. The fundamental principles of the Order are based upon the solid foundation of eternal Truth, and the fabric is cemented by Friendship, and endowed by Love. In making these broad declarations, we would not be misunderstood. In claiming for the Order so pure a soul or constitution, we do not pretend that the practices of members of the Fraternity bear witness of so noble a cause. On the contrary, many who have pledged eternal fidelity and unwavering attachment, often show by their conduct that lying lips gave utterance to faithless promises of a deceitful heart. No one who is a *true* Odd-Fellow, can be induced to wrong his fellow-man, see him wronged, or even suffering, without endeavoring to prevent the evil; and yet how few there are who allow such thoughts to prevent them from ministering to their own selfish designs; and many unite with the brotherhood from the lowest of all considerations, and the most unworthy motives; and instead of contributing towards the general good, seek every occasion to draw upon the Fraternity, and use it as a stepping stone to their ambitious and unworthy schemes. They never see brothers in distress—their eyes are elevated above them; but when they have some darling object to accomplish, and influential brothers may be of service, they do not hesitate to remind them that they are members of the same Fraternity, and unhesitatingly ask their aid, whether the object to be gained is of interest to any one, except to the selfish brother alone.

In our Order there are too many of this class, and as it grows in importance and

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power, unless the members are vigilant, the number of such unworthy men will greatly increase. We would therefore beg of every true brother, to guard well the portals, and see that no one who is actuated by unworthy motives is admitted. To be a faithful laborer in the vineyard of Odd-Fellowship, it is necessary to search our hearts, and see that they foster not evil, else how can we judge others; and the best friend of the Order is he who endeavors to shape his own conduct according to the pure principles of the Fraternity, and to make the entire brotherhood as pure as the frailties of human nature will permit. It is not the size of a structure that gives it importance in the minds of deserving men; but its chief value and beauty rests in the soundness of the materials, and in the harmony of its proportions. So it is with societies, a few who are sound and uncontaminated with evil influences, and acting in harmony, have infinitely more power and a wider range of influence than many who are corrupt, and, as of necessity, must be held together only by the ties of selfishness.

Brethren, we conjure you by the ties of Friendship, Love and Truth; by the calls of suffering humanity; by the duties you owe to your country, your neighbors, yourself, and the eternal Grand Master of the Universe, come to labor, and with pure hearts and unwavering devotion, finish the temple to which your fidelity is plighted.

Banner of the Union.

A BEAUTIFUL FIGURE.

Life is like a fountain fed by a thousand streams that perish if one be dried. It is a silver cord twisted with a thousand strings, that part asunder if one be broken. Thoughtless mortals are surrounded by innumerable dangers; which make it much more strange that they escape so long, than that they must all perish suddenly at last. We are encompassed with accidents every day to crush the decaying tenements we inhabit. The seeds of disease are planted in our constitutions by nature. The earth and atmosphere whence we draw the breath of life, are impregnated with death, health is made to operate its own destruction. The food that nourishes the elements of decay, the soul that animates it by vivifying first, tends to wear it out by its own action; death lurks in ambush along the paths. Notwithstanding this truth is so palpably confirmed by the daily example before our eyes, how little do we lay it to heart. We see our friends and neighbors die but how seldom does it occur to our thought that our knell may give the next warning to the world!

ROMANTIC.

I recollect a pretty incident which may not be uninteresting to the reader. A wild young fellow married a lovely girl, and having long been addicted to habits of dissipation, even the sincere attachment which he entertained towards his wife could not disentangle him from its snares. His occasional irregular hours would have given any but one of so pure and sweet a disposition, reason to expect that she did not hold that place in his affections which was her right; but the reflection scarcely ever intruded on her spirits. The husband was far from being cruel, and really loved her; but his disposition was weak and his companions eloquent, and he seemed to grow worse rather than better in his habits. It happened once that he was called out of town, and in his haste left behind him a letter, in which, to please an unprincipled friend, he had spoken of his wife in terms of carelessness, if not in derision, and dilated freely upon his general course of life. Imagine the anxiety and suspense of the startled profligate, when he found himself borne by a rapid steamboat upon a journey which must of necessity be of several days' duration, yet remembered distinctly that the fatal letter was exposed and unsealed upon his wife's table. He recollected, too, with a pang, that he had wantonly, in answer to her inquiries, boasted that it contained a profound secret, which he would not have revealed for the world. He paced the deck in agony of disappointment and shame. He pictured her opening the letter, turning pale with horror and indignation—perhaps fainting with anguish, alarming the servants—flying to her father, and renouncing him forever.

As soon as possible he returned, but with a sickening heart, he entered his dwelling bracing himself up to meet the fury of an enraged and wretched woman. He opened the door softly. She was bending over the table busily writing. A placid smile seized her mouth, with perfect beauty, and spread over her glowing features the mild expression of peace and joy; and even as she wrote, the fragment of a sweet ballad fell from her lips in a low music that only flows from a heart entirely at rest. The husband stole noiselessly around and read, as her pen traced her gentle thoughts:

"Your letter is lying by me—the very letter containing the profound 'secret.' Now I could punish you for your carelessness; but my dearest Charles, how could I look you in the face on your return, after having basely violated your trust in my integrity, and meanly sought to gratify a silly curiosity at the expense of honesty, delicacy and

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confidence. No. The letter is unopened, and lest you should feel uneasy, I enclose it to you, with the sincere love of your affectionate wife," &c.

"What an angel!" uttered the conscience stricken husband.

She started up with a cry of pleasure, and as Charles met the light of her clear unshrinking eyes, he was humbled that he should have suspected her, and deeply struck with repentance at his own conduct. He thenceforth severed all ties that drew him abroad; and if the pure being whose influence had allured him to the path of right, had perused all his subsequent letters, she would find nothing concerning herself save bursts of the sincerest admiration and the warmest love.

MY BROTHER.

How sweet and holy the associations connected with that endearing name! How heart-cheering the influences of that affectionate tie. Brother! All men are brothers. The children of one Father, God. How impious, then, to bear malice, or unkindly feelings towards each other; how wrong, then, greatly wrong, to strive or allow to be kindled in the heart, animosities, ill-feeling, or any of the base passions that prevent man from social communication with his brother man. Do not all men acknowledge the great truth, that we are brothers! Has not God made all men that dwell upon the face of the earth of one flesh and blood? Do we not then sin against the first great law of nature, if we omit any of these duties we owe to him related to us by so sacred a connection! "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself," is the command of our Heavenly Parent. Our first affections to God, and then as we love ourselves to love our neighbor. How strong the command to love our neighbor. How strong the command to love our brother as ourselves, and as we can only manifest our love to God, by loving our neighbor, how imperative, how necessary to the discharge of our duties to God, that we should in obedience to that command, love our neighbor, that is, all those whom we associate with—all who need our sympathy or aid—all whom we can serve by word or deed, in short, the whole family of man. For our sympathies and impulses should be directed towards promoting the welfare of all. How beautiful the truth of Brotherhood! It implies a *parentage* not of this earth; but an origin that is spiritual and divine. The idea leads the mind to dwell upon OUR relation with the Omnipotent, whose word declares "Have we not all one Father, hath not one God created us all."—*Mirror and Keystone.*

THE SPIRIT WORLD.

However imaginary and ideal the spiritual theory may be, there is much beauty in its wild imaginings. Beautiful, indeed, is the creed that the angels are speaking to the world, and that the hearts of some are receiving an echo of their own voicings—that in the words which they have spoken a glorious home for humanity in the region of unfading light has been promised. In this promise the spirits have signified that this home is to be entered as the abode of the soul—as the mansion of its sweet and glorious rest, and not as the place where its powers shall be no longer exercised, and where its energies shall be steeped in lethargy. The home of humanity will be the home of the pure and the godlike spirit. It will be the home where the weary shall rest from the labors of earth, to receive the blessings of Heaven—where the wanderer shall return from his toilsome journey, to labor in the vineyard of the Great Master, and where the sorrowful and oppressed shall wipe the tears from their eyes, and lay down the wearying burden from their hearts. Thus the home of humanity will be the home where the spirit may exercise its powers and expand its life, progressing forever in the truth and wisdom of the Heavenly spheres.

And yet all this is indoctrinated in the creeds of the churches—showing that the theory of spirits, how much so ever of delusion there may be in it, is similar in many points to the orthodox beliefs.

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ODD-FELLOWS.

The annual election of officers of the Grand Lodge of the District Columbia, took place last night, when the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year. For Grand Master, Charles Calvert, of Friendship Lodge: Deputy Grand Master, —— Clements, of Washington; Grand Warden, —— Hepburn, of Union; Grand Secretary, W. M. Perry, of Metropolis; Grand Treasurer, Martin Johnson, of Central; Representative to the Grand Lodge of the United States, John Hodson. Reports from the different subordinate Lodges in this District, for the last year, show this worthy Brotherhood to be in an unusually prosperous and harmonious condition.

Wash. Telegraph, Nov. 8.

Why is there always a strong draught under the door, and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, &c.

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[The following little piece of verse we purloined from the Album of a Daughter of Rebekah. It was written by a P. G. and a Patriarch. We presume that if he sees it, he will recognize it, and will know how we came in possession of it.

EDS. MAGAZINE.]

WE MEET TO PART.

How sweet on LIFE'S ROUGH ROAD to know
That Friendship's voice oft strikes our ear, and wakes
Within our hearts emotions pure. The ROAD
O'er which POOR PILGRIMS pass, can boast but few
OASIS GREEN, and these at points remote.
And then, when friends, like us, do meet beneath
The SPREADING PALM OF TRAVELER'S TENT, 'tis right
To hold our converse sweet, and while away
The pleasant hours; and Memory will ne'er
Forget the time. And such, to us, has been
This meeting here. And if, on Time's ROUGH WAY
We meet no more, may God, OUR God erect
For us, a TENT upon the PLAINS above,
Where FRIENDSHIP'S voice shall e'er respond to TRUTH,
And LOVE forever bind our hearts in one.

Logansport, 1852. A. M. J.

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS,

BY P. G. GERARD B. ALLEN,

Before St. Louis Lodge, No. 5, Mo., Sept. 16, '52.

But it is not alone in constant attendance at weekly meetings, nor in prompt payment of weekly dues, nor yet in a readiness to perform the various duties in a Lodge room, that Odd-Fellowship pre-eminently consists. No, the Odd-Fellow has a still higher and nobler field to operate in than any of these; he has a platform, that towers above all earthly platforms; a creed, "under whose comprehensive influence, all the nations of the earth may concentrate their energies, for the good of the common race."

There is a sublimity in that part of our decalogue which is inscribed upon the broad banner of Odd-Fellowship, that will compare with any that has been uttered since the ten commandments were thundered forth at Mount Sinai:

"We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan."

Here is a field to operate upon, high as the heavens and expansive as the universe, and the Odd-Fellow who can safely say that he has discharged his duties faithfully in this particular, is more noble in the sight of those who sing hallelujahs around the throne of the Almighty, than was Napoleon, when with a power almost superhuman, he defeated the chivalry of Europe.

These duties, my brethren, or at least a portion of them, are not intended to be performed solely for the benefit of the members of your own Lodge, on the contrary they are equally applicable to the "stranger within thy gates." One among the many beautiful features of Odd-Fellowship is, that a member of our fraternity may travel the full length and breadth of this fair land, from the snow-capped hills of the north, to the sunny orange groves of the south, and from where the sun first kisses the earth in the east, to where he takes his last parting glance in the west; wherever civilization has set its mark, there he will find a brother; and how cheering must it be to the wayfarer, if sickness or poverty o'ertake him by the way, to feel that his cares will be attended to, and his wants relieved. Or if the cold hand of death has been laid upon him, must not his last moments on earth be soothed by the reflection, that although a stranger in a strange land, he is in possession of a secret, whose talismanic properties will surround his dying couch with warm and devoted friends. Oh, my brethren, if there be anything calculated to soften the harshness of that awful hour, to reconcile the dying one to a separation from all that he loves and cherishes in this world, and to cheer the lonely mariner as his frail bark is about to be launched into eternity, it is, next to a clear conscience, and a reconciliation with his Maker, the satisfaction of being surrounded by friends, who minister to his wants, and attend to his slightest wishes. How beautifully our noble institution is adapted to the purposes of sympathy, kindness, and affliction. How it fills up the vast chaos that is left by the cold, calculating selfishness of mankind, and what a costly pearl is that affectionate regard that each member feels for another, even though he sees him but once in a life time.

RECHABITES.—We learn from the Washington (D. C.) Telegraph that the Columbia District Tent of Rechabites met on the 8th inst., in Rechabite Hall, Baltimore, D. C. R. Sherwood presiding. The Order is in a very flourishing condition, and now numbers over 700 members in the District of Columbia. It was organized, says the Telegraph, in Washington a few years ago, and we have often been amused and interested by old members of the Order, relating incidents connected with its first starting.

Token.

Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their faces by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.

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CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS. NO. 2.

BY JAMES G. MAY.

"We are not our own; we are bought with a price."

Few persons hold in proper estimation individual responsibility—especially as applied to social relations. Practically, but very few, comparatively speaking, appear to regard as important, the incontrovertible claims of society upon them. In fact, the general outlines of the great mass of civilized community exhibit a large portion of the human family almost irreclaimably selfish. In other words, the spirit of indomitable self devotion is manifest in the ceaseless bustle and monotonous hum of the noisy city life, in the less tumultuous activity of rural occupations, and in the crowd on board the buoyant merchantman, dashing proudly and triumphantly o'er the foamy mountain swell of the surging, billowy deep. Indeed, this unhallowed spirit is, but too frequently, exhibited in the deportment of the commissioned agents of benevolent projects in their appeals to the public in behalf of charitable operations. An agent of the Bible Society, an advocate of the glorious Sabbath School cause, or the duly authorized Minister of a Missionary Association, may, sometimes, be seen displaying all the miserable chicanery in order to obtain funds to further the interests of the invaluable institution whose claims on public munificence he is urging, that a contemptible horse-jockey would employ to fleece a wary victim of fraud. All this demonstrates the prevailing power of unmitigated selfishness over the human mind.

The sacred Bible, however, teaches the all important doctrine that "We are not our own." Its prominent precepts urge the abiding necessity of untiring occupancy,—the absolute obligation of mental and moral improvement to the fullest possible extent. "Occupy till I come," is the irrevocable command of the Great Husbandman. For whom must we occupy? For poor worthless self? Nay, verily: but for the great Lord of the vineyard. As already intimated, the sacred Vollume illustrates, by every conceivable method, and by none more strikingly simple, than the allusion to the cup of cold water, the degree of social responsibility, due from one member of the human family to another—what individual owes to individual.

Palpable as these mutual obligations are, and boldly as they stand forth in the great moral code, how few—how very few confess by practice that, for the certain benefit and comfort of others, every individual member of society at large is morally bound to employ, carefully, all the available appliances of Truth, Virtue, and Wisdom. The acknowledged extent of these claims, and the very limited degree to which they are commonly cancelled, cry aloud for increased energy on the part of remedial agencies.

At a very early period of the world's history, the evident inability, and the partial inefficiency of individual effort in advancing benevolent enterprise, and the necessity of securing sufficient protection against the inroads of turbulent, vicious aggressors on individual rights and privileges, gave rise to organized mystic Brotherhoods. They were strictly organized, because the greatest strength was seen to exist in unity of purpose. They were mystic that neither deception, imprudence, nor treachery might destroy, frustrate or weaken, the inceptive plans, and the inventive designs of the friends of charity and social good. They were select, that the vicious and worthless might be wholly excluded from the council chamber of the wise and virtuous. Such was the origin of the Mystic Brotherhoods; and these continue to be the grand agencies in promoting the rapid progress of social and moral improvement. Again the leading principles—the common constituent element, prominent in all the Mystic Organizations is most emphatically the doctrine that "*We are not our own.*"

Binding as moral and social obligations may be upon individuals simply, it cannot be successfully controverted that they may be rendered vastly accumulative, by the solemn force of voluntary, uninfluenced pledges, taken understandingly. Sacred authority abundantly sustains this position. Before the world, in this light, stand all the Mystic Families. The membership in all these associations, most solemnly undertake, in a manner entirely voluntary, the execution of enlarged benevolent enterprises. The very names as well as the ostensible objects of all these Organizations, present inviting inducements for public approval and general admiration. Their principles as exhibited to the world, invite, not only the commendation, but the hearty co-operation of all the wise and good. Their teachings promise nothing less than the moral, social and intellectual advancement of all truly worthy votaries. In the general, their special organizations are admirable arrangements, beautifully adapted to guard against the introduction of the unworthy into their respective Orders. Here it is that small virtuous minorities share all the power requisite to close their gates against the approach of the unprincipled. Their sacred altars need never be profaned by contact with a corrupt hand. Hence their Society should, of course, be peculiarly

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select. Again, the symmetrical arrangement of their complex machinery, gives the public a legitimate and unquestionable right to demand, on the part of all the Mystic Brotherhoods, the unfailing discharge of every implied obligation. And it cannot be denied that these obligations open a wide field for benevolent operation. Published principles show such to be their pledges, their promises, their undertakings.

To particularize in order to illustrate more clearly the foregoing direct, and inferential deductions, it would not be inappropriate to specify several prominent institutions of the kind. Take as the first example, that old, time-honored Family the Ancient Masonic Fraternity. A few brief references will serve the purpose of pointing out the number and magnitude of the claims of Society devolving upon every individual member of this mystic body. A single glance at the family rules and regulations, show that Masonic undertakings are of no trifling import; and, surely, the execution should not fall one whit below the highest degree on the scale of the adopted standard. What are some of these teachings? It may be answered that the elementary stages present a moral standard of duty, drawn, explicitly, from the purest teachings of Bible Ethics. Let strict attention be given to what is monitorially held forth in the lessons of the initiatory degree. Here it is shown that when any individual accepts the *badge* af a Mason, that significant emblem of purity and innocence, he virtually pledges himself to his brethren, and to the world, that all his coming life shall be an upright, spotless one. This is but the beginning of his undertakings. He is now ready only to receive the proper implements of his craft. Accepting these, his engagements become more and more comprehensive. He pledges due and solemn service to God, devoted attention to the distressed, and earnest, sincere determination on his part to "*divest his heart and conscience of all the vices and superfluities of life.*" These pledges are not idle sayings; nor are they so taken and understood. They are, truly and rightfully, the legitimate undertakings—the binding engagements of every Entered Apprentice Mason, and, most satisfactorily, evince what his fellow-man has a right to expect of him—what kind of character he is called upon to present to all his friends and acquaintances in his daily intercourse with the human family. The ardent advocate of the great Temperance Reform, here learns that he has indefeasible authority to demand of every initiate, although he is but a babe in Masonry, earnest co-operation in every measure, prudently calculated to advance the interests of the good work; for he has said by the *gavel* that he carries in his hand, that he will strip his heart and conscience, not only of *one*, but of *all* the superfluities of life. But further, he bows at the shrine of Truth, —"the divine attribute, the fountain of every virtue." Being a mason, hypocrisy and deceit should find no lodgement in his heart. Again, the novitiate is most impressively taught to lay fast hold of the very horns of the altars of *Temperance* and *Justice*. The first enforces upon him, *without reserve*, "that due restraint upon the affections and passions which render the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice." He is solemnly charged to be in the *constant practice* of Temperance, a cardinal virtue, else he cannot be a Mason at heart. But he is a votary of Justice, which, in the Masonic sense, binds him to render to every man, without distinction, his just due.

The foregoing are a few only of the elementary doctrines of Masonry; but they are abundantly sufficient to show *what* Society, at large, may rightfully demand at the hands of the Masonic Brotherhood.

No tongue can portray, or pen indite the vast, untold amount of good that would be accomplished through the instrumentality of this Institution, were its pure, moral teachings richly and fully exemplified in all their beauty and grandeur by the daily deportment of every man, claiming the benefits, rights and pfivileges of Masonry. None such would engage in any business, the tendency of which, either directly, or indirectly, is to deprive another of what justly belongs to him. All would exhibit bright examples of industry in the business affairs of life.

"Claims of Society" on Odd-Fellowship will receive due attention in the ensuing number.

A Beautiful Mind—Is like a precious and prolific seed; the mother of loveliness; the fountain of bliss; the produce of many treasured and inestimable flowers; no canker can deface, nor time destroy. Even should there be those of its lovely produce that pass away, yet the source is there; the seed remains to revive; to remodify. to place again on our bosom and near our hearts, in renewed beauty; in the same deep interest and winning power as at first. We would gather it in as the richest possession; as the well spring of the purest, most abundant and enduring joys; as our support; our comfort; and the cherished object, worthy of our highest admiration; and we could cling to it, thanking God that it is immortal—living forever.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

OURSELVES.

We have arrived at the middle of our first year —our year of experiment. By many of the Lodges of our Order in our own State and throughout the West our enterprise has been favorably received and we feel encouraged to proceed in the good work with unabated vigor.

At the commencement of the undertaking we pledged ourselves for the publication for one year stating that our after course would be governed entirely by the amount of patronage we might receive. The prospect based upon our list at present leads to the opinion that we will be well supported; yet we regret to say that the number of subscribers in our own State does not equal our anticipation. If this want of interest on the part of the Order, depends upon the character of the publication, we have nothing more to say, and we will submit to failure, if necessary, as a consequence of want of merit. This we are unwilling to concede. We have spared neither labor nor expense in our efforts to render the Magazine worthy the patronage, of the Order in the west; and we have met with the approbation of those whose opinion is worthy of the highest respect. We are determined to make the Western Odd-Fellows' Magazine a permanent publication, and we most respectfully ask our brethren to sustain us in the undertaking. We can yet supply complete sets of the first volume so far as published, and we will be truly glad to fill orders for them to the limit of our supply. We believe that we have not one subscriber in the West, who cannot by a little exertion, send us one or two more names. Such a course would enable us to greatly improve the character, and extend the usefulness of our Magazine. Will our brethren in the West make this effort to aid us in our enterprise?

PREMIUMS.

To any person who will send us TEN dollars, we will forward ELEVEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year.

To any person who will send us FIFTEEN dollars, we will forward SIXTEEN COPIES of the 'Magazine,' for one year, and one copy of the Digest, the Digest free of postage.

To any person who will send us TWENTY dollars we will forward TWENTY-TWO COPIES of the 'Magazine;' or TWENTY-ONE COPIES of the 'Magazine, and two copies of the "Digest;" or TWENTY COPIES of the "Magazine," and ONE COPY of the "Odd Fellows' TEXT BOOK;" the Digest and Text Book will be sent free of postage.

Send on your names.

GRAND MASTER JOSEPH L. SILCOX.

It is with feelings of pleasure that we present to the readers of the Magazine, the portrait of our present R. W. G. M., JOSEPH L. SILCOX, of Shelby county Ind. We are indebted for the most of the following short sketch, to G. Rep. P. A. HACKLEMAN, of Rushville.

JOSEPH L. SILCOX was born in the city of New York in 1808. His parents were from Wiltshire, England, and his mother was a sister to the Rev. JAMES MARSHMAN, Baptist Missionary to India. She died while the subject of our sketch was in infancy. His father removed to Baltimore in 1816, where he died in 1820.

Bro. SILCOX, though a young man, comparatively speaking, is an old member of the Order. He was initiated in Gratitude Lodge No. 5, Baltimore, in 1831. Removing West, he became a member of Washington Lodge No. 2, Cincinnati O. in 1832. He changed his membership to Lorain Lodge No. 4, Louisville, in 1836; became a member of Mt. Horeb Encampment No. 1, during the same year; was one of the petitioners for Howard Lodge No. 15, at Shelbyville Ky., which was instituted in 1843; entered the Grand Lodge of that State in 1844; was one of the petitioners for Shelby Lodge No. 39, at Shelbyville, Ind., which was instituted in 1846; became a member of Bernice Encampment No. 12, Rushville, Ind. in 1847; entered the Grand Lodge of Indiana in 1848; was elected Senior Warden in 1849; Deputy Grand Master in 1850; became a member of the Grand Encampment in 1852; was elected Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Indiana in July of the same year.

He brings to the position he now occupies a fund of knowledge that peculiarly fits him for the duties that devolve upon him. Intimately acquainted with the history, laws and workings of the Order, his opinions are received with deference by all. His conservatism, and his long standing in the Order are so well and favorably known in our Grand Lodge, that he is sometimes jocularly called by the younger brethren, "ANCIENT LAND-MARKS." From our knowledge of the course of Bro. SILCOX in the Grand Lodge, of the constitution of his mind, and of the character of his sentiments, we conclude that he regards all radical changes with disfavor, and as innovations upon the "ancient landmarks." Cherishing a lively recollection of the influence, which the Order threw around him, in early life, when a word kindly spoken may change its whole after current, he has labored to guard, foster and perpetuate though simple, yet sublime principles which constitute the philosophy, and which are the life springs of our Order. We do not mean to say that Bro. SILCOX is opposed to progress and improvement. He is willing, nay anxious, to see the temple of Odd-Fellowship adorned and beautified;

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but he desires its foundation stones, its pillars, and its altars to remain. He was pleased with the addition of the "Degree of Rebekah;" and is, we believe, very desirous that the "illustrations" of the degrees by Bro. B. S., of Ky. or something similar, should be adopted by the Grand Lodge of the United States.

Bro. SILCOX is a kind hearted, generous, benevolent Odd-Fellow; and the lessons inculcated by the Order he endeavors to practice in his daily walk. Where he is best known he is most esteemed. He possesses the social qualities in an eminent degree, and his kind manner, and agreeable conversation renders him ever a welcome fire-side companion to his friends.

His talents are practical, rather than showy; he never aims at display, but his whole desire seems to be, as he undoubtedly is, a very useful member of the Fraternity. Though modest and unassuming, he possesses an active and acute mind, which, in connection with his knowledge of the theory and practice of Odd-Fellowship, his ardent attachment to the Order, and his truly progressive conservatism, renders him one of the best presiding officers we have ever had, and just the man for the times.

His portrait needs no words from us; it speaks for itself. All who have ever seen him, will at once recognize it as a faithful likeness of our present Grand Master.

Would you be great, WORK. None but those who labor are ever great. Genius, wealth, nor position will make you great. Genius without effort, is an engine without steam. The machinery may be perfect but it accomplishes nothing. Wealth without labor, is a snow heap upon the sand, gradually wasting itself until all is gone, and no trace of its existence left. Position without constant, unyielding labor, to maintain and and adorn that position, becomes a target, at which the wise man and the fool alike may hurl their sneers and their wit.

Man of Genius, up then, and work. Let the world not only see that your bark has the machinery for navigating the sea of life, but let it see, that in spite of wind or tide, or wave, or storm, you are gaining the wished for haven.

Man of Wealth, work. Let not the dissolving snow heap "run to waste, or water but the desert;" but dig for it a thousand channels; let it irrigate as many fields, and make them bloom with perennial freshness.

Man of position maintain what thou hast already obtained. Send forth an influence by your example, that shall encourage those who are struggling beneath you. Become not a target for ridicule, but a star to guide those whose footsteps may lead them within its benignant beams.

WE SEEK TO ELEVATE THE CHARACTER OF MAN.

Our Order opposes vice in all its forms, yet holds no fellowship with sect or party, secular or religious. The unworthy man, who through a misapprehension of his character, on the part of the initiating Lodge, becomes a member of our fraternity, remains in that connection only until it is discovered that the moral teachings of our Order have not tended to reform him. The man who wilfully and maliciously falsifies his word, is at once driven without the pale of the Order by every well regulated Lodge. No man guilty of any high crime, can by any possibility remain a member of any Lodge; and though cases of expulsion for crime are rare, yet no effort is ever made to shield the known criminal from the just retribution of his conduct. On the contrary, every offending brother must atone to the infracted law. There are vices, however, prevalent in all communities and which we fear are too often overlooked among Odd-Fellows, when they should demand of the fraternity discipline of the offender. Among these may be classed the vice of intemperance. We too often find in our connection men, who, disregarding the solemn requirements of the Order, indulge in habits of intemperance to such degree as to render their existence a burden to themselves, a disgrace to community, and a curse to their families. This fact has brought upon the Order the censure of many well meaning and worthy persons. We not unfrequently see in the columns of periodicals notices of the fact, that Odd-Fellows attend to the wants of abandoned men, and even attend, conduct, and defray the expenses of the funerals of suicides, who in the ravings of drunken madness have put an end to their miserable existence. Such charges, though not entirely without foundation, in justice seem to require of the fraternity some explanation. We readily conceive how the uninitiated are filled with surprise, that men should retain their membership in a professedly moral society, while addicted to a course of degrading vice. To the true Odd-Fellow it presents quite a different aspect. As Odd-Fellows we strive to reclaim the erring, to sustain the falling, to raise and redeem the fallen. This cannot be done by expulsion, or by any other mark of disgrace, which a Lodge can affix. How often counsels and admonitions are poured into the ear of the erring brother, with how much anxiety his course is watched, with what joy evidences of incipient reformation are noted, and with what pain renewed indulgence is marked, is known only to the worthy Odd-Fellow. No one can doubt that such course will in many cases prove efficient in working reformation, yet we must admit that it does not always prove so. That this course of forbearance is in many cases carried too far is satisfactorily proved by the fact

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that drunkards do die in connection with the fraternity, and doubtless Lodges retain members after all reasonable hope of reformation is lost. In this they may in many cases do wrong, yet there is one feature in the case which will scarcely strike the mind of one not acquainted with the internal organization of the fraternity. The wife and children of the Odd-Fellow have claims upon the fraternity, claims that are never disregarded. It is no more binding upon the fraternity to visit the sick and bury the dead, than to educate the orphan, and we conceive that there may and do exist cases when the Order owe it to the fulfilment of most sacred duties, to bear with the faults of members and labor to reform them through a period, when the charity of the world would stop, satisfied that nothing more could be required. "How often shall my brother trespass against me and I forgive him, till seven times? Verily, I say unto you, not till seven times, but till seventy times seven." But admit that Lodges do wrong in retaining men in their number after all reasonable hope of reformation is lost, can they with any show of justice refuse to bury the dead and educate the orphan? To our mind such refusal presents an absurdity. If the man was a fellow being, his death demands our grief for him, and our sympathy for his family. If an Odd-Fellow, our laws require of us to do all for him and for his family that we could do for the most worthy and most consistent member. The fault, if any, in such case is that of the Lodge retaining in membership a man unworthy of the name, and let the fault be atoned for by the Lodge and not visited upon the innocent children of the deceased unworthy brother. While we admit that wrong may often be done in this manner, we would in all kindness add this caution. Let Lodges be well assured that no hope is left of reclaiming the drunkard before they expel him from their number, and with equal earnestness would we urge that when he has so far fallen in the scale of moral degradation that no hope remains, then expel him as unworthy the name of Odd-Fellow, but even then forget not that he is a man, and, as such, a brother, and that his wife and little ones have had no part in forfeiting their claim upon your sympathies and your purse.

ERRATA.

In the last number of the Magazine a number of errors occurred, that are, to say the least of it, very perplexing. In the editorial correspondence read "time-worn towers" instead of "life-like towers;" "dim and silent past" for "dim and silent forest;" "fields o'er which the imagination might soar until her weary wings would fail," for "fields in which the imagination might soar until her wearyings would fail." In the article "Influences of Odd-Fellows," read "mercy is twice blessed" for "money is twice blessed."

"THE DEGREE OF REBEKAH."

We are frequently asked upon whom the Lodge may confer this Degree. The following is the law upon the subject: "It is the privilege of every member of the Scarlet Degree, in good standing, to have the Degree of Rebekah conferred upon him if he shall desire it, but it can only be conferred at a special meeting called for that purpose. The brother receiving it is NOT required to give previous notice to the Initiatory Lodge of his intention to take the Degree, but if present at such a meeting as is above described, whether it be of his own or any other Lodge, he may receive the Degree, on assuming the O. B. N. attached to it."

"It is also the privilege of the wife of every Scarlet member, in good standing, to have the Degree of Rebekah conferred upon her, if she shall desire it, provided that her husband makes previous application therefor to the Initiatory Lodge of which he is a member; and the wives of Scarlet Degree Odd-Fellows who were in good standing throughout the Union on the 20th Sept. 1851 have also a vested right to receive the Degree," and that "such wives, though their husbands may have deceased since that date, may, if they still remain widows, receive the Degree in the Lodge of which their husbands were members, the assent of the Lodge thereto being first obtained, and other ladies being present at the same time with their husbands for initiation in the Degree," but in "these cases, also, the Degree can only be conferred at a special meeting called for that purpose."

It has been asked, "Whether the wife of a Scarlet member can receive the Degree in any other Lodge than the one to which her husband is attached?" Upon this point we know of no express law, but our own opinion is that no Lodge can confer the Degree upon her without the consent of the Lodge of which her husband is a member, being previously obtained, or, at least, without official information from that Lodge, that the Degree has been legally applied for. In either of these cases we presume that any Lodge would have the right to confer the Degree.

"The degree can be conferred on any convenient number of persons at the same time; but it should in no case be conferred at one and the same time upon both males and females. The sexes should receive it separately." "When members are present who have not received the Degree, the O. B. N., with the amendment" as suggested by the G. Sire "should be administered to them BEFORE the ladies are admitted to the Lodge room."

"The special meetings in every case must be called by the N. G., and when assembled, the Lodge must be opened in the Degree of Rebekah, which is equivalent to the Scarlet Degree. The officers should be stationed as they are during the usual business sessions of the initiatory Lodge,

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with all the chairs filled, and all the members in full regalia."

"Applications made in the Initiatory Lodge for Degrees to be conferred upon ladies, should be there recorded, and, after the Degrees shall have been conferred, the officers should make due report thereof to the Lodge, that the fact may also appear of record, both as regards males and females."

"Degree Lodges would, it is inferred, be justified in conferring the Degree at special meetings called for that purpose, provided it be done at the instance of Sub. Lodges, as in the case of other Degrees."

The opening ceremony for this Degree is governed by that adopted for the other Degrees. The A. P. W. is given at the door of the ante-room.

Any of our Odes can be sung during the time candidates are being introduced for initiation.

We have been thus particular in these remarks, because we are so frequently asked questions to which the above is the only answer we can give.

MASONIC.

In our late Masonic exchanges we notice that our brethren of this Ancient Order celebrated the centennial anniversary of the initiation of Gen. Washington into the Order, on the 4th of November last, in almost every part of the Union, with considerable spirit. Gen. Washington was initiated as an entered apprentice Mason, on the 4th Nov. 1752, in Fredericksburg Lodge, in Virginia, a few months before he attained his majority; on the 3d of March 1753, was advanced to the Degree of Fellowcraft, and on the 4th of August, 1753, he was raised to the Master Mason's Degree. The record of these facts are yet in the possession of Fredericksburg Lodge. It has been claimed by the British that he was initiated in a Lodge in connection with the 46th Regiment of the British army, during their service in America. Gen. Washington's first connection with the British army was under Gen. Braddock, who did not arrive in this country until 1755, two years after Gen. W. had been made a Mason, consequently the claim of the British is erroneous. Gen. Washington in his Masonry, like everything else was purely American. This veneration of Masons for one whose virtues are a model for all good men, is truly characteristic of the members of this Mystic Brotherhood, and we hope that in after generations they may not be unmindful of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

We are under obligations to the publisher of the "Ancient Landmark and Masonic Digest," for a full file of Vol. I, of his excellent publication, and we would recommend it to the favorable consideration of the Craft. Terms, $1 a year in advance. Address A. C. Smith, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

We desire to ask pardon of Bro. Hyneman, publisher of the "Masonic Mirror and American Keystone," for not having sooner noticed his truly valuable paper. We look upon the Mirror as one of the best publications, devoted to Freemasonry, we have yet seen. Almost the entire paper is devoted to the Order, and is of such character as must interest every Mason who desires to thoroughly inform himself in reference to the Craft. Address Leon Hyneman, Mirror and Keystone Office, No. 63, Dock street, Philadelphia. Terms $2 per year, in advance.

GRAND LODGE OF MISSOURI.

We are indebted to Grand Secretary Isaac M. Veitch, of Missouri, for a copy of the proceedings of the Annual Session of the Grand Lodge of that State, held in October last, at St. Louis. From the report of Grand Master Forbes, we learn that the Order in that State is in a healthy and flourishing condition. A large amount of business was transacted during the session, and the utmost harmony prevailed among the Representatives. The following is a list of the officers of the G. L. of Missouri for the ensuing year:

John How, G. Master.
Sam'l. H. Bailey, D. G. Master.
James M. Edgar, G. Warden.
Isaac M. Veitch, G. Secretary.
Ben. F. Crane, G. Treasurer.
V. C. Peers, G. Marshal.
L. D. Dameron, G. Conductor.
J. G. Flournoy, G. Guardian.

From the report of the Grand Secretary, we make the following abstract of the work for the year ending June 30, 1852:

Number of members composing the R. W. Grand Lodge of Missouri,	323
No. of working Lodges under her jurisdiction,	54
Initiations,	447
Rejections,	75
Admitted by Card,	176
Withdrawn,	261
Reinstated,	28
Suspended,	173
Expelled,	12
Died,	37
Past Grands,	323
Contributing members,	2442
Revenue,	$23,574 30
Assets, cash,	$8,486 55
Assets, invested,	$26,316 71
W. and O. Fund,	$1,688 59
Number of Brothers relieved,	266
No. of widowed families relieved,	87
Number of Brothers buried,	34
Amount paid for Relief of Brothers,	$4,124 04
Amount paid for Widowed Families,	$2,492 84
Amount paid for Education,	$1,488 90
Amount paid for Burial of Dead,	$1,223 80
Total Am't. of Relief,	$9,279 58

Truth never dies—it is immortal.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ELROD, Sept. 29, '52.

Yesterday was the day set apart by the Order here, as the day upon which they would dedicate their new hall to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship. The day was surpassingly fine, and ere the hour arrived for the commencement of the services, the hall was crowded by the fair of that portion of the county. At 10 A. M., assisted by P. G. French, and others, we solemnly dedicated their new hall in accordance with long established usage. The form of ceremony, and Odes used upon the occasion, were those of the "Text Book."

The Hall is a neat room 18 by 36, and will when finished be one of the finest village Lodges in the State. Elrod is a small place—and one would hardly expect to find there an altar erected to Friendship, Love and Truth; but the brethren have manifested a noble zeal and generous energy, in advancing the principles of benevolence and charity, that would do credit to those who live in our large towns and villages. The temple they have here erected in the forest will, we trust, ever be thronged with those whose hearts have been influenced by the true principles of the Order.

At 11 A. M. about 50 Odd-Fellows accompanied by the ladies and citizens formed in procession and marched to a shady grove. The ladies presented, through our humble self, a beautiful copy of the Bible to Miriam Lodge No. 106. After its reception by Bro. Cass, on behalf of the Lodge, we gave an exposition of the aims and principles of the Order. Of the merits of the address it becomes us not to speak.

After the address, the Order, ladies and citizens, repaired to the house of P. G. Peter Platter, where a sumptuous dinner was served up. The day passed off pleasantly, and the members seemed highly delighted with the whole proceedings, and we trust that the exercises of the day made an impression favorable to the Order.

Personally, we were much pleased. The situation of the village—the generosity of the Order, the interest manifested by the ladies and citizens in behalf of Odd-Fellowship, tended to enhance the enjoyment of the visit. Bright eyes and happy countenances were visible everywhere—and the warm greeting we received from all with whom we became acquainted, told us that we were among those whose welcome came from the heart, as well as the lips. Success to Miriam Lodge, and may its members ever sustain the high ground they have assumed, and show the world that Odd-Fellowship is elevating in all its tendencies.

CANNELTON, Oct. 18, '52.

The celebration by James Lodge, No. 100, I. O. O. F., come off on Saturday, the 16th inst. The young ladies having signified their intention to present the members of the Lodge with a most beautiful copy of the Bible, and the married ladies their intention to give a fine set of lamps for the Hall, the Order resolved to have a public display.

At 9½ A. M. the Order met at the Hall, and formed in procession. Behind them, the young ladies neatly and tastefully dressed—three of them bearing the Bible—formed their procession, and proceeded to the M. E. Church.

The married ladies failed to obtain their lamps, on account of the low water, but they joined in procession with the young ladies. After arriving at the church, the following exercises were had:

1st. The opening Ode. 2d, Prayer by the Chaplin. 3d, Miss M. Wild, in a short, chaste, and neat speech, presented on behalf of the young ladies of Cannelton, a most splendid copy of the Bible, to James Lodge No. 100. After its reception, and the singing of an Ode, we addressed the audience upon the Origin, History, Progress, Principles, and present condition of the Order in the Union. After dinner the ladies and brethren met at the Hall where we had the pleasure of chatting with the fair of Cannelton, and making a small speech to them.

All seemed to enjoy the exercises of the day—nothing unpleasant occurred to mar the peace and joy of the hour. Many who had hitherto looked upon the order with a careless or unprejudiced eye, now manifest an interest in it, and view it with much favor. The Lodge at this place can do much good, if its members are faithful to the high trust reposed in them. They are already exerting a healthy influence here; and they are men whose integrity, generosity, and warm hearted hospitality no one who has been here can doubt. We speak from experience, and therefore speak knowingly.

NEWBURGH, IND., Nov. 17, 1852.

I reached this thriving village on the evening of last Saturday. A few years since, there were scattered all along the bank of the Ohio here, a few old fashioned, ancient, and dilapidated buildings, enjoying the classical and euphonious name of "SPRINKLESBURGH." Now there is a fine, well built village of about 1,000 inhabitants. Several blocks of brick buildings that would do no discredit to some large cities I might mention. Considerable business is done here. Vast quantities of Tobacco, Hay, Oats, &c., the produce of Warrick county are annually shipped to New Orleans. There are several very fine stores here, with good assortments. The demands of the adjacent country renders business here brisk, and money is quite plenty in the community. As I passed by some of the stores, I saw by the names upon the good's boxes, that some of our merchants had been reaping the profits of a little judicious advertising.

The town occupies a hilly though beautiful site upon the Ohio, and commands a fair view of that

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stream. The view extends for twelve miles up, and four miles down the river.

I found kind and sociable friends and brethren here. I had the pleasure of meeting with the members of Newburgh Lodge, No. 104, in their new hall. It is neatly and tastefully fitted up, and exhibits the generosity of the members.

We are sometimes blamed by the fault-finding "outsiders," and "old fogy insiders" for the expenditures made upon our halls, but I consider it an excellent mark of generous, gentlemanly, correct Odd Fellows, to find a hall neatly and handsomely fitted up. The spirit of Odd Fellowship,—its life and power,—could live in a cave or a hovel, I am fully aware, but would it? Will the polite, refined and worthy of the present day feel like seeking companionship with a class of men who are content to hold their weekly meetings in some dingy old garret, whose ceiling has the accumulated dust and cobwebs of half a century, and whose floor is an inch and a half thick with foul tobacco spit and dirt? Is Odd Fellowship a mere business transaction—a dollar-and-cent operation—that can be attended to as well in a dirty ware-room as in a comfortable hall,—or is it a vast scheme to elevate, purify, and refine the world? I incline to the latter opinion. Believing this, I would see beauty adorning all the various departments of the Order. Let us have beautiful halls—beautiful emblems—beautiful regalia—beautiful rituals—beautiful principles—and may I not add, now, beautiful women?—connected with the Order. When I would spend an hour with my co-laborers in the great cause of benevolence, in conversing about what has already been done, and what yet remains to do, I would much prefer to do so, in a hall whose arrangements shall all be comfortable, and whose sides shall be adorned with emblems instead of cobwebs, and whose floor shall be covered with a neat and beautiful carpet instead of dirt and filth. But I am digressing.

I said the hall there was new, neat, and tastefully fitted up. So it is. It, and the members bear the marks of the spirit of the progress of the age, but not that spirit of progress that is unwilling to recognize anything as good, that is not new. A more devoted band of Odd Fellows I have not seen. Their Lodge has been in existence but NINE months, and numbers 40 members—all of whom as far as I can learn, are desirous of proving to the world that "Odd Fellowship is something MORE than a mere beneficial society," that it strives "to imbue man with proper conceptions" of his duty to himself, his neighbor, and the community around him.

The members exert an influence for good, and are doing excellent service in the great cause of humanity.

My visit here was a very pleasant one. I spent many agreeable moments with the members here, among whom was P. G. C. FRARY of the Warrick Democrat. Ah! what a fine humor he is in. The result of the late Presidential election seems to have put him in a remarkable good humor. How he laughs as the news continues to come in for the successful candidate, and I suppose he will remain thus well pleased for some time to come. Well I don't wonder that he is in such a humor for the party to which he belongs has had a magnificent triumph. Bro. FRARY is kind and affable in his manners, is a practical printer, a good writer, and issues a neat and respectable sheet.

I STILL LIVE!

Fitting words to be the last of the greatest statesman of the nineteenth century. DANIEL WEBSTER STILL LIVES! and shall continue to live as long as mankind shall pay homage unto the works of superior intellect,—shall live as long as a single pillar of the temple of American liberty shall exist, for his name is indelibly engraven upon them—shall live as long as the "stars and stripes" float as the emblem of independence, for each "star and stripe" receives additional lustre from the brightness of his intellect. "Still lives"—for he has written those words upon the hearts of the American people, and they will teach them to their children to the latest generation. These words—"I still live"—and these words only should be engraven upon his tombstone—they form an imperishable monument more durable than iron, or stone, or brass.

AGENTS.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as Agents for the Magazine in their respective places, and are authorized to receive subscriptions, and receipt for money on account of the Magazine.

JAMES FURNEAUX, New Orleans, La.
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OUR MAGIC MIRROR.

Have you a MAGIC MIRROR? asks some fair girl as her eye falls upon this page, while her memory calls up many a story she has heard of its power to reveal the secrets of the past and the future. Have we? Certainly we have. A mirror more susceptible to the touch, or word, or look, nay, wish, of a friend, than any ever used by the "familiars" of old in their incantations. It is an heir-loom of the family, and is oftener used to view the past than the future, although the future is seen—or is supposed to be seen when a certain portion of it is gazed upon. For years it has been in our possession, and we have used it for reviewing the past and its friends. And, oh! how oft have we gazed into it since "our little Mary" died. And often when the autumn wind was moaning around us and loose clouds flew sadly across the sky have we sat and gazed upon "our Magic Mirror," and saw the bright face of our little one revealed to us. We would gaze, and gaze, until our swelling heart would choke us, our eyes fill with tears, and our hands reach forth to grasp her tiny form—then the grave would appear, and we would once more feel that she was dead. Sometimes it fails to reveal to us the dark and silent grave, and her image wreathed in smiles, an angel might joy to wear, would "melt away into the light of heaven," and leave us listening in rapt attention for the music we thought must come from her moving lips. We heard it not, and yet we thought at times the Mirror did vibrate and give its hidden melody to our hearts. Nor was it all a fancy. This Mirror is our only heir-loom, and a precious one it is. For do we wish to hold intercourse with the loved and lost, we go not to the vain "Rappers," and ask them to call with their uncertain voice for the dead, but we take from its secret receptacle our "Magic Mirror," and bid the departed live again. Never have they failed to obey our summons. Nor does it alone reveal the faces of the dead. The absent living are seen in it—and never does a day pass in which we forget to look upon it. The revealings of this Mirror we would give to our readers, and for this purpose do we now set apart and dedicate a portion of our Magazine. And yet all of its revealings we cannot give, for it too frequently reveals the dead. Their forms we would not call up, nor expose their features at all times to the gaze of the reader, but would hold them enshrined in our heart of hearts.

The absent living we would call up—the busy scenes of the past and occasionally the events of the future we would catch as they appear upon the surface of our "Mirror," and transfer them to this corner for the benefit of those who may read them. This is our Mirror—and this its power.

The night is a gloomy one! Loose clouds are hurriedly flying across the sky, and the bright stars are to me invisible. The sad winds of autumn are wailing a melancholy dirge. Their wild moanings wake within the chambers of my heart, willing echoes, for there is a cord within me that always responds to the voice of gloom. And upon such a night as this, when wailing winds rattle my windows and sigh around every corner of my dwelling—a night when the voices of the departed seem to whisper in my ears—a night when

"————no star
Like a hopeful beacon
Glimmereth afar"—

a night when chill penury is dreading the horrors of the coming winter, and famine-stricken pauperism is ready to court the friendly aid of the grave—upon such a night gloom stamps its impress upon the heart. But why should the heart yield to sadness? Why should its raven wings o'ershadow the soul? Why?

While all is dark without, and gloom within, let us, kind reader, sit beside this window, and watch the scenes that may pass over our "Mirror." We gaze upon its surface, and as the mist clears away, memory carries us back to days long since past. Look—

Within a dimly lighted room, in the second story of one of our Western Hotels, upon a low couch, lies the form of a sufferer. His eyes are closed as if in sleep. The bright hectic upon his otherwise pale cheek tells us that a slow fever is consuming him. His dark hair is thrown back, and reveals to us his manly brow, while his quick, short, breathing, bespeaks a troubled sleep. By his side two strangers are sitting, engaged in low whispers, and anxiously watching the face of the sufferer, who for the first time for days has fallen into slumber. Who is the stricken one? All that is known of him is that he started for the South—perhaps to Cuba—perhaps to California. That disease fastened upon him—that he sought to return to his own loved home amid the hills of Pennsylvania—that his strength has failed him, and he can go no further. That those who were with him have passed on, and left him delirious with disease to the care of strangers. That in his delirium he had murmured something about Lodge—Odd-Fellows—and brethren. This is all that is known of him as there he lies, but this was enough to call to his side the two that now watch with him.

See, a smile—the first for days—steals o'er his pallid features. Whence that smile? Ah, 'tis the sick man's dream of home. Yes it must be that. What else but the thought of his own loved home—

"The home where dwell his father and his mother" could paint upon the wan features of the young wanderer a smile so like an angels? Dream on, poor wanderer, and let—

"Fancy, her magical pinions spread wide"

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and open to thee all those joys thy tired heart so fonely desires. Let a—

"Father bend o'er thee with looks of delight
And thy cheek be impearled with a Mother's warm tears,"

for when the dream is past and thou shalt awake thy misery shall be acute.

Hist! The lips of the sleeper move—the smile brightens upon his face and he murmurs the word "MOTHER!" The two watches approach the bed-side.

"Where am I?" feebly inquired the sick man. "This is not home. Oh, I thought I had reached my home, and I was in my mother's arms!" and the tears gushed from his eyes.

For a few mements silence prevails unbroken, save by the sobs of the sick man.

"You are among friends" says one of the watchers.

"Friends, friends," says the sufferer, as he extends his attenuated hand.

"Yes! yes! AND BROTHERS" replies the watcher, as he answers the well known pressure of the invalid.

Joy again lights up the countenance of the sick man, as he murmurs a thanksgiving to God.

A few hurried words—a sign—a token—and the sick stranger feels that he is indeed among brethren, tried and true; but scarcely has he made this known ere his mind again wanders and the scenes of home—of Cuba—of Odd-Fellows—of sickness flit through his disordered brain.

Hour after hour the brethren sit by him, and strive by kind words and skillful treatment to stay the hand of disease. Night passes—day dawns. Another weary day wears away, and still the invalid lies in pain—still his mind wanders. But loving hearts and ready hands are near him. Night comes again. Again watchers sit by his bed-side. The wheels of life move slowly; the frequent pulse beats more feebly; the breath comes more heavily, and life seems rapidly passing away. Midnight comes. A faint gleam of intelligence lights up the face of the dying man. He opens his eyes, fixes them for a moment upon the watchers by his bed-side, then looking up exclaims while a smile of unearthly brightness illumines his sunken features, "MOTHER, CHRIST, HOME," and closes his eyes forever upon this world of ours.

The scene changes. A bright July sun is pouring down a flood of golden light upon the tombs and monuments and graves of one of our Western Cemeteries. A faint breeze is just stirring the leaves of the few shrubs and trees that adorn the place, and is lifting the tall grass that bends in seeming sadness above the unmarked tomb of some departed loved one. Here a plain slab, almost hid by clambering vines and rose trees planted by the hand of affection, marks where the dust of modest worth reposes. There the gorgeous marble, sculptured with many a honied phrase and funeral device, glistening in the rays of the sun, points out the spot where sleeps the wealthy dead. Here stands an open vault, and near it the bier, a sure indication that the ever-yawning grave is about to receive another victim. And, yonder, to the sound of a mournful dirge comes a funeral throng. The absence of woman marks it as a stranger's funeral—while the vast number of citizens clad in the peculiar badge of Odd-Fellows tells that a BROTHER's corse is to be consigned to the tomb. As they "pass this way let us join them" and proceed to the open vault. The coffin is placed upon the bier—the brethren form their mystic circle around it. Near that coffin stands a young minister, ready to perform the rites of sepulture for the dead.

He speaks to them of the occasion that has called them together—of the sickness of the stranger brother in a distant land—of his effort to reach home that he might die in his mothers' arms—of his total inability to proceed further—of his delirium—of his lucid intervals in which he made himself known as a brother—of his faith in God and Christ—and of the scenes of home that rested upon his dying vision. He bids his brethren ever cherish a love for an order whose actions thus prove its professions true—ever show to the world not the semblance of a virtuous character, but one warm with pure and holy benevolence—ever act in accordance with their high dedication—and each—

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death.
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Silently they place the coffin within the vault. One by one the brethren cast their sprig of evergreen upon it—the last sad "Farewell, dear brother" is heard—and the voice of the minister utters the final dirge of "Earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and the door of the vault is closed—the brethren return to their homes, to meet no more with the departed till the grave shall give up its dead.

Upon a small porch in front of a neat white cottage, in Pennsylvania, sits an aged pair. A shade of sadness is resting upon their features for they are thinking of their youngest born—their absent Benjamin.

"Nathan," says the mother, "I fear some evil has befallen our erring boy, for when last we heard from him he had engaged in that Cuban expedition as it was called.

"Verily, wife, I have my misgivings also; for he joined that secret society, called Odd-Fellows, contrary to our desires, and I fear it has led him

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to mischief, for it is the "unfruitful work of darkness." May God forgive him for the wrong he has done."

"True, but we must not judge him harshly. He has gone in the way of sinners that have enticed him. And it may be that he will never return. and if he does not my poor heart will be filled with sorrow, for thou knowest that of late years he would not yield to our advice.

"I fear God's punishment will rest upon the wayward one, for he has greviously sinned."

"Oh, say not so, Nathan," sighs the fond mother, as the bright tear drop dims her aged eyes, "for he is our youngest, our loved, and I fear, our spoiled child. We have doated on him. He was the joy of our aged hearts, his brothers and his sisters idolized him, and shall not we suffer if he commits wrong? Rather let us forget his faults and his foibles, and pray that he may be returned to us."

"But, who is that?" inquires the old man, pointing to one approaching from the village. "Ah, it is John, the weaver, and I doubt not he brings us a letter."

It is as the old man suspects. John with a letter. The aged couple rise, and with eager hands reach for the epistle. The father puts on his glasses.

"It is not our Benjamin's hand," he says as he looks at it. "It is a stranger's. But what means these curious letters "I. O. O. F.?" Oh, these are the calabistic leters of that wicked society. Why should they send a letter to me?"

"Open it. It may speak of our boy," adds the mother, as she gazes upon the initials of the unholy society.

The father opens the letter and reads—

HALL OF —— LODGE NO. ——
——— Ind., July —.

MR. NATHAN ———

Sir:—It becomes my painful duty to inform you of the death of one Benjamin ———. It is supposed from the papers in his trunk, that he is your son. He come to our city with two others, and being too unwell to proceed on his journey he was left by them at one of our hotels. He was delirious when left, but in that delirium he said something about Odd-Fellows. The fact was made known to the Lodge of which I am Secretary. A committee was immediately appointed to visit him, and attend to all of his wants. He had but few jucid intervals, but in them he made known to us that he was a brother, His mind was not sufficiently clear at any time to speak very connectedly as to his home or his business, although the word "MOTHER" was frequently upon his lips.

"My poor boy! would I could have been with thee."

"Be resigned wife," replies the husband, as he takes off his glasses, wipes them and his eyes, and then resumes.

He had every attention paid to him that could have been given to any one. Our best physicians waited upon him, and some of our ministers prayed with him, and indeed all was done that Friendship and Love could devise—but it was in vain. He was unconscious most of the time after he arrived here until just before he died. A few minutes before he expited his mind seemed perfectly clear, and with the words "MOTHER, CHRIST, HOME" upon his lips he breathed his last.

"Thank God for these words of comfort. My prayers were not in vain—God must have heard them," sobbed the mother as those words of hope fell upon her ear.

Upon the following day his body was deposited in the vault in our cemetery, with the rites of our order.

You have the heart warm sympathy of every member of the order in our city in this your deep bereavement, and may the God who has taken your son, we trust to himself, enable you to submit to the heavy stroke of his providence.

His trunk is in the possession of this Lodge subject to your order.

Please answer this as soon as possible, and let me know whether we shall bury your son, or let his body remain in the vault until you can send for it.

Yours in F. L. and T.

———, Sec'y,

The aged couple are overcome with grief, they retire to their room and there in silence and in prayer seek for grace to sustain.

An hour glides away. Side by side the aged couple sit in their room. Twilight is deepening into night.

"Wife," says the husband, in a tremulous voice, "I must start West to-morrow for the body of our boy, and to thank those kind stranger brethren for the care they took of him."

"Yes," sobs the almost heart broken wife, "give them a mother's love. Tell them we opposed his joining a secret, and as we thought, a wicked society, but that we are glad he did—that our prejudices are all gone—that we spoke evilly of them through ignorance, but now we will pray for them, for "by their fruits" they merit the prayers of all the good. Go, husband, and tell them that one mother at least, will ask of God, morn, and noon, and night, for blessings on their band."

The scene has faded from the "Mirror," kind reader, but there are many whose memories still cherish the recollection of what we have thus told. And while the deeds of our order are of this kind the blessing of God will rest upon us. Let us then hold fast our faith and continue in our labor of love.

The "ODD FELLOWS DIRECTORY, containing the Statistics of the Grand Lodge of the United States, Its Officers, their Residences, Profession, &c. A list of all the Lodges and Encampments under the G. L. U. S. with their Location and Night of Meeting, together with the Address of each Grand Secretary and Scribe, I. O. O. F." This valuable book of reference should be in the hand of every member of the Order who wishes to make himself acquainted with the extent and increase of our Order in the West.

Published by Crampton & Clarke, Golden Rule Office, No. 107, Fulton St., New York.

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Fraternal Correspondence.

FAIRFEILD, Ind., Nov. 22, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Your Magazine is highly esteemed by its numerous patrons in this vicinity; and is rendering valuable service in the inculcation of the principles of our Order.

Odd Fellowship, here, is prospering beyond the expectation of its most sanguine and devoted friends, and is gathering within its "orbit" a choice selection of individuals of high moral character and worth, who, are at once creditable to the institution, and eminently qualified to appreciate its teachings and dispense its blessing. The efforts of so much associated worth, guided by the benevolent teachings of a highly philanthropic institution, cannot fail to make a good impression upon the community in which, their offices of kindness are so frequently dispensed—to call forth their unfeigned admiration of its benificent workings—and secure their most devout wishes for its more extended usefulness and prosperity. Evidences of such impression are obviously seen and felt in this community. Of the influences that have operated to bring about those results, your valuable Magazine, deservedly ranks amongst the most prominent. Its admirable teachings have not only contributed largely to the instruction of the membership in their social and relative duties; but have been highly instrumental in disseminating at large the principles and objects of our Order. I wish you a remunerative success, commensurate with the valuable services your are rendering the Order, through the publication of the Magazine; and I assure you that MAGNOLIA LODGE No. 80 will not be behind her sister Lodges in contributing her proportionate share of support.

Yours Fraternally, J. N. McM.

[The brethren of Fairfield have our thanks for the liberal manner with which they have supported our enterprise; and the confidence they have reposed in us will not be violated. To Bro. McM. we are under special obligations for his active exertions in our behalf.]

SHELBYVILLE, Nov. 22, 1852.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The Tent of the Patriarchs is erected here. "Moss ENCAMPMENT No. 31," never closes the door of the Patriarch's tent against a Brother Patriarch seeking shelter and repose. Our "*Fraternum*" is nearly completed. We feel a glow of pride as we view the magnificent proportions of our stately Hall. But we are infinitely better pleased when we see the renewed energy and industry among the Brotherhood, prompted by the sublime teachings of the Patriarchal branch of our Order. They seem better to appreciate the difficulties that beset us all along the rugged journey of life; and the better prepared, because experienced, to extend aid to a Patriarch in distress. But I am digressing from my subject. Moss ENCAMPMENT, (so called in honor of our present M. W. G. P. DANIEL MOSS, who eminently deserves it all) was instituted on the 13th inst., by the Grand Patriarch, assisted by G. M. JOSEPH L. SILCOX, G. Rep. PLEASANT A. HACKLEMAN, and seven Patriarchs from BERNICE ENCAMPMENT, at Rushville. We commence operations with ten members under favorable auspices. The Order is growing rapidly, yet, we think, not too fast, for our own safety. There will be a conjoint dedication of our Hall sometime next spring in connection with the Masonic Fraternity, who own one half of the building. We shall expect upon that occasion an outpouring, from far and near, of the masses of the mystic sister Orders.

The elected officers of Moss ENCAMPMENT are T. A. MCFARLAND, C. P.; WM. HACKER, H. P.; J. S. CAMPBELL, S. W.; CASY GWYNNE, Scribe; WM. M. PARRISH, Treas.

We shall always take great pleasure in greeting Bro. Patriarchs who are travelling through our city, and can make it convenient to tarry with us awhile and rest beneath the covering of our tent.

Yours Fraternally, T. A. McF.

We have received the first of a series of lectures by G. Rep. P. A. HACKLEMAN, on the "*Rise and Progress of Odd Fellowship.*" No. 1 will appear next month.

OBITUARY.

Died at the Sloan House, Richmond, Ind., on the 3d of Nov., 1852, Bro. JOHN MULLEN, a member of White Water Lodge No. 41, I. O. O. F., of Apoplexy, in the 52nd year of his age.

In New Albany, on the 6th of November, CLARA GEMMELL, infant daughter of Bro. WM. C. CARSON, of Hope Lodge No. 83, aged 1 year, 5 months and 23 days.

In Ladoga, Ind., Nov. 22, 1852, Bro WILLIAM S. WENTS, V. G. of Ridgely Lodge No. 61, I. O. O. F., aged 31 years, 3 months and 10 days.

The deceased was a worthy member of the Order, and an an exemplary member of the Evangelical Lutheran Church. He died in full hopes of a blessed immortality. He leaves a wife and three small children to mourn their loss. T. W. W.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1853. NO. VII

OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS.

It was on a pouring wet morning in the end of the month of March, 1827, that I set drowsily ensconced in a "Woodburn," beside the fire in may *study*(!) in a front room in Upper Brook Street—for I am in easy circumstances, and rent "a suite of apartments fit for the immediate reception of an M. P. or bachelor of fashion," in the house of a "professional man of celebrity, who has no family." I had spelt through two newspapers, even to the last resource of "Rowland's Kalydor" and "Gowland's Lotion." I had read and dozed over every article in the last page of the last paper, until I caught myself reading the small printed prices of the markets—"potatoes at 8*s* and 6*d*."

I began to feel as hunting gentlemen do during a hard frost—what is called "hard up." I had stirred my fire till it was out, and yawned until I began to fear a locked jaw. In very despair I strolled to the window, hopeless as I was of seeing any thing more amusing than overflowing gutters, half-drowned sparrows, or a drenched apothecary's boy. It was early in the morning, at least in a London morning, and I could not even anticipate the relief of a close carriage, with an oil-skin hammer-cloth, driving by; what then was my delight, when, at one glance, as I reached the window, I descried that the bills in a large and handsome house opposite had been taken down! Now do not suppose that I love to pry into my neighbor's affairs for the sake of gossip—far from it; but what is an honest bachelor gentleman to do on a rainy morning, if he may not pick up a small matter of amusement by watching his opposite neighbors now and then?

The houses opposite were worse than no houses at all; for one was inhabited by an old and infirm lady, who had no visitors but an M. D., an apothecary, and a man in a shovel-hat. The other house contained only an elderly and very quiet couple, who had not near so much variety as a clock; they never stopt—never went too fast or too slow—never wanted winding up—they went themselves—their breakfast and dinner bells rang daily to a minute at half-past eight and at six o'clock—their fat coachman and fat horses came to the door precisely at 2 o'clock to take them out, always to the Regent's Park, and drove twice round the outer circle. I took care to inquire into that fact. I ascertained too for certain that they had a leg of mutton for dinner every Tuesday and Friday, and fish three times a week, including Sundays, on which day too the butcher always brought roasting beef—always the thick part of the surloin. What could I do with such people as these? I gave them up as hopeless,

Preparations for the reception of a family in my favorite house now went on with great spirit; a thorough internal cleaning and scouring on the first day; on the second, all the windows were cleaned. I could stand it no longer, and snatching up my hat, I just stepped over *promiscuously* to ask the maid who was washing the steps, by whom the house had been taken. She was a stupid, ignorant, country girl, and did not seem at all alive to the interest attaching to her examination. I however discovered that the house was taken by a baronet, and that his family consisted of his lady and one child (a boy), and his wife's sister.

I took a few turns in the Park, and just as I rapped at my own door, I determined I would make no further inquiries concerning the expected family—no, it would be infinitely more interesting to discover every thing by my own penetration and ingenuity;—it would be a nice employment for me, for I was dreadfully at a loss for something to do, and would keep me from falling asleep.

I began now to count the hours. I was afraid of stirring from the window lest the strangers should escape my vigilance, and arrive unknown to me. I even dined in my study, and here, by the way, I must let the reader into a little secret. I had a large wire blind fixed on one of my windows, behind which I could stand and direct my inquiries unseen by any body, though few within range were unseen by me.

A few days passed slowly on. Muslin

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curtains were put up, not blinds, fortunately for me, (I have a mortal antipathy to blinds to any windows but my own,) boxes of mignionette appeared in every window. A cart from Colville's in the King's Road, filled with Persian lilacs, moss roses, and heliotropes, unloaded its sweets at the door. They had then a rural taste; country people perhaps; and I sighed as I figured to myself a bevy of plump rosy misses in pink and green, and one or two young squires in green coats and top boots. The arrival, whatever it might be, must be drawing near —nearer and nearer—for a respectable looking housekeeper made her appearance one morning at the window, who had stolen a march on me; I could never make that out, for I had never seen her arrive. Two or three maids also were flitting about, and a gentleman out of livery appeared, now at the area, and now at the hall door, superintending the unpacking of a grand pianoforte from Broadwood's; then arrived a cart from Brecknell and Turner, wax-chandlers in the Haymarket, and one from Fortnum and Masons in Piccadilly, with divers other carts and packages of minor consideration. Then came hackney-coaches with servants and colored paper boxes—smart looking maids in Leghorn bonnets and drab shawls, and footmen in dark green, and very plain liveries. The family could not be far behind. At last, about four o'clock, the fish arrived—a turbot and two fine lobsters for sauce. I can be on my oath it was not a brill, and fish was very dear that morning, for I enquired; therefore that could not be for the servants; Sir Charles and family must be close at hand.

I remained rooted to the window, and was soon rewarded for my patient investigation, by hearing, at about six o'clock, a carriage driving rapidly up the street from Park Lane. It was them actually. A green traveling carriage, all over imperials, stopped at the door in good earnest, most beautifully splashed with mud—no arms—only a bird for the crest; four post horses, and a maid and man servant in the rumble. My heart beat thick, my eyes strained in my head lest any one of the inmates of the carriage should escape my vigilance. The hall doors were thrown open in an instant, and the gentleman out of livery, with two of his colleagues, flew out to assist the ladies to alight. First of all, a gentleman—Sir Charles, of course—made his appearance, tall, and very distinguished looking, dressed in a brown frock coat, and dark fur traveling cap, and apparently about thirty years of age. Next came a lady, who skipped out very lightly, and who seemed rather in a hurry to see the new abode—that was the sister. She was thin and very graceful, and wrapped in a white cashemere, with rather a narrow border; her features were hidden from my view, as she wore one of those plaguey large coarse straw bonnets, tied down with white satin ribbons—two bows, and the edges cut in vandykes. Another lady then descended, more slowly and carefully, and as she watched the alighting of a nurse who had deposited a fine rosy boy, about a twelvemonth old, into the arms of Sir Charles; therefore, I had already ascertained, beyond a doubt, which was the wife, and which was the wife's sister. The door then closed, and I saw no more that evening, excepting that the lamp was lit in the dining room, and the shutters closed at seven o'clock, and then in the gloom I saw three figures descend the stairs, from which I concluded that they all went to dinner; besides the turbot, they had house lamb, and asparagus.

The next morning, while dressing, I espied the sister, whom I shall call Ellen, standing on the balcony and admiring and arranging the flowers. The morning was beautiful and very light, so that I had a perfect view of her. It was imporsible that a more lovely creature could be seen. She appeared not more than sixteen or seventeen; indeed, from the extreme plainness of her dress, I suspected she had not quite left the school-room. She was rather above the middle height, very slight and graceful, bright and beautiful with long light auburn curls, and a very patrician air about her. Had I been young and romantic, I should most assuredly have fallen in love on the instant, as she stooped over the balcony, with a most enchanting air, smiling and kissing her hand to the baby, whom his nurse, at that moment, carried out of the hall door for an early walk in the park.

Presently she was joined by her sister, whom I shall call Lady Seymour, who evidently came to summon her to breakfast. She appeared about twenty-five or twenty-six years old; pale, interesting, and beautiful; had a mild and pensive, I almost thought a melancholy look, and seemed very quiet and gentle in all her movements.

I should have been inclined to fall in love with her too, if she had not been a married woman, and I had not seen Ellen first; and Ellen was by far the more beautiful of the two fair sisters—the most striking, the most animated, and I always admired animation, for it argues inquiry, and from inquiry springs knowledge. The ladies lingered, and stooped down to inhale the fragrance of their flowers until Sir Charles appeared to summon, them, and the whole trio descended to breakfast, Lady Seymour leaning on the arm of her husband, and Ellen skipping down

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before them. Sir Charles was very handsome, very tall, and very dignified looking. Nothing could be more promising than the appearance of the whole party. I was delighted with the prospect; no more gaping over newspapers; adieu *ennui*, here was food for reflection. My mind was now both actively and usefully employed, and a transition from idleness to useful occupation is indeed a blessing.

Days flew on, and I gradually gathered much important and curious information. The Seymour's had many visitors, a vast proportion of coronetted carriages among them, went regularly to the opera. I could not make out who was Ellen's harp-master; but Crivelli taught her singing, from which I argued their good taste. She went out to evening parties, I concluded therefore that she had only just *come out* and was still pursuing her education. A green britska and chariot were in requisition for both ladies, as the day was fine or otherwise; a dark cab with a green page attended Sir Charles on some days, on others he rode a bay horse with black legs, and a star on his forehead. With respect to the general habits of the family, they were early risers and dined at eight o'clock. The beautiful baby was the pet of both ladies, and lived chiefly in the drawing room: and I observed that Ellen frequently accompanied him and his nurse in their early walks, attended by a footman.

The Seymour's occupied the whole of my time; I gave up all parties for the present, on the score of business, and I assure you it was quite as much as one person could do conveniently to look to them. From discoveries I made, the family speedily became very interesting to me, I may say painfully interesting. Now I am not at all given to romance or high-flying notions, seeing that I am but seldom known to invent anything; what I am about to relate, may safely be relied on as the result of an accurate though painful investigation.

Before communicating these discoveries to my readers, I pause, even on the treshhold, I have endeavored to bespeak their interests for the fair Ellen, as I felt a deep one for her myself,—but,—truth must out,—it is my duty.

From the first day of the arrival of the Seymour's, as I shall continue to designate them, I had been struck by the evident dejection of Lady Seymour. I frequently observed her when alone, bury her face in her hands, as she leant upon a small table beside the couch on which she sat.

The work, or the book, or the pencil,—for she drew,—was invariably thrown aside when her husband or her young sister quitted the apartment. The fine little baby seemed her greatest pleasure. He was a wild, struggling little fellow, full of health and spirits, almost too much for her delicate frame, and apparently week state of health. She could not herself nurse him long at a time, but I observed that the nurse was very frequently in the room with her and that the fond mother followed and watched her little darling almost constantly. She was surrounded by luxuries—by wealth. Her husband, in appearance at least, was one whom all women must admire; one of whom a wife might feel proud;—she had a beautiful child;—she was young, lovely, titled. What then could be the cause of this dejection? What could it be? I redoubled my attention; I was the last to retire and the first to rise. I determined to discover this mystery.

One morning I discovered her weeping—weeping bitterly. Her bedroom was in the front of the house; she was walking backwards and forwards between the window and the opened folding doors, her handkerchief at her eyes. At first I thought she might have the toothache,—not being given as I before said to romance;—then I suspected her confinement was about to take place,—but no, that could not be. No Mr. Bragden appeared—his carriage had not even been at her door for more than a week, at which I was rather surprised. She was evidently and decidedly weeping,—I ascertained that beyond a doubt. A flash of light beamed across my mind! I have it! thought I,—perhaps her husband's affections are estranged. Could it be possible? Husbands are wayward things,—I felt glad that I was not a husband.

A kind of disagreeable and tormenting suspicion at that moment strengthened my belief; a suspicion that—how shall I speak it?—perhaps he might love the beautiful Ellen. I tried to banish the idea; but circumstances lightly passed over before, return now in crowds to my recollection to confirm me in it. From that moment I renewed my observations daily, and with still increased vigilance, and was obliged to come to the painful conclusion that my suspicions were not only but too well founded with regard to Sir Charles, but that Ellen returned his passion. Yes she was romantically in love with the husband of her sister! I seldom find myself wrong in my opinions, yet, in this case, I would willingly have given five hundred pounds to feel sure that I was in error. Such was the interest with which the extreme beauty, the vivacity and grace of the youthful Ellen had inspired in me. Here then was food for philosophy as well as reflection. Who shall say that inquirers are impertinent, when such facts as these can be elicited. Had it not been for me—such is

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the apathy of people about what does not concern them—a base husband and an artful intriguing sister, might still have maintained a fair face to the world; but I was determined to cut the matter short, and open the eyes of the deluded wife as to the real extent of her injury. Honor compelled me to it. Let not the reader think me rash,—I will explain the circumstances which influenced my conviction. Oh, Ellen! how have I been deceived in thee! How hast thou betrayed a too susceptible heart.

Sir Charles was an M. P., which my ingenuity in sitting together hours and facts enabled me to make sure of. He frequently returned late from the debates in the house. The weather grew warm, aud the shutters were always left open till the family retired for the night. The lamps were brilliant, and I could discern the fair Ellen peeping over the balustrades of the staircase, and lingering and waiting on the landing place, evidently on the look-out for an anxiously expected arrival. Then the cab of Sir Charles would stop at the door—his well-known knock would be heard, and Ellen would fly with the lightness of a fairy to meet him as he ascended the stairs. He would then fold her in his arms, and they would enter the drawing room together; yet, before they did so, five or ten minutes *tete-a-tete* frequently took place on the landing, and the arm of Sir Charles was constantly withdrawn from the waist of Ellen, before they opened the drawing room door and appeared in the presence of the poor neglected wife, whom he greeted with no embrrce, as he took his seat beside her on the sofa.

For sometime I set down the *impressments* of Ellen to meet Sir Charles as that of a lively and affectionate girl to greet her sister's husband, in the manner she would receive her own brother. I was soon obliged to think differently.

When Ellen played on the harp, which she did almost daily, Sir Charles would stand listening beside her, and would frequently imprint a kiss on her beautiful brow, gently lifting aside the curls which covered it; but this *never* took place when Lady Seymour was in the room—mark that—no, not in a single instance. Sir Charles sometimes sat reading in a chair near the drawing room window, and would, as Ellen passed him, fondly draw her towards him and hold her hands, while he appeared to converse with her in the most animated manner. If the door opened, and the poor wife came in, the hands were instantly released.

As the spring advanced, the appearance of Lady Seymour, and more frequent visits of Mr. Bragden, led me to suppose her confinement drew near; she became later in rising in the morning, and Sir Charles and Ellen almost constantly took a very early *tete-a-tete* walk in the park, from which they usually returned long before Lady Seymour made her appearance in the drawing room.

A very handsome man, with a viscount's coronet on his cap, was a frequent visitor in Upper Brook Street. I doubted not but that he was an admirer of and suitor to the fair Ellen. Yet she slighted him; he was entirely indifferent to her; otherwise why did she often leave the drawing room during his very long morning visits, and sit reading in the window of a room up stairs, or playing with the baby in the nursery, leaving her sister to entertain him? The reason was too evident; cruel and heartless Ellen! My heart bled more and more for the poor wife I absolutely began to hate Ellen.

At length closed bedroom shutters, hurry and bustle, cart loads of sraw, and the galloping chariot of Mr. Blagden, announced the accouchment of Lady Seymour. All seemed happily over before the house was closed for the night.

Sir Charles and Ellen were in the drawing room together. The lady's maid rushed into the apartment! I almost fancied I heard her exclaim "my lady is safe, and a fine boy." So well did the deceitful Ellen act her joy, she clasped her hands together, and then, in the apparent delight of her heart, shook hands with the maid, who left the room directly. My heart was relenting towards her, as she was flying to follow the woman, no doubt with the intention of hastening to the bedside of her sister; but no—she returned to tenderly embrace Sir Charles before she quitted the drawing room. At such a time too! Oh, faithless and cruel Ellen!

Sir Charles and Ellen were now more frequently together—more in love than ever. They sang together, read together, walked together, played with the little boy together, and nursed the new little baby in turns.

In due course of time poor Lady Seymour recovered and resumed her station in the drawing room, and then Sir Charles was less frequently at home. I was furious at him as well as at Ellen. All my tender compassion and interest centered in the unhappy and neglected wife.

One other instance in corroboration of the justness of my suspicions I will relate. A miniature painter, whom I knew by sight, came early every morning to the house. Sir Charles was sitting for his picture. One morning, when I concluded it must be nearly finished, Sir Charles and the artist left the house together. I saw the picture lying on the table near the window, in the same spot where the artist had been working at it for nearly two hours before, while Sir Charles

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was sitting to him. I had not for a moment lost sight of it, and am ready to affirm upon oath that the miniature was the likeness of Sir Charles, and of no one else; for you must know that I have a small pocket telescope by which I can detect these nice points accurately. Well,—Miss Ellen came into the room,—she was alone;—she walked up to the picture, gazed on it for a long while, and—will it be believed? pressed it several times to her lips, and then to her heart! Yes, I am quite sure she pressed it to her heart; no one can deceive me in that particular. She did not indeed think or guess that any eye observed her. But oh! Ellen, there was an eye over you that never slumbered, at least, very seldom. Things had thus arrived at such a pass, that concealment on my part would have been criminal. My duty was clear,—an instant exposure without regard to the feelings of any one. But how could it be accomplished without personal danger. Sir Charles was a shot: I had seen a case of pistols arrive from John Marton and Son, Dover street; besides, he was big enough to eat me, so that putting myself forward was out of question. I had it—I would write to the Times and the True Sun, under the signature of "a Friend to Morality."

That very night I condensed these notes into three columns, as I said to the editor, not to occupy too great a space in his valuable journal; and early on the following morning I arose to dispatch my letters, when, what should greet my astonished senses, but, at the door of the Seymour's, their traveling carriage with four post horses! What could it mean? I had seen no signs of packing; no trunks, or wagons! What could it mean? I stood perfectly aghast, my eyes were fixed intently upon the carriage. Oh! I had it again, my wits never fail me—the murder was out, I need not write to the. Times. Miss Ellen was discovered, and going to be sent off to school, or perhaps to "dull aunts and croaking rooks" in the country! I was glad to be spared the pain of forwarding the explanation; and yet —Good heavens! what was my surprise and profound mystification when Sir Charles appeared, handing in, first Lady Seymour, a beautiful flush on her countenace, radiant with smiles, and almost as quick and light in her movements as Ellen herself—then the old nurse with the new baby; then Ellen, smiling as usual, and last of all Sir Charles got upon the box, followed by the Viscount!! and then off they drove as fast as the horses could carry them. My eyes and mouth continued wide open long after they had turned the corner into Park Lane. I was at my wits' end; at sea without a rudder. What could all this possibly portend? The little boy was left behind too! and all the servants, with the exception of one of the lady's maids, and Sir Charles' own man. Could it be that Ellen was going to be palmed off upon the poor deceived Viscount? But why then should they go out of town to be married! why had not I seen the least glimpse of a lawyer, or any preparation for a *trousseau?* and why did the new baby go with them! *that* could not be of much use at a wedding. No, that *could* not be it. Where *could* they be going! I passed a restless day, a sleepless night. The next morning I grew desperate, and was on the point of sallying forth in my cap and dressing gown to knock at the door of the deserted mansion, and demand satisfaction of the butler, when who should I pounce upon at the door, but my old friend General Crossby. It was devilish unlucky, but I was obliged to ask him up. "I intended to call on my friends, the St. Legers, over the way thismorning," said he, "but I find they are gone to Portsmouth."

"To Portsmouth, are they! that's very curious," said I, interruptiug him. "Do you know the family?" asked I, with something like agitation.

"I have known Sir Charles St. Leger all his life; he married Fanny Spenser, a daughter of Admiral Spenser."

"Good God!"

"Why are you surprised?" asked he gravely.

"Why, General, I must be candid with you; truth and honor compel me to a disclosure, which, I am sure, will, as a friend of the family, cause you exceeding pain." The General was now surprised in his turn.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "Nothing has happened to Mrs. Murray or the child, I hope."

"I don't know who you mean by Mrs. Murray," I replied with great seriousness. "It is of Lady St. Leger and her sister that I am about to speak." And I then told him every circumstance of guilt, with her corroborating proofs, to which I had been so unwilling a witness; I told him all without disguise, to all of which he listened, as I thought, very calmly, apathetically indeed, considering he was a friend of the family; but on the conclusion of my recital, to my great dismay he arose, put on his hat, and looking at me sternly, said, "Sir the lady whom you have honored by so great a share of you attention is not the intriguante you suppose, is not the paramour of Sir Charles St. Leger, but is no other than his *wife* and my god-daughter. I wish you, Sir, a good morning."

"Wife! God-daughter!" I repeated in a faint voice. "But, General, for God's sake,

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one instant, the elder lady!" "Is Lady St. Leger's elder sister, the wife of the gallant Captain Murray, whose absence on service she has been for some time lamenting. His ship has arrived at Portsmouth, and they are all gone to meet him." He had reached the door; I was in an agony; my hair stood on end;—"One word more, the Viscount!" "Is Captain Murray's elder brother. And before I take my leave, permit me to wish you a better occupation than clandestinely watching the actions of others; of misinterpreting the actions of an amiable and virtuous lady, and traducing the character of an estimable man, whose refinement of feeling you have neither mind to understand nor appreciate. Sir, I wish you again a good morning."

What would I not have given at that moment of shame to have been on my travels down the bottomless pit. Any where rather than on the first floor at Brook-street. I was positively at my wits end.

I hung my head, completely abashed, discomfitted—I had nothing to say, absolutely not a word—and was thoroughly ashamed of myself and my ingenuity. Had I possessed a tail, I should have slunk off with it hanging down between my legs, in the manner I have seen a discomfitted dog do; but I had no such expressive appendage, and I could only ejaculate to myself at intervals during the whole of the next three days.

"God bless my soul! what a false scent I have been on! And for a bachelor gentleman too, not at all given to invention! Yet how was I to guess that a wife could be in love with her husband! There is some excuse for me after all. God bless my soul!"

P. S. The St. Legers are returned—Captain Murray is with them—French blinds are putting up all over the house, "Othello's occupation is gone," can't stand it—off to the continent.

Mrs. Duncan, in "America as I found it," gives the following hotel incident: "One day, being at leisure to observe the proceedings of my neighbors, I saw a very respectable looking lady reduce one half of an oval slice of bread to the shape of a horse shoe by one goodly bite that she took out of the middle. This lady introduced herself to me in the saloon, and—O Dickens! O Trollope! can ye bear the dismal truth?—she told me she was a Londoner!"

Diderot was asked what manner of man was M. d'Epinai. "He is a man," said Diderot, "who has got through two millions without once saying a good thing or doing a good action."

AN ALLEGORY.

It was night. Jerusalem slept as quietly amid her hills as a child upon the breast of its mother. The noiseless sentinel stood like a statue at his post, and the philosopher's light burned dimly in the recesses of his chamber.

But a darker night was abroad upon the earth. A moral darkness involved the nations in its unlightened shadows. Reason shed a faint glimmering over the minds of men, like the cold and inefficient shining of a distant star. The immortality of man's spiritual nature was unknown, his relations to Heaven undiscovered, and his future destiny obscured in a cloud of mystery.

It was at this period that two forms of etherial mold hovered above the land of God's chosen people. They seemed sister angels sent to earth upon some embassy of love. The one was of majestic stature, and in the well formed limbs which her snowy drapery hardly concealed, in her erect bearing, and steady eye, were exhibited the highest degree of strength and confidence. Her right arm was extended in an expressive gesture upwards, where night appeared to have placed her darkest pavilion, while on her left, reclined her delicate companion, in form and countenance the contrast of the other for she was drooping like the flower when unmoistened by refreshing dews, and her bright but troubled eye scanned the air with ardent but varying glances. Suddenly a light like the sun flashed out from the Heavens and Faith and Hope hailed with exulting songs the ascending Star of Bethlehem.

Years rolled away and a stranger was seen in Jerusalem. He was a meek, and unassuming man, whose happiness seemed to to consist in acts of benevolence to the human race. There were deep traces of sorrow on his countenance, though none knew why he grieved, for he lived in the practice of every virtue, and was loved by all the wise and good. By and by it was rumored that the stranger worked miracles, that the blind saw, the dumb spake, and the dead leaped to life at his touch; that when he commanded, the ocean moderated its chafing tide, and the very thunders articulated, he is the Son of God. Envy assailed him with the charge of sorcery, and the voice of impious judges condemned him to death—Slowly and thickly guarded, he ascended the Hill of Calvary. A heavy cross bent him to the Earth. But Faith leaned upon his arm, and Hope, dipping her pinions in his blood, mounted to the skies.

Rural Repository.

He most lives—who thinks most

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[From the New Orleans True Delta, Nov. 25th.]

DEDICATION OF THE ODD-FELLOWS' HALL.

Yesterday the Odd-Fellows' Hall, in front of Lafayette Square, was dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and our citizens, in honor of the event, took leave, for the time being, of their ordinary avocations and assembled in goodly numbers to witness the ceremonies of the Order, and join in the joy of the noble Brotherhood.

When the Sun arose in the morning, there were clouds upon his face, and the prospect of a dull day spread threateningly over the heavens, but ere the hour for the assembling of the Lodges had arrived, the heavens were bright, and the Sun beamed down with a benignant and cheerful smile.

At ten o'clock, the various Lodges of the city assembled on Lafayette Square, where they formed into a line of procession under the orders of the Grand Marshal and his various assistants. They then, to the discoursings of fine bands of music, pursued the line of march indicated in the programme of the day's proceedings, and as the Sun gleamed on their rich regalias, and brightened the symbol representatatives of "Friendship, Love and Truth"—the Graces of the Brotherhood—thereon enwrought, the glorious trinity seemed to take possession of all hearts, and to brighten all countenances with the beamings of good fellowship.

At half past 11, the doors of the Hall were opened, and the beautiful concert room, in which the ceremony of dedication was to take place, was speeding rendered still more beautiful by the filling up of the seats set apart for ladies. At length with music and banners, the different Lodges entered the spacious Hall, and after every seat was filled, and all available space was occupied, H. D. Ogden, the G. M. said:

Our R. W. Grand Marshal will please proclaim the object of the convocation.

Grand Marshal.—It is the will and pleasure of the M. W. Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the I. O. O. F. of the State of Louisiana, that the ceremony of the dedicating this edifice to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship do now proceed.

Grand Master.—Such is my will and pleasure.

The Grand Chaplain here offered up a beautiful and impressive prayer to the Grand Master above for His aid and protection in all things good which the Order might undertake.

The Building Committee, to whose honorable and indefatigable exertions the Odd-Fellows of New Orleans, and the city itself, are indebted for their noblest edifice, the Odd-Fellows' Hall, was then introduced by the Grand Marshal to the Most Worthy Grand Master, as follows:

I present to you the Chairman of the Building Committee of the Board of Directors of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association, who have been entrusted with the superintendence and management of this edifice, and are now desious to surredner it to you, for its dedication to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship.

The Chairman of the Building Committee then answered:

Most Worthy Grand Master: We meet you here to-day, to announce that our work is finished. It is not the business of the Committee to allude to their own labors, nor the manner in which they have been performed; nor would good taste permit them to descant on the fitness of our edifice for the sacred purpose to which it is designed. It speaks for itself through its proportions and its style. If these fail to impress you, any words of mine would prove worse than useless. I have only to repeat that our work is finished, and in behalf of the Board or Directors of the Odd-Fellows' Hall Association, and of the Order in this place, I make the request that the building be set apart and dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship."

The Grand Master replied:

"BROTHER: In the name of the I. O. of O. F. of the State of Louisiana, I accept for dedication to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, this Hall, which has been constructed under your supervision. In surrendering for dedication the result of your labors, you this day add another landmark of Charity to those which now cover the land. Watchtowers—whence you and your brethaen of the Order may discover whither to speed in your errands of love—to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, educate the orphan, and bury the dead. Hearthstones—around whose sacred fires you and your brethren may cultivate those fraternal feelings whose end is Friendship, Love and Truth. Temples—within whose venerated walls you will learn the duties of peace and good will towards men, which will neither interfere with or supercede the discharge of any others, social, moral or religious.

The Grand Chaplain then expressed the solemn words of dedication.

The Grand Master then said:

"And by this solemn act I hereby declare this Hall duly dedicated. The Grand Marshal will please cause this Dedication to be appropriately proclaimed."

The Grand Marshal then proclaimed to the Grand Heralds of the North, of the South, of the East and of the West, that by the solemn act of the Most Worthy Grand

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Master of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, this Hall is duly dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, to disseminate Friendship, Love and Truth, and to diffuse Benevolence and Charity, in their fullest extent, to all its worthy members. It is his will and pleasure that the same be proclaimed:

The Grand Heralds then in their turn proclaimed:

"Hear all men! By authority of the Most Worthy Grand Master, I proclaim this Hall dedicated to the business and purposes of Odd-Fellowship, and the promulgation of the principles of Benevolence and Charity."

To which the Grand Marshal exclaimed:

"M. W. G. Master's proclamation has gone forth to the four quarters or the globe, that all men may hear and know that the principles of Odd-Fellowship have here a dwelling place."

The following Dedication Ode, composed by brother G. W. Christy, and set to music by Brother Theo. La Hache, was sung with much spirit by a choir, consisting of thirty ladies and thirty gentlemen:

SPIRIT OF WATER.

May the fountain of feeling be welling—
Welling—eternally welling;
And its murmur of FRIENDSHIP be telling—
Telling—eternally telling.
Mid the pathways of life's dreary desert,
Ah! where shall the lonely one fly?
If he turns to the only oasis,
And finds that its fountain is dry?

SPIRIT OF FLOWERS.

May flowers, bright flowers of LOVE in each bosom
Implanted, be flinging their fragrance around;
May tender emotions enamel its freshness,
As bright tinted blossoms enamel the ground.
The leaf will turn pale in the russet of autumn,
But fragrance still clings to the spot where it grew:
And thus, will remembrance, bring back each fond image
To those who have loved with a love that is true!

SPIRIT OF WHEAT.

May TRUTH, like the grain, deep buried in earth
Bear Fruit in the Soul, that nurtures its birth;
Rarest of Virtues—the noblest of all,
Redeeming lost man, restoring his fall,
Let it blossom and fruit, till life's harvest is told,
For its treasures are greater than silver and gold!

TRIO BY THE SPIRITS.

Lo! the altar now completed,
Graced with Virtues bright and fair:
Friendship, Love and Truth dispensing,
Each its blessings everywhere.

Angels guard the holy structure,
Let its flame be ever bright:
Hither turns life's weary pilgrim,
When hope cheers his fainting sight.

GRAND CHORUS.

Hosanna! Hosanna! 'tis finished, 'tis done,
Eternal those links which now bind us as one;
The temple of Virtue rears up its proud dome,
Where the wanderer of earth may find him a home.

Hosanna! Hosanna! no more shall the tear,
Roll down the pale cheek, for affection stands near,
The hand of a brother is pointing the way,
The temple of Virtue is finished to-day!

Then followed the Oration of the day by brother Alex. Dimitry.

Ladies and Gentlemen: We have met to dedicate a noble structure, reared for a noble purpose. From many parts of the State, and even from neighboring portions of the confederacy members and friends have gathered to participate in solemnities which shall live in memory when the pageant will have long faded from the sight of those who share in the gladsome pomps of the hour. This is a day of gratulation for the Order, to which it is our boast to belong—a day of promise for the advancement of the city, in which you love to dwell. Proudly may they who conceived the idea of this stately fabric, who stood at the sinking of foundations, who sustained its gradual progress, proudly may they exult at its completion, greeted by the smiles of beauty and the aspirations of friends. It is a landmark, not only of the thrivings of the Order, but a testimonial also of a spirit of useful embellishments—a spirit which must have its way in a community like this, of enlarged intelligence and of tastes refined. Indeed, it was but a few days that another society invited the public within their newly finished walls to inaugurate the destines of an edifice in which, in connection with objects of benevolence, a wider scope shall be given to industry and skill in your midst. It was but yesterday that men of generous mould assembled to devise a fit monument of the services of one of the great triumvirs of intellect, who have passed away and left none to wear the "round and top of sovereignty" which each of them so long exercised in your council halls, in virtue of genius and of patriotism. It will be but a short time, we hope, when this city will have reared the statue or the shaft which shall, to a late posterity, tell of the truly American instincts, the consistently unbending action of him who "in his day of deed," linked the name of New Orleans with the imperishable glories of the land.

It is truly cheering that such indications should be found in your emporium; for of all the forms, which the human mind puts on to

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speak to the eye and heart of nations, the most striking, next to printing, is undeniably that of the arts. For this we find ample reason in the fact that sensible forms speak more forcibly sometimes to the mind of the masses though they may fail to grasp all the details, than could the most skillful arrangement of words. Many a nation has disappeared, leaving neither oral traditions nor written word of its history; yet in as many instances have we been allowed, partly at least, to rebuild that history, from the shattered pages and instructive wrecks of their surviving monuments. If a relative insight into the histories of these almost forgotten worlds, has, in modern days, been gained; it has been so because, discarding the speculations of dreamers, we have spelled out the teachings of their monuments—the true and only speaking witnesses of annals, which, if they ever did exist, have passed away from our ken into the shadows of immemorial time. Hence even on mere fragments and scattered ruins, still defying the rush of ages, has the patient investigator read traces of customs, records of usages, even reminiscences of the religions and morals of races, long buried in the dim archways of the past.

It is no vague assertion, therefore, to say that the arts, particularly the arts of architecture, have a reach higher than one of mere fancy or taste. They, on the contrary, involve as much of useful reality as any of the practical pursuits. A beautiful work is essentially a moral work; and it cannot be so, without expressing some one of the harmonies of the world. We claim this feature for the hall, which we have this day dedicated to the objects of Odd-Fellowship. The idea of the building and its uses are, henceforward, associated with that of the Order and its aims. The conceptions of the architect have combined with the skill of the mechanic to rear a temple, in which music and poetry, painting—and indeed all the goodly progeny of mind—will open their treasures to the community; but especially have they been put in requisition to build a dwelling place, in which Love, Friendship and Truth shall find an ever hallowed shrine.

At the sight of the gorgeous emblems, clustering around us—at the prospect of increasing splendors, reserved for the future of the Order, the heart swells with emotions of pride; and yet the mind instinctively turns to the trial hour, which gloomed upon the birth of the infant Society. Look at the present. We stand in the midst of a fabric of elegance and taste—the monument of your devoted zeal and persevering energy. Now look at the past. Thirty three years ago, under an humble roof, in the city of Baltimore, five men assembled to lay, in our country the true foundation of our Order. Five men, wanderers from their early homes, strangers in the stranger land, coming from distant parts of the republic, met in this congress of benevolence. And yet, not as strangers either; for the pledges, in which they had communed in other lands, bound them by a common tie of efficacy and power, under whatever skies the chances of life might have cast their lot. They girded themselves for the work in simplicity, but with a fixedness of aim, for the wisdom of which the ample prosperities of our Order have nobly vouched. Like the first apostles of the diviner creed, lowly in life, unknown to fame, unheralded by pomp, within the precints of a meagre room, they met as brothers to forelay a ground of moralizing action, which the after labors of other men, of higher influence it may be, but not of higher purpose, have carried, in the space of one generation, to either shore of the oceans, that gird our continent. Like the Knights, of the days of chivalry, who had their watch of arms, before the contest of the morrow; they too, had their night-vigils, in preparation for the battle, which they were to wage against selfishmness, in behalf of the great cause of brotherhood and truth. A night of anxious care and solicitous conference, in which many a memory was invoked, many a sorrow assuaged, many a hope confirmed! A night of anxious care and solicitous conference, in which, after the labors of the day and the weariness or the road, as to the patriarch on his way to Haran, so to them. came glorious visions from above; whilst, through the solemn shadows of that night, they caught the cheering glimpses of the mystic ladder, which was destined to carry higher and heavenwards the ascending march of an exalting principle!

They met, brethren, for no sensual revel, and for no futile sport; they met, not to contrive machinations, and devise treason against religion, society, or God! No, no! The spirit of philanthropy ruled the hour and warmed the intents of their honest hearts. The first stone had been hewn out of the quarry for future use, and for a noble view. In the stillness of the night, the very murmurs of the wind whispered in their ears: "Freedom of conscience, freedom of thought, freedom of action, and freedom of speech." Here, then, they said, let us set up a monument of human progress, that shall live in the hearts of millions, and which shall still be uprising in beauty, when the Babels of Shinar and the pyramids of Giseh, will have ceased to be even the shadow of a memory on the mind of men! They looked abroad over the surface of our favored country, and they saw, in its spread, the Canaan of mod-

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ern civilization, prototyped in the records of ancient days. Yet they saw no repelling foe—no giant brood of Anak—to forbid its entrance or deny its enjoyment. And even had they seen? In their genial enthusiasm, they had mailed themselves for the contest; but a contest in which no other means was wanted, but the strengthening hand of friendship; no rallying cry needed but that which has never failed, the appeal of love to our fellow-man, love to all; no weapon was required, but one which fears no blunting and knows no defeat, the weapon of truth, fashioned and tempered in the armory of heaven itself. Thus ready and thus armed, they renewed the solemn vow of a prouder chivalry than ever splintered lance in the idle list, or wielded battle-axe on the Saracenic shores. A vow of moral chivalry—a glorious Knight-errantry of kindness and truth—a vow, which as the angel of mercy inscribed it on the eternal page, read, in letters of light, "We will visit the sick; bury the dead; solace the living and educate the orphan!" Thence dated the regular organization of the Order in the United States.

Then it was that peered the real dawn of our morning sun, the light of which has since gone on increasing in intensity—streaming over mountain and valley, and bearing solace and cheer to many a shattered frame and bruised heart. If they, that have ever done aught to benefit their kind, hold a lawful title to grateful remembrance; then should these be remembered in affection and praise. Many a pretender of worth, many an applicant for pseudo-distinction has usurped a place in history, whose claims were not one half of those of Wildey, Welch, Duncan, Cheatham, and Rushworth, to occupy a place upon its page.

Upon an occasion of this kind, it may be expected from me—and I might have anticipated the expectation—that I should enter within the reach of my abilities, into a full exposition of the principles of the Order, to which it is our boast and pride to belong. But the nature of my duties is known to many of my hearers, and I regret that my power should have lagged behind my inclination. Still, of the main features and more striking objects of an institution, than which none purer or higher or holier was ever formed by man, for all useful and noble purposes, I may venture, in however cursory a manner, to speak. It was to kindle into fervent glow, and to keep up in healthy action, the ever-inspiring sentiments of Friendship, Love and Truth, that the great association of which you are honored members, was called into existence, and still exists in increasing influence and power. Deeply and faithfully are its foundations laid in the members, hearts. Their motto is ever impressed upon their minds; its practical applications never appeal to their sympathies in vain. Founded upon such principles, and instituted for such purposes, its progress could not but be rapid, as its influences have proved beneficial in many a form of unseen assistance and relief. Through the agency of Friendship, Love, and Truth, the most powerful levers that can be exerted for good—indeed the great net-work that wraps up all the relations, moral and religious, social and political, under which the higher destiny of man may be brought, the ultimate object of the institution is to unite men of all stations and denominations in a sodality of virtues, to strengthen the moral bond of society, and to combat the evil passions that fiercely war in the hearts of men. This institution—one to which I look back with pride for a connection of more than twenty years of silent and exalting practices, has never failed—I appeal to the monuments of its usefulness—to exert the most salutary influence, and to prescribe the most ennobling offices. Amid slanders and persecutions, the foul jest and the stupid jeer, it has gone on moralizing its own members, enlarging their hearts that sympathy might have freer access to its better shrines, distributing its charities among the needy, and tendering its consolations to the afflicted, sustaining the widow and educating the orphan, and, in all things, keeping alive in the heart the purest sentiments of love and truth.

Yet Odd-Fellowship does not merely feed the hungry, clothe the destitute, comfort the sick, protect the widow and educate the orphan, but it cherishes also a broader and better and more liberal feeling among men. Once persecuted itself, the flames of persecution have never waved their baleful glare around the altars of its devotion and care. No inquisitorial course has ever been pursued, no means, save those of suasive appeals, have ever been used to sway men to the embrace of our opinions or the practice of our principles. If it ever has, I am yet to learn it, after an association of now twenty years with the practices of Odd-Fellowship. But you, brethren, and I know, that the sacredness of private judgment and individual feeling, in matters of religion and politics, are left as free and untrammeled as the right to breathe. We waive the testimony of associate and friend, and defy the evil-minded to produce a single proof that any of its members have ever been hampered in the enjoyment of freedom of opinion, freedom of inquiry, and freedom of speech. It is no idle boast, therefore, that warrants us in asserting that it has signally carried out the measures, answered the purposes, and realized the

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hopes of the founders who laid its basis, and of the workmen who reared the goodly work.

Its practical blessings are found in the visitation of the sick—in supplies to them while laid in suffering by the hand of disease—in the support of widows—in the maintenance of children—in the foundation of asylums, and the establishment of schools, wherever the prosperities of the Order have warranted the performance. The pinched features of want have smiled under the cheerings of its voice, whilst the death-hued face on which dissolution had begun to trace its chilling inroads, has kindled up in the last acknowledgment of the loving offices of sympathy. Even in this thriving city, how many occasions occur to call for the exercise of the more practical of our precepts: "to support the widow and educate the orphan."

We rejoice to know that every brother here, is ready to mingle the drop of solace with the cup of sorrow—to carry the warm gushings of sympathy into the dark chambers of death. Such things we have witnessed many a time—these, brethren, we have often seen in the thronged and crowded city, where misery and death in their thousand forms love most to hold their sad revelries. We have seen the brethren thus, and often in hovels and garrets, busy in the work of love and the offices of sympathy. Carry yourselves in imagination to one of those scenes. View the chary solicitude which supplies the exhausted attentions of the home circle and helps to ease the bed of suffering. Note the brotherly dole, regularly brought to eke out the scanty means of the family prostrated in the prostrate energies of its head. Join in the soothing converse, the whispered hopes of brothers and friends; and after life's fitful fever, watch the last solemn rites which the living pay to the dead—the sleep that knows no waking, in the resting place provided by the blended foresight and sympathies of the brotherhood. But the father has died in circumstances, perchance, so straitened that hopeless despair is the only inheritance which he has left his widow and orphans. For the latter life has scarcely commenced; but that poverty comes, which, with its haggard look, freezes the young heart, and with a fleshless finger warps the youthful form. Tender flowers, without the fragrance of flowers! destined to pine and wither away. Bereaved beings whose life knows no infancy;—the gleesome illusions of childhood, the elastic joys of early years, have no meaning for them. None of the gentler emotions that visit the young heart, and which in themselves are worth all the joyances of earth, shall ever swell into rapture within them. The father, he who was the bond of love to the household—has gone, and in the many cares and pressing calls which daily, hourly assail the mateless, helpless widow, there may be none to pour in the balm and bind the broken spirit, none to tell the fatherless of the joys in the world abroad—none to direct one sunbeam on the now cheerless home—none to speak to its young inmates of right and wrong. She who has borne the loss irreparable, vainly struggles in brokenness of heart to provide for their wants. Who shall teach them the lesson of love, by the exhibition of infinite perfection as the object most worthy of that love? Who train them to kindliness, thro' the knowledge that all, in the eye of God, are members of his great family? Who strive to root out the lower instincts, and stir up the better impulses of the stricken brood? Who? With the father have gone their best, their dearest hopes! No one to arm them for the coming warfare of life? No one? This, brethren, is a generous fear! The Odd-Fellow comes up to the call of Friendship, Love and Truth, and with him comes solace, where sorrow brooded over the shattered hearth—hope, where doubt distracted and uncertainty racked the afflicted minds.—Thanks to his coming—thanks to the noble institution which sends him on his mission of love, the orphan, exposed to every assault, meets at every step of his life, a hand that supports him in his moral and physical helplessness, and which fosters the development of his powers to a useful and honorable consummation, perhaps, from which the early stroke of misfortune would have otherwise debarred him. During the time of his probation, that would have been the bitter probation of a parentless life, the Odd Fellow provides for his wants, encourages his efforts, follows him in his onward course and watches over him in his study, the workshop or the field. His powers and his foresight summoned up by the memories of Friendship, directed by the suggestions of Love, and guided by the law of Truth, are exerted to fill up the immense void which the loss of his natural protector has left behind. He teaches him the salutary bondage of duty—inspires him with obedience to the laws—trains him to the knowledge of his and others' rights, and for all these cares, for all these watchings, he expects but one reward—that the lessons instilled in the youthful mind—the habits of industry, cherished in their early days shall be made subservient to the common good, by the moralizing influences of his example. Such are the claims of our order to respect and confidence; and there are even now grateful hearts and glad voices at every point of the world of civilization, wafting in strains of grateful praise their offerings at its shrine!

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And this is the society, which, in times past—we are glad to think that a better feeling rules the hour—was made, by some, a point of inconceivable assaults, and by others, the subject of ribald jests. This society, this, which has been so bitterly denounced by portions of the desk and the press as though instead of being one of the monuments of public virtue, it were an institution specially organized for some cunningly digested mischief. From others again, less harsh, though no better informed, how often have we heard hostility declared, because, forsooth, we are a secret society. We would join you, others say, but we have objections to secret societies as dangerous to the public welfare. A society intended to enlarge the sum of human happiness dangerous to the public welfare! In the name of justice and of sense, if the practice of virtue be dangerous to the pablic welfare, what are the guaranties of vice? Beware, gentlemen opponents, how lightly you frame and how thoughtlessly you utter the charge that we are a dangerous, because a secret, association. There is high and solemn authority for such associations. The voices of history will rise up in your midst—the echoes of many a bloody edict, recorded in imperial Rome—the tortures of the Gemoniæ, will fall murmuringly upon your ear to tell you that the gravest accusations against the followers of the Savior, was, that they were a secret association, banded together for infamous purposes and guilty designs. They will tell you that the gatherings of the earliest soldiers of the Christian faith, in the crypts of forsaken temples and the depths of the quarries of the eternal city, like the meetings of the Odd Fellows in their consecrated halls, were perverted, by the tongue of slander, or the dreams of ignorance, into synods of iniquity and conventicles of crime. They would also warn you that, as the persecuted and hunted down emerged from their caverns and lurking places, to overthrow the fastnesses of sensual Paganism and achieve a new religious world; so the principles of Odd-Fellowship, in their practical bearings, may result in new conquests to the moral world. This earth of ours is no blasted land—it is a land sanctified by the impress of the Maker's wisdom and handicraft—a land, yet to be won over in behalf of human improvement and human morality. There is many a bloodless crusade, yet to be organized against the inroads of vice—many a holy war to be waged against the spread of selfishness—and in such a crusade and such a war, the banner of Odd Fellowship, in company with the higher Labarum of the Cross, will ever be found where blows are dealt fastest and thickest for the regeneracy of man. In its noble efforts to open new avenues for the more genial workings of the heart, it may meet, as it has met, the malice that distorts, and the injustice that impugns, its motives and aims; but its strong hand—aye! "the hand with a heart in it, too,"—which our symbol reveals, will ever be sufficient to turn aside the shaft, which mailce has pointed and injustice has sped.

But aside from these considerations, which grow out of the results and tendencies of our order, there are reasons of a philisophical character to show that our principles are in harmony with the laws of the moral world, the composition of the social body, and, not to speak irreverently, with the views of Providence itself. It has decreed that man, through the pilgrimage of life, should, at all periods of his existence, be subject to wants, some satisfied, others partially relieved, and others again wholly unsupplied. Such a necessity, then, the greater or less privation of means, required for the maintenance of human beings, is a condition with which even natural law, which binds man to his fellow beings, compels us to sympathize. In the eyes of the statesman, when not the result of degrading vice, it is an irregular condition of society which demands the correction of legislation; whilst in the spirit of religion it is an ordeal of suffering, which we are commanded to relieve whenever we meet it on our ways. But most especially is it a cause of physical degradation, of moral objection, which it is not only the interest but the duty also of every well organized society to prevent, for moral degradation will but too frequently press hard in the wake of physical want. Borne down by misfortune—soured by privations—the law of intelligence, which is the law of morality enlarged, the law of truth, the Odd Fellows' truth, ceases to hold out its restraining influences—and the sufferer from the gradual forfeitings of this sense of dignity, finally settles down in that despair, which is the most insidious solicitor of wrong.

Truly and wisely, therefore, has Odd Fellowship placed its destinies under the sanctions of Friendship, Love and Truth. As I adverted in the commencement of these remarks, they are a great net work that enfolds all the relations of moral and social life. To them we are instinctively led by the finger of the Divinity. God has given to all organized beings the instinct of breathing, and his hand has disseminated around them waves of air to satisfy that want. He created them with the appetence of heat, and he bade the sun roll over their heads to diffuse its benificent rays. Man he fashioned for the longings of friendship, and he placed him here in the midst of fellow beings, with

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the same instincts, that they might be mutually subserved. And here it seems to me that I hear "and what is friendship but a name! This may be a very bitter sarcasm, wrung from a kind and loving nature, or a very smoothly flowing verse, fashioned in the poet's fantasy; but if it means anything but these, it is a satire on man and treason against the heart. And what in Friendship! Certainly not the sordid intercourse of mutual convenience. Is it the bond that links together men of violence and fraud! Have you not heard of the friendship between Frederick and Voltaire—a despot and an infidel! Is this our Friendship! Can you trace the law of our friendship in this monstrous alliance! Or is it the imperfect sympathies of political jugglers and sectarian partizans! In these, and all of these, the heart is too much wrapped up in self to permit the sacrifices and denials that create true friends. Hence it is that men of moral tone and high purposes only are capable of this noble passion, for if not based on morality it must be of an inferior stamp. Whatever may be said of it, friendship is less common than generally supposed; the cultivation of the heart and of the understanding that leads to it does not sufficiently prevail. Hence the injunction of our order so to nurture both and enlarge their capacities as not only to embrace community of kindred sentiments and reciprocity of good offices, but also to extend them into the wider circle of philanthropy—a blessed feeling, founded on the better impulses of our nature.

These considerations have marked Friendship as one of the main links in the chain that binds the Order in harmony and usefulness. They teach that, after our domestic duties and social affections have been duly honored, it is good and wise to consult our aspirations with regard to the moral and intellectual welfare of mankind. We reject the spurious feeling that would restrict the gifts of Providence to our families and friends, when they may, without detriment to them, benefit some fellow being on earth. We maintain that the best natures may be well disposed to all, without impeachment to the claims that are nearest and dearest to the human heart. Hence we hold that Friendship, whether directed to an individual or a community, or humanity at large, is a sentiment, which grows up under the holier instincts of an unperverted heart; and we have therefore, stamped it as one of the first links in the chain of obligations, which we have solemnly assumed.

The next link, which emblems our moral worship, is Love, life-giving and life-sustaining Love! The law of love, which science has fixed under the name of affinity, is the law or life, revealed in the beautiful intricacies of the moral and physical universe. Pity on the perverted mind that will not conceive the enlarging influences—pity on the selfish heart that cannot feel the salutary control—of this golden law of human existence! With us, Love, as one of the terms of our creed, unclasps all the joys of the present, and the hopes of the hereafter of life. The Odd-Fellow loves because he is alive to the beautiful; and he hopes, because the Beautiful is the splendor of truth! and indeed, can the imagination compass any thing more rapturous than the first outpouring of a young and pure heart into the treasury of another equally young and pure heart! Does the whole scope of human life present a spectacle more replete with dignity, more touched with beauty, than that of the tender mother and devoted wife, the fond husband and manly sire! The mutual dependence and affectionate intercourse of husband and wife, daily strengthen the ties that subsist between them. Their offspring, no less than the good fortune, which they may enjoy in common, or even the evils which they may have been called to bear, seals the bond of their union with the magic signet of love! If happy in their children it is a happiness which is equally shared by both. If their training have brought no fruits to gladden the parental heart; they know, at least, that they have not failed in the great law of love. If they have been snatched away, they yield to each other a consolation which no living being could minister to their broken hearts. Thus loving and loved, they pursue their earthly career. Every thing in its course, that purified the heart, contains a reverence for the duties of life, adds also to the perfection of their loves. And when death comes at length they also who, in the vigourous line of the poet, "have slaved the Ordinance of God," and made the measure of their being the measure of their love, resign their mortal existence, with a satisfaction, chequered indeed by the momentary sundering of earthly ties; yet one, akin to the feeling with which an infant rests, the trust in the never sleeping Providence, that prepared a dwelling place, where the bonds of affection know of no disseverment, and where eternal love ministers to eternal life! Wisely, then, I repeat it, has this been made one of the special precepts of our moralizing creed!

Last in order, though not least in import, comes Truth, undying truth! Among the superior affections, none can claim a higher rank. In the virtuous and enlightened, it is no less decided, and no less disinterested, than any with which we are acquainted. You, brethren, in the workings of the Order,

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are fully aware of the priceless value, the surpassing importance of truth. With it, are indissolubly connected the best feelings of your heart, and the manliest aims of your life. It is a mandate of our duty—an obligation of our oath—to tend it with a love that should know no abatement, and to be willing, if its interest demand it, to tender fortune, and life itself, in the championship of its cause. Both the duty and the vow require that we devote our exertions in its behalf, in the ratio of the knowledge which stores the mind and the virtues which dignify the heart. Does not history, indeed, display examples of obstinate constancy in defence of doctrines far, far from the lines of truth? If the convictions of error, then, are capable of inspiring such constancy, what may we not ascribe to the influences of truth itself? Truth, then, must pervade all the actions, as it embraced all the relations, of human life. Science, without truth, is but a vain pride of the intellect. As liberty, without check, is but another name for licentiousness and wrong; so is science, without truth, a shapeless growth of doubt, error and wretchedness. And so is morality, without truth—I mean the morality which edges the statute and shearly defines the distinction between mine and thine—a hideous hypocrisy of frequent ire. These are things which the Odd Fellow is taught to stamp with a reproving seal; whilst, on the other hand, with the light of truth to guide him, he boldly inquires and honestly acts. Even in the political order of society is this virtue of the Odd Fellow's culture—the cardinal virtue of truth—a main element of safety and endurance. It does not belong to me, nor is it the custom of our order, to usurp the word politics in our commerce. Nor do I mean by the word the little aims of little minds; but I do mean the higher and nobler science of government—the due anatomy of the body social to ascertain the nature of its frame—to mark how far its functions extend and safely extend—to trace out the sources of the growth and prosperity of states, and reveal the causes of their decline and fall. Even this portion of the field of thought is not closed up to his inquiries. Truth compels him, for himself, as a man and as a citizen, to enter its precincts and, within the scope of his powers, to apply to it the best scannings of his eye, and the sounder deductions of his mind. Truth has been aptly termed the redresser of wrong, but because it comes not from a earthly source. As it is the law—the supreme law of the universe—so it equally bears on the religious, the moral and social world, and, in the last connection, as it teaches us that the seat of freedom is the altar of truth, it teaches us to freely inquire and justly decide. Error may cross our path; its powers may check our efforts; but fight on, and fight with the convictions of success. Never had truth so fierce a battle to wage as that which was waged against the errors of paganism. In the starry night, whilst vocal with the blending sounds of the Ionian lyre and Medenian harp, many a galley, overspread with silken awnings, glided along the shores of the Delta of Egypt; many a high and lofty spirit, purified by prayer, sent up its aspirations in songs of confidence and praise, till the "lascivious pleasings" of the lute died away, rebuked by the sacred chant. In the midst of the colossal ruins of temples, and stately rows of sphinxes—the granite monuments of hoary error—around which an abject crowd had once gathered in unholy rites to the Ibis, the serpent and the ox; the worshippers of the spirit of truth sent forth their hymn of triumphant defiance, and the crowd bowed before them, whilst the echoes of the Nile carried, through the depths of its deserted temples, the olden prophecies of wrath, and mummies that had lived with Joseph, again heard ths story of Abraham, sounding even in the dull ear of death, and vindicating the ways of the God of Truth! Remember this, and trust in this guardian principle of our society. Time, brethren, has avenged you fully and well. Time, the great agent which winnows away errors and prejudices, abuses and wrongs, destined, it may be, to spring anew, but surely to be again dispersed to the winds. We be to them, then, who will not see the chaff, whirling from the seed wheat, or who perversely blend the chaff with the wheat? They will perish as their abettors perished, leaving behind them but a memory of contempt or of infamy! Gather ye, then, around the truth! Truth, from the sunbeam that straggles from a world of light, to the veriest particle of dust that is swept from the pathways of earth. Truth, in the intellectual world; truth, in the moral world; truth, in the social world; truth every where, at every point of the circumference of the earth! And beyond—farther still—*extra flammantia mœnia mundi*—beyond the flaming bounds of the universe—up to the footstool of the Almighty, whence it gushes in fountains of perennial freshness and undying power!

And now, brethren, ever cling to these weapons of heavenly make. Use them fairly and use them well; and you will have the right to shout: victory! Victory! onward, progressive, into broader and broader spheres of morality and happiness. Every where and under all circumstances, let us maintain the dignity of our nature and the sancity of our vows. We will never degrade to the pur-

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poses of ambition, or lower to the pursuits of self, powers and faculties which God has placed just next to his own word. Let not the idea go forth that there is nothing in our favored land but a craving appetence of gold, with greedy hands forever stretching out to clutch the glittering dross. Turn your eyes to higher and nobler things. Turn them, in the words of the poet, "to the pattens of gold," with which the hand of a superhuman architect has fretted the goodly firmament over our head; there often turn your looks and keep up the holier communion, which, in the days of old, was held between angels and men! Make room in your hearts for all the better instincts of life. Room in your heart for one tabernacle strictly guarded from all taints of earth, where holy thoughts may cluster in beauty and thrive in usefulness. In the moral struggle between good and evil, knowledge and ignorance, plant yourselves undauntedly in the breach, and regardless of the assaults of the enemy, pursue your noble mission in behalf of the best interests of mankind. Beyond our own circle of action, there is much distress, much misery, that lies in our path; to them let us do all the good that we can and if it be possible, make the burthen sit lightly and easily upon them. Let us not pause for the dim uncertain future, to do the good which the fleeting moments place within our grasp; but up and on with our goodly work, while light and life remain. Do not ask me, why this great activity is thus enjoined! Do not tell me, as I have heard many say: Is not life, life! Are not contentment and ease its crowning development! The crowning development of life! The grave! that's the crowning development of this life for the other life! Whilst contentment and ease are the sure precursors of the absence of the energies of life. As surely as the life stream, running in slackening courses through the veins, bespeaks the gradual approaches of dissolution; so surely will the influences of contentment and ease bring on that apathy, which is the forerunner of the moral death. Shake them off, brethren, if they mean anything but the contentment which grows out of useful exertions, and the ease which follows the serenity of a rewarding conscience! Listen not to the syren song of ease;—taste not of the Circean cup of contentment; if the one means the song that lulled the mariner of old into sensual dreaminess—the other, the cup that washed away the image of God from the living sanctuary. Stimulate, on the contrary, all your better energies. Let thought—active, salutary and fruitful thought—sit like a diadem on your brows; and truth—like the ephod on the breast of the high priest of former days—mail your hearts against the inroads of error and doubt. But above all, still be a providence to the poor if the poor be in your midst—the stay of the weak—the refuge of the oppressed—the comforter of the afflicted—the counselor of the inexperienced, and the sincere echo of every sorrow and of every hope! In all the junctures of life—not in the assumptions, which belong not to us—but in the eloquent protest of your examples, be the high justiciary of every moral wrong, perpetrated against the sanctities of man's higher nature. Be true lovers of the country—gather up its glories within your hearts, and thence let them be reflected in word and deed, over all your life! Live on, under the sanctions of our trinity of human virtue. If prosperity be the handmaid of your existence here, they will give dignity to that prosperity. If the darker allotment be that, which you are destined to share, they will stand by you in solace and cheer—a wayside sacrament from which the weary traveler of life, with memory may drink in hope, consolation and strength. When the storm shall howl abroad; when adversity shall spread its cloud; if the peace of the heart "that passeth all understanding" be there if virtue be firmly seated in the domestic hearth; whatever may be the rigors of fortune, you may exclaim, I have lived under the law of Love, Fidelity and Truth.—My life has been in the harmony of things. This misfortune is not a punishment or wrong; this scourge is but a warning—a message from above! I still possess treasures on which vicissitudes have no hold—a life of devoted truth—the balm of brotherly sympathies—trust in God and the hopes of immortality!

At the close of the oration, a beautiful piece of music entitled "The Orphan's Appeal" (the words by Miss Emma Shropshire) was sung, after which the Chaplain pronounced the Benediction and the assemblage separated to meet on earth, perchance never again.

We publish for the benefit of our lady readers the following receipt for making "good yeast:"

A Good Yeast.—Add to one pound of flour, one quarter of a pound of brown sugar and a little salt. Boil moderately in two gallons of pure water for fifty minutes; remove it from the fire, and allow it to stand till it becomes milk warm. Bottle and cork. Half a pint of this yeast is sufficient for ten pounds of bread. If corked closely, and kept in a cool place, it will retain its goodness for a long time unimpaired, and the bread made with it is excellent.

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[ORIGINAL.]

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. A. HACKLEMAN, G. REP., G. L. U. S.

LECTURE NO. 1.

BRETHREN:—The rise and progress of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States, should be classed among the "wonders" of a remarkable era in the world's history. The nineteenth century has witnessed important discoveries in the arts and sciences, great efforts for the improvement of the moral and social condition of mankind, and great progress in useful knowledge and utilitarian inventions. Steam and electricity have been bro't into full use as agents of man, revolutionizing the commerce and travel of the world, and quickening the pulse, and ideas and pace of nations. Almost innumerable institutions have either been established or in active progress, having for their aim, the amelioration of man's condition and the elevation of his moral nature, during this period; so that improvements in the arts and sciences and in the intellect and sentiments of the people have progressed together, and the world is wiser and better to take it in the aggregate, than it was during the last century. None of these institutions have grown with a steadier or healthier growth in this country than the institution of Odd Fellowship. Embodying in its principles the spontaneous benevolence of the brotherhood of mankind, as fostered and promoted by the constitution and free institutions of the American Union, the Order is the representative of the liberal ideas and fraternal sentiments of an intelligent, independent, energetic and humane people. To trace its growth in the United States by the Revised Journals of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, is like tracing the magnificent Mississippi from the highest source of its longest tributary in the Rocky Mountains, to the Gulf of Mexico. Beginning with that little rivulet, formed by the melting snows, dripping from the primitive rocks, it is so small and insignificant as scarcely to attract attention; but flowing on gaining accessions of strength gradually and slowly, it assumes the character of a brook, and finally the magnitude of a river, which, moving forward with a steady flow towards the Ocean, increasing in volume and power by supplies from other brooks and rivers journeying to the same destination, steadily widens its channel, until the "Father of Waters" appears in all his magnificence pursuing his majestic course, overcoming all obstacles and dispensing his beneficent influences to the whole nation.

In 1819, five men, unknown to fame, and engaged in the humbler walks of life, are called together by an advertisement in the public papers. They meet at the house of William Lupton, sign of the *Seven Stars*, in the city of Baltimore, and proceed to organize a Lodge of Odd Fellows, THOMAS WILDEY, who caused the notice to be given, is elected N. G., and the Lodge commences its labors. This was on the 26th of April, and was the *beginning* of our Order in this country. What an unimportant event, to all appearance, must this meeting have seemed, even to the five brothers who composed it! They could not have dreamed that they were laying the foundation of a moral and fraternal empire, which should extend its beneficent reign, in less than the third of a century, from ocean to ocean and to the islands of the Pacific! Their names have been preserved, and prime mover—the founder of the Order—still lives to witness its onward progress and to enjoy its blessings. THOMAS WILDEY, JOHN WELCH, JOHN DUNCAN, JOHN CHEATHEM and RICHARD RUSHWORTH constituted the first permanent Lodge in the United States—hewed out the little stone which has grown with such marvelous rapidity and assumed such gigantic proportions. It was a small beginning like the little rivulet in the mountains, and like that little rivulet, it has continued to gain strength and volume until the numbers gathered weekly around the altars of the Order have increased from five to two hundred thousand! This one Lodge has sent out shoots until there are now nearly three thousand Lodges under the jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S. The annual revenue of subordinate Lodges has swollen from a few dollars to upwards of one million two hundred thousand dollars. The little brook has gained accessions of strength from every mountain and valley throughout the Union, and even from "the islands of the sea," until it has become a mighty river, whose broad current and fructifying influences everywhere refresh the wasted and the poor with its ample bounties. The Order has had no ephemeral growth; it has been healthful and steady throughout, and the great principles which lie at its foundation, have grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength.

It has been stated that the Order was established in Baltimore in 1819—thirty-three years ago last April. It was not the commencement of a new Order, however, but the transplanting of an old one—how old it is not known—and establishing it upon American soil. It was a scion from the Manchester Unity, although the new Lodge

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"was originally intended to operate on the ancient method of self institution," and did not receive a charter from England until the autumn of 1820. The Lodge was called after the "Father of his Country"—Washington, No. 1—which demonstrates that the founders of the Order in the United States, though all of them, perhaps, citizens of foreign birth, were deeply imbued with a love of the free principles which Washington had labored to establish; and the name was a beautiful type of the liberal spirit and government which have characterized the history of the institution in this country from that day to the present. How the Lodge prospered during the first few years of its existence, I have no means at hand of determining. Suffice it to say, that in February, 1821, a meeting of the "Committee of Past Grands" was held at the room of Washington Lodge to take into consideration the propriety of organizing a Grand Lodge of legislative capacity, separate and distinct from working Lodges. We are informed by a note in the Journal that "previous to the organization of Grand Lodges (or, as they are now termed under the Manchester Unity, District Committees,) the business of supervision was imperfectly performed by "Committees of Past Grands," called together whenever their services were supposed to be needed. These bodies do not appear to have been in possession of any established powers, extent of jurisdiction, or permanent officers, and in convention were destitute of all regulation, other than such as was reflected by the dim light of "ancient usage." Matters of grievance was the principal business submitted to them; but their decisions were in no case final or operative, being merely recommendatory to the Lodge, and were adopted or rejected at option. The meeting of the P. G.'s above referred to in February, 1821, passed resolutions that it was expedient and necessary to separate the legislative from the operative portion of the Order, inviting Washington Lodge No. 1, to surrender to them the sole possession of the charter received by said Lodge from England, and to proceed to the election of the requisite Grand Officers. Thomas Wildey was elected M. W. G. Master; John P. Entwisle, R. W. D. G. M.; Wm. S. Couth, R. W. G. W.; John Welch, R. W. G. Sec., and John Boyd, R. W. G. Treas., and W. G. Guardian. It appears that there were only five P. G.'s, as John Boyd was elected to two offices. This was on the 21st day of February, 1821, and by a remarkable coincidence, they met again on the 22nd, being the anniversary of the birth day of Washington, the father of our political institutions, when the charter of "Washington Lodge No. 1, of Maryland, and of the United States" was fully surrendered to them, with all its powers, and the "G. L. of Maryland and of the United States" was fully organized. This was the germ of the present G. L. U. S., the mother of Odd Fellowship in this country. While I am not much of a beliver in omens, lucky days, &c., I am strongly inclined to believe that the name of the parent Lodge, and the institution of the first G. L., to separate the legislative from the operative work of the Order, the first step in its governmental development, on the anniversary of the birth day of the man who was "first in peace, first in war, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," which doubtless occurred without design on the part of the Committee of Past Grands, were "signs and tokens" of the glorious career and brilliant destiny of Odd Fellowship, mysteriously linking and identifying them with those of our civil government and magnificent country.

The charter of Washington Lodge No. 1, was procured through the influence of P. G. John Crowder, who visited Baltimore from Preston, England, during the latter part of the year 1819. It is dated April 26, 1820, though it was not received and accepted by the Lodge until October of that year. It was granted by the Duke of York's Lodge, Preston, England, which belonged to the Manchester Unity I. O. F. This somewhat curious document is published in a note in the Journal. It is headed "No. Washington Lodge, 1, *Pluribus Unum.*" It is stated in the body of the instrument, among other things, that it is a "free gift from the Duke of York's Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, holden at Preston, in the county of Lancaster, in Old England" to a number of brothers residing in the city of Baltimore, to establish a Lodge, "hailed by the title of No. 1, Washington Lodge, the Grand Lodge of Maryland and of the United States of America; That the said Lodge being the first established in the United States, hath power to grant a *Warrant* or *Dispensation* to any number of the Independent Order of Odd Fellowship, into any State of the Union, for the encouragement and support of brothers of the said Order on travel or otherwise," &c. It is signed by a G. M., a N. G. and a V. G., a Secretary, and six P. G.'s. By what regulation the Duke of York's Lodge had power to grant charters in foreign countries, or how a Grand Master came to sign with the officers of a Sub. Lodge, I am not prepared to say; be that as it may, I believe the charter granted to Washington No. 1 was always recognized by the Manchester Unity, in England, as valid and legal.

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Clothed with the powers conferred by the charter, the G. L. of Maryland, &c., commenced its career at the time above designated, granting a dispensation to No. 1 in lieu of the charter which she had surrendered to the P. G.'s. From that day Odd-Fellowship commenced its career under new auspices, and it has advanced with a steady pace until it has acquired its present brilliant position and standing.

Let me make a short digression. The Covenant and Remembrance degrees, called at the time, the "intermediate Degrees," were prepared by P. G. John P. Entwisle, and had been approved and adopted by the committee of P. G.'s, in 1820—prior to the organization of the G. L. of Maryland, &c. The Degrees were then styled the 1st or White, 2nd or Blue, 3rd or Scarlet—4th or G. R., and the Covenant and Remembrance, called the intermediate Degrees. After the organization of the G. L., the fourth (G. R.) was conferred in that body, and P. G.'s were charged seventy-five cents for the same. The distinguished author of the Covenant and Remembrance, as appears by a note in the Journal, died in 1824, being at the time of his death Grand Sec , and actively engaged in arranging the terms and plan of a separate G. L. U. S. We learn that he was a devoted Odd Fellow, and that in his death the Order lost "a capable defender, a wise counsellor and an untiring servant." He needs no better monument to prove his ability than the Degrees of which he was the author. But I am tempted to quote an extract from a speech delivered by him to show his standard of Odd Fellowship, and to disabuse the minds of some in regard to its position in the days of its infancy in this country:

"There is before us a fruitful theme for consideration and congratulation, We may turn our mind's eye to the commencement of our operations in this city, and remember with deep interest the small beginning, the steady growth, and the present prosperous state of our Order. Unappalled by the brazen front of opposition from without, and carefully guarding and supporting the weak of our own community, we have steadily marched on, and our difficulties have gradually disappeared as the shades of night before the rising Sun. Six years have this day passed into the depths of eternity since first the banner of Odd Fellowship was unfurled in this city; since then many have been the pleasing scenes of joy attending our social meetings, and our reciprocation of friendly offices; many the opportunities of enjoying the bursts of feeling, or witnessing the prosperity of brothers; though sometimes we have had to experience the throb of sorrow when affection was deprived of the object of its delight—when husband and wife have been left solitary—children have become orphans, and society has lost its brightest ornaments.

"Our Order was formed for purposes of benevolence and friendship, and while we proudly contemplate the illustrious characters of those who have gone before us, let us endeavor to acquire an experimental knowledge of the pure principles inculcated by our institution. It is our privilege and interest, as it should be our pride and delight, to emulate the virtues and acquirements of the one, and to prove an ornament to the other. Thus should we pass through all the vicissitudes of life, leaving behind us a luminous track calculated to redound to our honor, and be worthy of the emulation of posterity."

No wonder the Order has grown and prospered, when it had such men to labor for its prosperity, in the beginning. Bro. Entwisle *has* left a "luminous track" behind him.

But to return. The G. L. of Maryland, &c. held quarterly sessions. In August 1821, Franklin Lodge No. 2, of Baltimore, which had been working under the self institution plan from Nov. 1819, applied for a dispensation, which was granted. This gave the G. L. two Subordinates. The constitution adopted in Nov. 1821, contains some curious provisions, but many others which may be found substantially incorporated into our G. L. constitutions of the present day. The annual communication was placed on the 22nd day of February of each year, whether with any reference to its being the anniversary of Washington's birth day, however, or simply because it was the anniversary of the organization of the G. L., the Journal furnishes no information.

In April, 1823, Massachusetts Lodge No. 1, applied for a charter and a dispensation for a G. L., both of which were granted, the first to the Lodge, and the second to the P. G.'s. This Lodge instituted itself on the 26th of March, 1820, at Boston, and continued to work until the early part of 1822 under the impression of being the only Lodge in the country. It must be borne in mind that this was before the days of railroads and magnetic telegraphs!

In June, 1823, Columbia Lodge, No. 1, of N. Y., which held a dispensation from the "Loyal Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows No. 2, of the Liverpool District," applied through five P. G.'s and her officers, for a dispensation for a G. L. of New York, which was granted. The dispensation from the Loyal Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge to

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"Columbia" is quite a lengthy document. Among other things, it enjoins "that they (the brothers of Columbia No. 1) do not initiate a person into this Order for a less sum than the laws (presented to them with this dispensation by said Beuificent Duke of Sussex Lodge) express, so that the Lodge and Order may be kept truly respectable." It is dated Nov. 14, 1822, and is numerously signed by officers and Past officers.

At the same session of the G. L. of Maryland, &c., Pennsylvania Lodge applied for a charter, which was granted. This Lodge had institnted itself Dec. 26, 1821, and had attained to a high state of prosperity. Says a note to the Journal: "The earliest domestic correspondent of the G. L. of Maryland and the U. S., recognized on the Journal, is this Lodge, while asserting its equality. For a season it preferred such existence as self-institution would render to the vitality of a chartered Lodge, rather than submit to the authority of a G. L. over which it could not reasonably expect to exercise an influence equal to its merits. Under such views, it had already made application to Columbia Lodge in N. Y. for a dispensation, with the design of ultimately uniting with that and other lodges in organizing a General Grand Lodge on equitable principles. It was during the pendency of this application in N. Y. that G. M. Wildey appeared at the Lodge, offering from the G. L. such terms for a general union as induced speedy concurrence." At the same time that the charter was granted to Pennsylvania Lodge No. 1, the char er for the G. L. of Pennsylvania was voluntarily proffered to her Past Grands by the G. L. of Maryland. &c.

G. M. Wildey instituted the G. Lodges of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania in person. The younger members of the Order have very little idea of the immense labor performed for it by this pioneer in Odd Fellowship in this country, until we look into the records. He was indefatigable in his efforts, and he has lived to see them crowned with success, and his most ardent hopes in regard to the Order more than realized. But more of him hereafter.

I have occupied your time sufficiently long for one evening. I will postpone other matters relating to the early history of our institution for succeeding lectures.

Money hides a thousand faults; at least the rich debauchee can pass current, where the poor saint is not admitted.

It frequently happens that the opposition of some persons to secret associations, is not that the associations have secrets, but that the members will not make confidents of them.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE ORPHAN FUND—ITS ORIGIN AND DESIGN.

One of the boasts of Odd Fellowship is the provision that it makes for the children of the deceased members of the Order, and this featnre, I consider, of primary importance to its stability. It is a feature, however, I fear, that is not fully appreciated by the Lodges, if, indeed, it is clearly understood by them. True, the General Laws of our Grand Lodge provide for the establishment of a fund for the above mentioned purpose, but in such a loose and vague manner, that it would seem the framers of that section of the Laws had a very indefinite idea of the objects in view.

Perhaps I can better express my conception of this department of Odd Fellowship, by stating what I have been informed concerning its origin.

Shortly after the Lodges assumed embodiment and form, a member of one of the Lodges in Baltimore died. The funeral benefit was tendered the father of the deceased brother. It was modestly declined by him, with the suggestion, that it should be set apart by the Lodge as the nucleus of a fund, for the maintenance of the orphans of the then new Order. Acting upon this suggestion, the Lodge promptly and wisely adopted this new feature in its general system of benevolence. To this donation were added all the fines and future donations of brethren, who did not feel the need of the amount legally due them. This was to form a fund, the principal of which was never to be used, it being a sacred trust committed to their care for a specific object, the interest only, being at their disposal. This has been the uniform opinion among the older portions on our wide-spread fraternity.

The sister Lodges of Baltimore saw the utility and feasibility of the plan, and also adopted it, and when the Order enlarged and State Grand Lodges and the Grand Lodge of the United States were formed, this feature became a permanent one, and its ultimate importance in the vast system of benevolence was conceded by all.

This being the original design of this fund each member of the Order should have clear and definite information in reference to the Dr. and Cr. sides of this important fund. Every true Odd Fellow should feel interested that some plan be devised by which this fund shall be made to fulfill the objects of its founders. It should be properly and safely invested in some way in which it would best secure the iuterest of those for whom it was designed.

In some places I have made inquries in reference to it, and have discovered some

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very poor financcering, so poor in fact, that I have doubted whether either principal or interest could, in case of need, be made tangible. This fund should be looked after.

I have thrown out these suggestions in the hope, that some of your readers who have advanced to the high places in our fraternity, may take the subject under consideration and place this pecuniary branch of the Order on a permanent and profitable basis, for it is a matter of the utmost consequence to the future well-being of the Order in this, and all other portions of the great family of Odd Fellows.

December, 1852. M.

PASS IT ALONG.

Yes, pass it along, whether you believe it or not—that one-sided whisper against the character of a virtuous female. You say that you don't believe it, but you will use your influence to bear up a false report, and pass it on the current. How many reputations have been lost by a surmise! How many hearts have bled by a whisper! How many benevolent deeds have been chilled by the shrug of a shoulder! How many individuals have been shunned by a gentle, mysterious hint! How many chaste bosoms have been wrung with grief by a single nod! How many early graves have been dug by a false report! Yet you will pass the slander along; you will keep it above the waters by a wag of your tongue, when you might sink it forever. Destroy this passion for telling a tale, we pray you. Lisp not a word that *may* injure the character of another. If the female has erred, [and repents] forgive her, and forgive the past. She has wounds enough without the pangs of slander's tongue. Be determined to listen to no story that is repeated to the injury of another, and so far as you are concerned the slander will die. But tell it once, and it may go as on the wings of the wind—increasing with each breath, till it has circulated through the State, and brought to the grave one who might have lived and been a blessing to the world.

Those who are opposed to "phoneticism," and uphold the "present order" of things are requested to read the following lines in which "o-u-g-h" is pronounced in seven different ways:

"Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue."

Sensible men differ because they cannot help it; never for the sake of differing. Fools frequently differ for the sake of being contrary.

CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS. NO. 3.

BY JAMES G. MAY.

"The lips of truth shall be established forever."

In the preceeding article, an effort was made to exhibit in a concise manner, some of the most prominent obligations due Society at large, from the "Ancient and Sublime Order of Masonry." It is now proposed to invite attention—strict, careful, discriminating investigation—to the constantly accumulating claims of fallen, suffering humanity upon the "largest secret association of the age." It is often urged, and, with no less truth than quaintness, that "where much is given much is required." Granting a proposition that few would dare to controvert, a *prima facie* cause, establishing a Degree of social and moral responsibility almost unbounded in extent, demanding untiring effort and daily increasing zeal and energy, is most clearly and satisfactorily made out against Odd Fellowship. Very much might, justly, be demanded at the hands of this Fraternity, allowing the premises, that, with but perhaps one single exception, no other mystic association has, in the past twenty five years, grown so rapidly and taken such a permanent hold upon the affections of intelligent benevolent minded men. Rapid numerical augmentations, standing forth almost unprecedented, coupled with solemn covenants, pledging a sacred devotion to the great cause of Virtue and Morality, superinduce the undeniable necessity—the unparalleled obligation to communicate good by the faithful exercise of every kind office, not only within the sphere of fraternal relationship, but in every quadrant of the vast circle of human Society. The public teachings—the written laws of the Order fully authorize this deduction, taken, even, in its most capacious interpretation.

Odd Fellowship, in the language of the fraternity, rising up as one of the glorious hand-maids of the Christian Religion in the dispensation of virtuous and benevolent offices, undertakes, not only to assist the Church, but engages to supply what the latter, wielded by sectarian hands, though under infinite obligations to perform, fails to accomplish. Nor is the undertaking presumptuous. Every honest, intelligent Christian must concede the fact that there is a vast amount of deficiency on the part of the different church organizations respecting a multiplicity of charitable and fraternal duties—obligations which scriptural teachings make binding as life upon every church member. To meet, in some measure, the

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glaring deficiencies intimated, will, unquestionably, continue to afford abundant work for all the Mystic Brotherhoods. It may be asserted with great confidence that no mystic institution has promised more than the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. What state, what kingdom, what nation, or what quarter of the great globe itself, is a stranger to the engagements of this family? Have not the duties, the undertakings, and the promises of the membership to promote good been scattered as seed broad cast, in every wide spread valley far and near, and proclaimed from every mountain top on the wide earth?

But, perhaps some member of this prolific family may feel inclined to contest the claims urged against him—to dispute the bill and demand a careful reckoning of accounts. He may be ready to inquire why *he* owes more to society than other men? Why it is insisted that his obligations to do good to all men, are more imperative than those of the uninitiated? Aye, this is the very proposition that cries aloud for dispassionate investigation—the question worthy of the most minute scrutiny. Is any one of the fraternity ready—is he prepared to dispute the debt, to resist the demand arrayed against him?—Does he feel disposed to raise the shout, innovation! innovation! when he is told that society has indubitable claims upon him? If so, let him march boldly up, for trial, at the bar of his own court, and plead and be impleaded, and then abide, with all humility, and soul-testing patience, the award submitted by the "Law and Testimony" of his own noble Brotherhood. Let him heed well the judgments and decisions the uninitiated, but well instructed in the written, outward laws, must necessarly pronounce, and then deny if he can, the immense claims of society upon him.

In order to prosecute the inquiry with convincing effect, it is appropriate and fair to begin the work of argument by watching at the outer gate where the Neophyte tremulously knocks, importunately, but humbly pleads admission to the consecrated altar, at which instructions, embodying, as it were, the Voice of Wisdom and Truth are dispensed with a spirit of elevated and truly disinterested benevolence. From the written teaching, it is demonstrated, beyond the possibility of doubt, that the Novitiate "undertakes a task," to answer whose requirements, fully and faithfully, will, of necessity, call forth the active exercise and continual employment of all his moral powers and mental capabilities. He is further taught that to be an Odd Fellow good and true, he must become the adopted child of that parent who "is justified of all her children." His eyes are now open to an individual, personal obligation comprehending a quintuple relationship, pertaining, first, to his God, secondly, to his country, thirdly, to his neighbor, then to his family, and last of all, to himself. These five-fold characteristics constitute the true foundation upon which the magnificent superstructure of Odd Fellowship is reared. The Neophyte is still further taught to hate and shun, with all his heart, that frightful Monster, Vice. Implicit obedience to such teachings plainly indicates the unfeigned adoption and sedulous culture of all the exalted principles that adorn and vivify the truly great and eminently good man's heart.

Were every one who wears the title of Odd Fellow to discharge, with sincerity and truth, all the duties he owes to his God, to serve his country in the manner his profession demands, to love his neighbor as himself, to meet all the claims he owes to his family, and lastly to keep himself "unspotted from the world,"—all so living and so acting, would be unexcelled in virtue and pre-eminent goodness, even by the great Apostle of the Gentiles. And surely the Order urgently calls, by precept at least, for such living and such acting. It certainly cannot be deemed a presumptuous judgment on the part of the uninitiated, to infer that every one who gains admission to the institution, pledges unqualified obedience to all the precepts, rules, and regulations of the fraternity.

Advancing still further, he learns more of the leading principles and pure precepts that must govern and regulate his conduct in his new family relation. He is kindly and fatihfully admonished to foster no evil passion, to bridle his tongue, to shun the appearance of evil, and to guard, scrupulously, against indulging inordinate appetite. In fact, if the Odd Fellow gives reasonable attention to the wholesome instructions that fall upon his ear at every step he takes, by the time he reaches the climax of his Order, he must be thoroughly furnished for every good word and work. He will be a good man in the strictes sense of the term. Such are the conclusions rationally drawn from the external teachings of the Order.

If the righteousness of ten men might have saved Sodom and Gomorrah, from a dreadful destruction, what lasting good—what a long duration of unbroken privillges, would the exalted teachings of Odd Fellowship, practically shining forth in the deportment of all its members, confer upon the body of the people of the great American Republic? If a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump, what glorious, social, mental and moral results must a rapidly accumulating body of highly purifying leaven, steadily and silently diffusing itself through the great mass of

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community, produce upon the growing interests of a great nation.

A matter that should not be overlooked, and that adds greatly to the account of this fraternity, is, that the great body of the membership, is composed of the active, enterprising, working young men of the Nation. Let any unprejudiced mind give attention to this important fact, and the conclusion must be irresistible that the claims of society devolving upon every Odd Fellow, are truly imposing.

Let each brother constantly call to mind the saying of the wise man: "THE LIPS OF TRUTH SHALL BE ESTABLISHED FOREVER!"

[We had noted upon our editorial memorandum book, "The Degree of Rebekah," intending to write a short article in its favour; but, as we have received the following from the wife of an old friend and brother, we gladly insert it and trust that it may be followed by more. The sisters have now opened the discussion upon the merits of the "Degree of Rebekah," and we hope that they will no thesitate to let the Order know what their opinions are in reference to the Degree—how far it is applicable, and what alterations are needed by them. Sister Bemies has certainly paid close attention to the teachings of the Degree, and—but as our failure to give our opinion to Sister Boyle, has called out Sister Bemies, we will be silent, and let Sister Boyle, or any other sister continue the discussion. Come, ladies, our columns are open to you, let us hear from you often.—EDS. MAGAZINE.]

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the November No. of your excellent Magazine, I read, with some surprise, a letter from sister E. S. F. Boyle, of Madison, Ind., condemning in strong terms, the beautiful "Degree of Rebekah," and pronouncing it, "as given there an absolute humbug." I know not how it is conferred in her city, but I was under the impression, that it was done just right, as Brother Colfax, the author of the Degree, conferred it in person; and I was lamenting before I took it, that he could not be present when it was conferred upon me; but since I have received it, and comprehended to some extent at least, the design of the Degree, I am glad that I got it even from the ordinary officers of our Lodge.

I am willing to admit that the Degree is not perfect,—that it may need some additions, before it will fill the design of its author and friends. That it is beautifully written, she admits, but complains, that it gives us no duties to perform—that "our lords" have not made for us "an organized system for carrying the doctrines of the degree into effect." "Why not," she adds, "charge us with a part of the burthens of the order? Why not accept from us a trifle of dues, to be expended on widows and orphans? Why not send us on errands of mercy, when Odd Fellows' wives and widows, daughters and sisters are sick?"

Are we not charged with, at least, some of these duties? Has sister Boyle forgotten that we were told to pause before consenting to take upon ourselves obligations that would bind us to assist those who had devoted themselves through life to death—in sunshine and in storm—through good or evil report—to visit the sick—relieve the distressed—bury the dead—and protect and educate the orphan? Has she forgotten that we promised to pursue the thorny path that they had trod, in spite of the slanders of prejudice and bigotry, and to ever strive, quietly and unboastingly, to mitigate the vast amount of suffering and pain in our world? Were we not told that we might be called upon to give up the pleasures of life to minister at the couch of suffering,—that we might be summoned from the whirl of gayety to stand with brothers and sisters, at the bedside of anguish,—that we might be asked to forego the pleasures of some social evening circle to watch through the long vigils of the night, the struggle between Life and Death, and to pour oil, if possible, into the expiring lamp of life? Have they, in these things, demanded of us no duty—no labor—no self-denial? Is all this merely a "beautiful lecture," to be heard and then forgotten? Oh, no. It is something more. When I took the Degree, and heard these solemn duties impressed upon me—when I saw around me those of my own, and the other sex, whose hearts were touched, and whose eyes were full of tears, I felt that it was something MORE than a "beautiful lecture," and I resolved to do all in my power, to relieve the distressed—to assist the needy—and to visit and comfort the afflicted.

Here certainly, Messrs. Editors, are duties enough, to satisfy the most duty-loving female in the land. Here we are instructed to perform all of the duties that sister Boyle has mentioned, and if any were not specified in the charges, are they not comprehended in these two commands: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; and do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.—These are the duties of a "Daughter of Rebekah," if I heard aright the night I was initiated, and I know I did, for I have since read and re-read the lectures I then heard.

"But," objects sister Boyle, "you gave us no organized system for carrying these doctrines into effect." I would ask her if she supposes "our lords," as she is pleased to style them, could make a system that would suit us? Does she think, that Schuyler Colfax, and all the rest of the G. L. U. S.

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are sufficiently acquainted with *our* manner of doing work of this kind, that they could have devised a scheme that would have been just suited to us? And suppose he had reported a vast frame work for the Degree, would the G. L. U. S. have adopted it? By no means. Meagre as the Degree is, in her estimation, it was much more than the anti-Rebekahites, (pardon the coinage, Messrs. Editors) wished to grant us. Since my husband has been an Odd Fellow, (and I advised him to become one,) I have tried, by reading the publications of the Order, to see what it was doing, and I must confess that I was astonished that the Degree was adopted at all. It had many bitter opposers—some of whom, from the fact that Colfax, of Indiana, was the author of the Degree, have, in derision, called our State, the "State of Rebekah." Notwithstanding all this opposition, WE HAVE GOT THE DEGREE; and I hope to see the time when we shall have all the organization we need. The Degree is new, now—it is an experiment, but when the G. L. U. S. sees that it works well, more will be done for us, and I trust that ere long we may be permitted to hold our regular meetings, devise our own plans for the performance of our duties, "and 'go home'" when we get through our business.

Our Degree, if all reports are true, is more perfect now, than all Odd Fellowship was, when it was first bro't into existence, which now has the experience of years, and is greatly improved; and if we will only calmly work and wait, we shall have all we need to accomplish the object designed.

My letter is already too long and prosy, Messrs. Editors, and I will quit, pleading the privilege of woman "to have her say, whether it is well said or not." And now, looking "at the thing rationally," MY 'candid opinion of this Degree, "without an organized system, furnished by the G. L. U. S.," is that "it will give" MORE than "a taansitory and brief grattification to women," and that if its principles are lived up to by us, we will prove to our "worse halves" that we are "USEFUL, and NOT mere ornaments and 'convenient furniture.'" And Messrs. Editors is not *this* "YOUR candid opinion?"

Respectfully yours,

KATE BEMIES.

ROSE COTTAGE, Dec. 10th, 1852.

Do not think yourself polished until you have learned to speak and act on all occasions so as not to wound the feelings of others.

Reader, employ the abilities you possess in diffusing useful knowledge.

WORTHY MODELS.

Odd Fellows' Lodges, like all other deliberative bodies, sometimes suffer from those long-winded speakers and "everlasting talkers," who are earsores in any society. No little subject can be introduced, but they must speak upon it. They must talk to every point of order, and weary the patience of almost every member in the room. Indeed they have indulged in this miserable habit until, we have supposed, they *honestly think* that unless *they speak* and enlighten the members, the question will unquestionably be decided wrongly. We recommend to the consideration of these "talkers" the following remarks of President Jefferson:

"I served with General Washington in the Legislature of Virginia, before the Revolution, and, during it, with Dr. Franklin, in Congress. I never heard either of them speak ten minutes at a time, nor to any but the main point, which was to decide the question. They laid their shoulder to the great points, knowing that the little ones would follow of themselves."

THE HISTORIAN ABROAD.

A few weeks since we found ourself comfortably seated in a stage, by the side of two good looking, fashionably dressed young ladies. While we were conversing upon the various subjects that generally interest the traveler, we met an illy clad loafer, bearing evident symptoms of having a heavier load than his "bundle" indicated. The young lady sitting next ro us, remarked, in the fashionable tone:

"If that drunkard lived where I have been spending the summer, he would be arrested by the police."

"Where is that?" we inquired.

"In Plymouth."

"What Plymouth?" we again asked.

"Plymouth, Connecticut, where the Pilgrims landed," she replied.

"Ah!" said we not knowing what else to say.

"Yes," remarked the other young lady, with a look and tone that seemed to express great pity for our "Western" ignorance, "Plymouth Connecticut, where *Columbus and the rest of the Pilgrims landed.*"

ECCENTRICITY.—A sea captain of this port, it seems had *his own monument erected* in Greenwood Cemetery, at a cost of several thousands of dollars. The monument is simply a figure of himself, a short, sturdy, mariner, in cap and frock coat, taking an observation with his sextant. The old gentleman visits his own grave frequently, and points out with enthusiasm the good points of the statue.—*Home Journal.*

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

The severest test to which individuals or associations can be put, is prosperity. It develops a spirit of carelessness and self-confidence, that is utterly subversive of every thing like sound and permanent sability. Continued fair weather never made an accomplished mariner—such are reared in storm and in danger. Constant health in a community never created a skillful physician,—they are made at the bedside of disease and affliction.

We are so constituted that adversity is necessary to the devolopement of a perfect character. The youth who never knew what it was to struggle for what he possesses, and only obtain it after having been frequently thwarted, knows not how to contentedly enjoy, or usefully occupy that which fortune has placed at his disposal. The wealth he sees heaped up in his coffers, or spread out in rich domains around him, cost him no toil. For it he spent no sleepless nights and anxious hours; for it he wore out no iron frame, and it is not to be expected that he will watch it with the same ardent anxiety and unremitting care, as that one whose labor and toil procured it, nor has he the experience necessary to manage it with full financial ability. Even those who have spent their energies and time in securing it are to liable to suffer from the success of their labors. If this will apply to individuals, it will to associations, for they are composed of individuals.

A few years since, Odd Fellowship was a weak and uninfluential society. Its numbers were few, its altars rough and scattered, and its temples rude and void of architectural display. The position that it occupied, in many places, rendered it either the object of scorn or pity. Storms of persecution, and just and unjust opposition beat upon it; and so severe was the ordeal through which it had to pass, that for a time its success was doubtful. Its principles, however, being pure, and its plan of operation such as to supply many of the wants, and alleviate many of the distresses of humanity, it almost imperceptibly won the esteem and respect even of those who were opposed to it. Not only were its principles pure, but its members were men who knew no such word as 'fail.'—They felt that they were commissioned to accomplish a great work, and they believed that their association, notwithstanding all its imperfections, was the means to accomplish that work, and they faltered not in their labor of love. Success crowned their efforts. They passed the fiery ordeal unhurt, almost without the smell of fire having passed upon them. Some of the excrescences of the society were consumed, but it only stood the fairer and purer for having passed through the fire And now, in point of usefulness, number of active membership, general popularity and wealth, it stands second to no earthly institutions in our midst. The despised few have become honored thousands; the rough and scattered alters have become polished and thick through all the land, and the rude and unadorned halls have been transformed into chaste and ornamental temples. The triumph has been complete, and the full-orb sun of prosperity is pouring its beams upon the Order.

Have we, as an association, nothing to fear from this prosperity? Is there no danger that we, who have never 'borne the burden and heat of the day,' may forget the power that has hitherto sustained us? May we not, in the full tide of our success, neglect the means of preserving pure, unsullied and UNALTERED the great fundamental principles upon which our temple has hitherto securely rested. We, who, within the last few years have knelt at the altar of Odd Fellowship, cannot appreciate the cost at which our social fabric has been reared and adorned. We have experienced but little of the toil and labor, the anxiety of mind and heart, the expenditure of time and money and talent, that our fathers did, and we doubt whether the ardor of our young and fervent attachment equals the intensity of their affection for our beloved Order.

Apart from the great principles that lie at the basis of our association, Progression has been one of the chief elements of our success. Its impress is stamped upon most, if not all, of the improvements of our Order. It drove refreshments from our halls and our ante-rooms, it expelled from our written and unwritten work its useless traditions, it destroyed our meaningless forms and ceremonies and added beauty to our ritual and teachings. That it has in every particular improved the Order, we do not believe; but, as a whole, it has modernized it, and made it more consonant with the spirit and requirement of the age. Some of its reforms were an "advance backwards." Progress is not always reform; and in some instances the spirit has not only destroyed that which was unworthy to be retained, but, Vandal-like, has robbed us of some things that were good and beautiful. There were some forms we would not have touched, some ceremonies we would not have changed, and some signs, we would not have abolished.

The spirit of Progress is still rife in our midst, and is demanding some changes that, we fear will not be reforms. Elated by our success we are too ready to follow the new without sufficiently investigating its probable tendency, and final effect upon the permanency of our Order. Already we are reaping the fruits of blotting from our ritual the following excellent charge: "Should you, at any time, propose a friend to become a member

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of this order, see that he is such a man as will be likely to conform to the rules and precepts of Odd Fellowship; for nothing is so painful to the feelings of faithful Odd Fellows as to see the requirements of the Institution trampled upon and profaned." Prosperity had made us self-confident. We became careless; we feared not the effect of a few men whose characters were not according to the old standard; and now, altrough rich in numbers and influence and wealth, we are compelled, too frequently, to expel the unworthy—those who should never have been admitted. Look over the list of the expelled, examine the letters that too often appear upon the Secretary's table, and it will be seen that the work of purification is now demanded to a greater extent, than would have been the case, had the above rule been retained and frequently impressed upon the minds and hearts of the members. The same caution is needed now. Our institution is a powerful and a popular one, and our doors are almost constantly thronged with applicants for our mysteries. Among the many good that thus seek admission, we must expect to find some of the bad, and it is imperative upon each one of us to guard well the approach to our altars. That "brother who proposes for Odd Fellows men whose characters are known to be bad, violates, as a member of our brotherhood, every principle of honor, and deserves himself expulsion from any Lodge which he thereby so deeply disgraces and injures. Scoffers, bigots, gamblers, drunkards, slanderers, liars, sensualists, misers, swindlers, men who abandon wives and children, [or who abuse or neglect them,] men who "grind the faces of the poor," should no more be admitted into an Odd Fellow's Lodge, than the thief or the murderer!"

This carelessness is one danger that Prosperity brings along with it—it develops an element of decay. If Odd Fellowship dies, it will be from internal corruption, and not from external assault. It has, in the last thirty years, proven itself more than equal to all of its opponents;—but if bad men are admitted to our halls, if to them we commit our mysteries, they become the elements of decay, that, like the insidious worm, will destroy the heart of the tree, while yet its branches and leaves are sound and green.

Another danger that our prosperity may develop,—if it has not already done so,—is, that the spirit of progression, which has assisted in this prosperity, will, in its zeal, forget the "ancient landmarks" by which our fathers were successfully guided. In the effort to keep pace with the "spirit of the age," is there no dange of mounting the car of "manifest destiny?" And when this is the case, we will have a zeal without knowledge. That there should be sufficient change of form to adapt it to the true—not false—demands of the age, we are willing to admit; but when the change proposed, would do away with those "ancient landmarks," we should tread carefully, slowly and hesitatingly. These fundamental principles of morals and government, the "ancient landmarks," have been, to our fathers, the pillar of cloud by day, and the pillar of fire by night, in their wanderings; and we wonder not that our fathers tremble when they see us attempt to move where "the pillar" does not point out the way. In some instances we have thus gone, and prosperity has still been our attendant; and has only emboldened us to make still greater departures, hoping still to be successful.

The progressive party of the Order has accomplished much. Some radical changes have been made, and others are yet asked for. Some of the "ultra progressives" seem to look upon the Order simply as a vast financial scheme for pecuniary relief alone; and this class cares little or nothing about the forms and ceremonies, by which great truths are to be taught and important duties are to be performed. They would tear everything like poetic beauty or interest from the ritual and service of our degrees, and reduce the beautiful system of Odd Fellowship to a mere Health Association. How far below the vast ideal of our fathers does this fall! Theirs was a brotherhood that pledged counsel, assistance, and consolation, as well as money—a brotherhood of SOULS instead of DOLLARS.

Another class of "progressives" seeks to so amend the government of the Order as to leave it, we think, a huge body without a head—to render a nulity the unity of our Order. We are opposed to too great a concentration of power—and we are also opposed to depriving the head of the Order of the absolute right to control in matters of WORK and PRIMARY LAW. Such a head, such a power must exist, if we would retain our unity, if we would all speak the same language and mind the same things. In all communities and associations there must be a power from which there is no appeal,—save that of revolution,—an appeal to the governed to alter or re-make, an appeal that ought not to be made except as the last resort.

Another class of "progressives,"—conservative upon the points named—is using all its power to beautify and adorn that which already exists; and to this class we profess to belong. We ask for no important radical changes at present, except those demanded by the necessities of the times—we seek not to re-make many of the primary laws of the Order—we would not do away with the "ancient landmarks" of principles or practice. We would simply correct the abuses that have crept in and become a part and parcel of the Order, and while correcting and trimming, would add beauty, vitality and permanency to all its departments. This we consider true progression, or conservatism—alike removed from "old hunkerism," and "mani-

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fest destiny." It views Odd Fellowship in all its relations to the physical, the mental, and the moral man, and seeks to administer to the demands of his threefold nature.

So long as this class remains dominant, our prosperity will be of no permanent detriment to the Order. Here and there carelessness, and self-confidence, and ultra-progressiveness may exist and exert a limited, though baneful influence, yet the Spirit of Conservatism will lay its hand upon its wayward march, and say, "hitherto thou shalt come, but no farther." The "old hunkers" and "ultr-progressives" may each use their efforts to prevent the steady advance of this class, and tell it that "the fiery pillar of its wanderings is an 'IGNIS FATUUS,' or a natural product of the wilderness," yet if it is true to its Conservatism, it will see "night after night—like one of the sure and ever-shining stars in the firmament—the old column rise, gliding slowly, but guiding certainly" to a Prosperity as permanent and durable as the wants of humanity.

"RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP."

We commence in this number a series of articles from the pen of one of our G. Representatives to the G. L. U. S., P. A. HACKLEMAN, upon the subject of the "Rise and Progress of Odd Fellowship," in the United States. We know of no one better calculated to give a faithful and interesting account of it. Ardently attached to the Order, and having had access to all the reliable information that can now be had upon the subject, our readers may anticipate a rich treat from his pen. Of his ability to make the series an interesting one, we need not speak, for he is too well known in the Order to need commendation from us.

The articles are being delivered this winter, in the form of lectures, to the Lodge of which he is a member.

"CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS."

We commend "No. 3," of this series of able articles from the pen of JAMES G. MAY, Esq., to the careful consideration of every Odd Fellow. Mr. MAY, although a member of several other fraternities, is not a member of the I. O. O. F. What he knows about our Order he has gathered from our published laws, proceedings, addresses, &c. If our principles and professions appear unto all the uninitiated, as they do unto him, the world will expect a great deal from us. Let us see that those expectations are all fulfilled.

THE "ARK."

The Dec. No. of this excellent monthly is upon our table, filled with its usual quantity of interesting matter. It will commence the NEW year in a NEW dress, and we hope with a largely increased list of subscribers.

OBJECTIONS TO ODD FELLOWSHIP.

It is customary among persons who attempt to describe the peculiar tenets of the Order, to dwell particularly upon practical charity, attendance on the sick and all that class of duties and work included under the head of benevolence. We do not propose to deny, indeed we cannot, that this is one peculiar, distinguishing characteristic of our Order, but we wish to call the attention of the brotherhood to this matter, that they may ask themselves, whether in very truth they do, effectively and fully, all that is required of them as members of this great Fraternity.

Against the assertion that Odd Fellows are, in virtue of their organization, benevolent, the enemies of the Order urge that, as mere insurance companies, they do no more than is required of them, in visiting the sick, burying the dead and educating the orphan: That every member pays into the treasury his alloted proportion and that when disabled by disease or accident, he has a right to draw from the common stock for the relief of his necessities: That Odd Fellows, as individuals, are not more generous, more attentive to the wants of the poor, than are others who have no connection with the Order, that indeed they are less so. that being called upon to relieve the distress of one class, they become interested in that class to the exclusion of all others: That, instead of making men more generous, more actively benevolent, the organization only renders them selfish and cold-hearted to the world. We do not intend to answer these objections, yet we do not admit that there is any foundation for them in truth; but merely to make them the ground of a few hints to the members of the Order, which may strike the minds of some as worthy of note.

Our own observation as an Odd Fellow is too limited geographically, to enable us to say how the Fraternity operates in other regions of our own land and in other lands, but so far as that observation has extended, the above objections do not hold; yet they carry with them a show of reason.

May not the care of one class render us careless of all other classes? May we not sometimes forget that the aim of our Order is to care not for those of our own membership only, but that it extends much farther—to a FRATERNITY IN THE WHOLE FAMILY OF MAN? May not members of the Order learn to content themselves with a faithful discharge of prescribed duties, forgetting that as all men have sprung from a common Parent, all have a claim upon our sympathies and our charities? We believe that all good Odd Fellows do view, in their true light, our organization, its prescribed duties, its requirements towards those not members of the Order and its ultimate tendencies. But what then? Shall all, who do no more than just what is required of them by the strict letter of the law, be styled unworthy the name they bear?

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To such members, if such there be, this is a rather startling question. We do not answer the question, nor do we determine whether such members do exist, but by way of opening the discussion, let it be presumed that there are in our Order members in good standing, members who attend the regular meetings of their Lodges, who contribute regularly to the common charity fund, who do sit with and care for sick brothers, when regularly notified to do so and that without complaint, and who are in all external seeming worthy members, but who make this the limit of what is required of them in the way of charity and good offices to their race in the day of trouble. Of such we ask: Upon what teaching is founded the command, to visit the sick and bury the dead? Did it originate with the Odd Fellows? Was this a new feature in moral duty first presented to the world by the founders of the Order; or was it borrowed from the great Law-Giver? Did not the great Immaculate go about doing good? Did he not leave his commands to all the race to exercise their good offices, not to any class, but to the RACE? When he sent out his followers to preach his gospels was it to God's chosen people, the Jews, or was it "Go ye into all the world?" Have Odd Fellows any prescriptive right to limit that command and say: We will to worthy brothers, their widows and orphans, contribute of our goods as God hath prospered us, and leave the rest of the race to seek aid from those who are not members of our Order? To do so would be to exercise a power not delegated to them.

While we have admitted that there may be in our Lodges members who take this narrow and limited view of their duty as men and as Odd Fellows, we do not admit that there is anything in the work or organization of the Fraternity which has any tendency to produce or foster such opinions. On the contrary, we maintain that a faithful performance of the duties prescribed by our Order, tends to make members better men; that it brings into contact with suffering and want many, who but for their membership, would never learn by personal experience, that relieving distress actually raises in the mind a pleasure of so pure and holy a character as to be entirely inconsistent with narrow-minded selfishness. To some even the plain duties imposed by our Order, may at first performance seem irksome and onerous; but like all other duties unpleasant at first, these become less unpleasant, then easy, and finally pleasant. The care of those in want and sickness necessarily raises a certain degree of sympathy and interest on the part of those who are called upon to exercise that care. The feeling that pleads for an enemy who throws himself on our generosity, that leads us to protect the feeble, to guard the unprotected, is sister to that which prompts us in our care of the sick and suffering. We soon learn to feel that we have a certain degree of personal interest in the one confided to our trust. This interest takes root in the sterile soil of the coldest heart and in the moral habit of sympathy and care imperceptibly finds a place and exerts an influence no less powerful than that of our natural propensities. So far, then, from rendering men selfish and narrow-minded, it develops and strengthens the most Godlike characteristics of the soul. Angels are ministering spirits and Christ himself went about doing good. In imitating, in so far as fallible humanity can, these superior and omniscient existences, we certainly are in no danger of rendering our minds callous to the claims of our suffering fellow beings. If any, who may read these hastily jotted thoughts, feel that they come, in any degree under the description given above, we say that a sincere desire to correct the evil in their own case and a faithful performance of required duty will inevitably result, as we have asserted, in the production of pleasure instead of pain.

The great rule of moral duty, "In all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye so unto them" is incorporated in our system as one of its fundamental principles, and here as in every other similar case Odd Fellows have no right to limit the rule to their own Fraternity. The duty is inculcated as marking our relations with MEN and it is quite evident that those who do not obey the law towards the members of the Order certainly will not towards their fellow men who are not members.

Begin by appreciating and obeying the requirements of the moral law towards your fellow members, and its application to the race will become easy.

WOODWARD HALL.

We are pleased to see that our enterprising fellow citizen, Bro. JNO. K. WOODWARD, is completing his new and commodious Hall, upon the corner of High and Lower First Streets. When finished it will make a large and comfortable saloon for concerts, lectures, etc., etc.

Our city has long needed a Hall of this kind, and we are heartily glad that the want is about to be filled. We have been promised an engraving of Woodward Hall, and when it appears we will give a minute description of it.

DEDICATION OF THE ODD FELLOW'S HALL, IN NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Let no one ail to read the account of the dedication of the ODD FELLOWS' HALL in New Orleans, and the dedicatory address. They are somewhat lengthy but will well pay a perusal. The address is one of the finest we have read for many a long day. Don't fail to read it, and treasure the truths it so nobly and eloquently advocates.

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

MT. VERNON, Dec. 7th, 1852.

I have been luxuriating for the past few days, at the home of Bro. D. PHILLIPS, in this place. Mt. Vernon is a place of much more importance than I had supposed, but not of as much importance as it ought to be, from its location. Situated but a few miles above the mouth of the Wabash River, it, instead of Evansville, should be the depot for the trade of that river. It, however, does a very fair share of business. Surrounded by a fine country, and connected with it by good roads, it appropriates to itself almost the entire trade of the "bottom of the Pocket."

This being my first visit here, I was almost a total stranger, but did not remain so long. Here, as everywhere else I have been, I found the right hand of fellowship extended. I became acquainted with a goodly number of the Odd Fellows, and found most of them devoted to the cause. Two Lodges and an Encampment exist here, all of which are in fine working order. In company with some of the brethren of New Harmony Lodge I spent a very pleasant, social evening around the altar of the old Lodge. The Order is doing good here. It is not a mere nullity in the communityr its influence is felt and felt for good. The Order, wherever it is established, tends to make men wiser and better. It is one of the moral levers by which society is being elevated to its true social position.

My visit here was an agreeable one, and the friends I formed here will have a place in my heart until the day of my death.

WHY?

The following article we take from the "Western Christian Advocate," published at Cincinnati, O.:

"We notice among the published proceedings of the Holston conference lately held at Knoxville, Tenn., that a letter was read by the presiding bishop from a young lady, complaining of breach of marriage promise on the part of a young preacher, whose name it is unnecessary to mention here. Too frequently young ministers evince, by their manner toward young ladies, more than they mean in their hearts, and sometimes, too, there is a half yromise of marriage, concerning which the young man himself thinks nothing, but upon which the young lady relies with all dependence and trust. Such a course on the part of a minister of the cross is wholly inexcusable, and he who dilly-dallys, or plays fun for the sake of fun with the affections of a young lady, should not escape reprimand and censure. He who promises to marry a lady, and then at once or soon after sets out to forget his promise, and goes off to hunt up another one for his wife, should himself be hunted with dispatch, and be rewarded according to the merits of the case. We have made these remarks not to justify the course of the young lady in writing to the bishop, but rather as a bit of advice to our unmarried young brethren. We rather incline to the opinion, that a young lady of shrinking delicacy and true modesty would almost suffer death ere she would 'parade her heart trials before a conference of ministers."

We agree with the editor, that 'young ministers too frequently evince by their manner toward young ladies, more than they mean in their hearts and that 'such a course on the part of a young minister of the cross is wholly inexcusable;' and that he who agrees to 'marry a lady, and then at once or soon after sets out to forget his promise, and goes off to hunt up another one for his wife, should himself be hunted up with despatch, and be rewarded according to the merits of the case,' but we cannot see WHY 'a young lady of shrinking delicacy and true modesty' should 'almost suffer death ere she would parade her heart trials before a conference of ministers.' We think that, in this respect, the custom of society is wrong. Why should the female be silent, when some unprincipled man wins, by honied words and vows of eternal love, her confiding and unsuspecting heart and then when the whim is past and his careless hours beguiled, forsakes her, and goes off to practice his sinful arts upon some other confiding girl? If she is silent, who will expose the crime of the young man, or the young minister, if you please? Will he go and tell the bishop and the elders that he has won the affections of some trusting member of his congregation, only to betray them? Will he expose his guilt? No. He knows too well that if told and believed, it will call down upon him the just indignation of the conference and the cordial contempt of all high-minded and honorable persons. Shall she suffer on in silence and sorrow, and he go unpunished? OF COURSE, if she is a 'young lady of true modesty!' What right has she to expose him, and thus prevent others from suffering as she now does? What right has her 'modest' tongue to demand that a deceiver shall not go unpunished? But should she expose him, above all, do not let her 'parade her heart trials before a conference of ministers!' WHY NOT? Are they more liable to make sport of her than others are? Is there less justice, less hearty condemnation of 'unjustifiable wrong,' less sympathy for woman's injuries, less love for pure and holy living? To what other tribunal shall the injured woman go? Where better can she expose the wrong and (if that body of ministers will do right) save some other trusting one, from the snares of him who has wronged her? Dare she not confide her wrongs to that body?

We cannot agree with the able editor of the 'Advocate' upon this point, nor can we think that TRUE MODESTY should overcome woman's innate sense of justice, and prevent her from exposing, at the proper place, the baseness of the contemptible flirt, who has, by that one act, rendered himself unworthy of the high position he has disgraced.

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Our Magic Mirror.

DYING! dying! dying! The last child of the Old Year is lying before us, pale, wan, and gasping for breath. Her eleven sisters, one by one, have yielded to the irrevocable decree, and have been placed, side by side, in the charnel house of centuries. The flowers that wreathed their brows at birth, and the cypress that drooped above them at death, lie scattered and withered in the gloomy vault. Soon the last child "shall sleep the sleep that knows no waking." Beside her dying couch stands old Father Time, hoary with the frosts of centuries, yet as strong and unpitying as when he blotted out the names of those who built the pyramids, or drew his oblivious mantle over the deeds of the first eighteen centuries. The wealth and fame and records of buried ages satisfy him not, nor waste the strength of his puissant arm, nor weaken the glance of his basilisk eye.

Weep, Old Year, for thou shalt soon be childless and friendless. Already the dews of death are gathering on the brow of thy youngest one; her limbs are stiffening for the grave, her voice is sinking into endless silence and her bright eyes are going out in a "long, dark, dark, dark night that has no morn beyond it." Weep! but tears will not avail thee now! The cold breath of the Destroyer hath stilled her throbbing heart forever!

Dead! dead! dead! Twine the cypress upon her cold brow, cross her fleshless arms upon her sunken breast, and place her in the tomb.

Farewell! THOU art dead, but the DEEDS that thou and thy sisters saw, SHALL NEVER DIE! Their RECORD an angel hath transcribed into the registry of God,—their INFLUENCE, like the unseen spirit of the wind, still pervades the world, and shall pervade it until Jehovah's hand shall write "eternal death" upon Time's wrinkled brow!

Ere the funeral torch that burned for the departed year is extinguished, the first child of the NEW YEAR, garlanded with bright and cheering aspirations, springs, Minerva-like, from the brow of the Future, and demands our songs of joy. Health and life swell in her full bust and rounded limbs, happiness sparkles in her bright eyes, joy laughs upon her coral lips, pleasure follows her dancing feet and hope haloes her with the light of eternal blessedness.

We greet her with a glad welcome, and bid her write for us a record on high that shall shine with an ever-enduring brightness!

A dirge for the dead! A pean for the living!

Again, kind reader, our Mirror is before us:—

A broad and beautiful prairie, appears, through which, like a thread of silver, one of our western rivers winds its meandering way. Upon the brow of this wooded hight, for a moment we will stand, and view the landscape. Far away, far as the eye can reach, stretches the lovely plain. Here and there small clumps of trees, invigorated by the warm breath of spring, are unfolding their green leaves. Yonder a small lake, with its calm, glassy surface, glitters in the rays of the morning sun. Upon its margin bends the willow, while through its clear depths, the pike, the trout, and the bass sport in finny glee. Beyond, like a mountain in the desert, rises a conical mound, in which lie moldering the bones of the buried warriors and braves of a departed race. There, in the distance, upon the bank of the silver stream, reposes a quiet village, its

"——white spire—a pencil in the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,
Points us to many that are now in glory,
There on high."

Spring, with its warm sun and gentle showers, is here, and upon every slight undulation of the plain, upon every mossy bed beneath the budding trees, upon the green sward of the glassy lake, upon the margin of the sweetly-flowing stream and everywhere, bloom flowers—flowers so bright so varied, so gay, and so fragrant, that one might dream ancient Eden reproduced. How beautiful the scene!

Near the western side of the village, just within the shadow of "yon white spire," do you not see a neat white cottage, embowered in evergreens? Would you enter? Quick as thought, the beautiful landscape disappears and a neatly furnished room is before us. The shutters are open, but the undrawn curtains obstruct the rays of the sun that have struggled through the vines that almost hide the window from the passer by.

In a large arm chair, near the fire sits, or rather, reclines the form of a pale consumptive. The attenuated frame, the bright though sunken eye the hollow cheeks, the thin, cadaverous lips, the hectic flush, the shortened breath, the constant hacking cough, all proclaim, that the "last of earth" is near. At the feet of the sufferer, upon a low ottoman, sits a fair, young girl, on whose cheeks and brow the sun and wind of fifteen summers have painted the roseate hue of health. In her hand is a prayer book from which she is reading, in a clear, though subdued voice, the service for the day. Occasionally she stops and fixes her dark, anxious eyes upon the troubled countenance of the sufferer.

"Fanny."

"What, uncle?" inquired the girl, as she rises from her seat and stands by his side.

"Why do you read that dry, old book to me? Do you think that I want to hear nothing but sermons and prayers?"

For a moment Fanny hesitated, and then adds: "What better can I read uncle? I should think you would love to hear me read from this book. Did not our minister tell you, yesterday,

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that you ought to think about these things?' and the tears well from her full heart into her eyes.

"What is it to him, whether I think about these things or not?" almost petulantly asks her uncle. "He will not have to account for me. I wonder if he thinks I am going to die," he continued, as if to himself. "It cannot be. And yet I am so weak, and so wasted away, I may never get well. I can almost see through my hand," he adds, as he holds his thin, bloodless, and almost transparent hand between him and the fire.

"Fanny draw the curtain, open the window, and let me look out upon the earth. I wonder if I will ever get out again!"

"Here uncle, let me assist you; you are too weak to walk."

"No I am not. I feel stout this morning," and with a trembling step he approaches the open window, and through the vines parted by the ready hand of Fanny, he gazed out upon the beautiful sene.

For a few moments he looks out, and then with a quivering lip and a tearful eye, he goes back to his seat, and bitterly laments his almost helpless and hopeless condition.

"I can not die, now. The world is too beautiful. too fair, I would live here alway. This world is good enough for me. Why must I die? Why must I die? Others live. The drunkard, the gambler, the rogue can live, why must I die?"

"If it were God's will for you to die," asks Fanny, "would you not be willing?"

"No, no, Fanny, I am not willing to die," and the weak, worldly man, broken—but not purified by sickness, bursts into tears. His heart is untouched—his wayward will, is made fickle and pevish by affliction, and his usually gentle disposition is soured.

Lesson after lesson has been poured into his mind—time and again has he heard that rest comes not in this world—that the man of faith alone has perfect peace, and yet he comprehends it not. His heart is bound to earth—it has never ascended that mystic ladder whose top reaches above the clouds. Will he remain thus hard, thus careless, thus reckless of all, save life on earth?

The scene changes. A month has glided away A small steamer is slowly ascending the river a few miles below the village. A young girl is lying upon one of the sofas in the cabin. Around her stand an anxious throng. A stranger physician stoops beside her. His hand is on her wrist

She is pulseless. The swollen veins in her neck and forehead—the discolored feature, where an hour since, health in all its beauty bloomed, the still heart, which then pulsated with joy, the silent lips which then were speaking of her uncle and her home, all tell that death, sudden death hath smitten our fair young girl.

The boat reaches the village—the news of death is borne to the home of the dead. A frantic mother, and afflicted uncle hear it and are paralyzed. The dead girl is borne by kind hands to the home she loved so well—the home where her words were a song of joy, and her smile the sunshine of the heart. Upon that scene let us not look, kind reader. We would not gaze upon the mother bending in agony over the corpse of an only daughter. God and angels only should see grief like that.

The sick room appears again. One of its inmates is not here—the tomb holds all that is earthly of the lovely Fanny—Heaven has claimed all that is immortal.

Beside the sick man, whose changed appearance denote the end still more near, sits a minister of the cross. With all the earnestness his subject demand, he is striving to awake an interest in the sick man's heart, in reference to his soul's salvation.

"Why, my friend, will you not think of these things. A few months more is all you can anticipate of life in this world. God has afflicted you for your good; he has taken from you your niece for your good, and—"

"I cannot see it so. I WILL NOT see it so. Here I was suffering constantly, and now to add to my misery you tell me that God killed my Fanny for my good. Is this your doctrine? Does your Bible teach you that? And now you ask me to repent and be converted. So you all talk. This is the way with all you preachers. No I will risk it as I am. I have been honest; I owe no man, I have fed the hungry, clothed the naked, assisted the orphan, and protected the needy, sustained the widow. What more can I do? What more can any one do?"

"Believe in Christ," adds the minister.

"I do believe in him as the Bible tells me, and I show my faith by my works."

"Yes, but you are an unpardoned sinner."

"Well hav'nt I done all the good I can? And you come and tell me I am not far from the grave, and that I am still unfit to die. I will not believe it."

"But the Bible says, "Except ye be born again, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of God.'"

"I know nothing about the new birth. It don't concern me."

"Then you will not think about this subject now?"

"No, nor ever?' Don't mention it to me again. It makes me worse—it gives me pain and uneasiness. I will hear no more of it. If I am to die, I will die as I have lived, an honest, moral, benevolent man, and risk the other world."

"Say not so."

"But I will say so. My mind is made up, and I wish to hear no more about it."

Poor deluded brother, so near thy grave, and yet so blind. Rather pray for 'more light.'

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Again the scene changes. It is a calm Sabbath eve in the bright month of June. The last rays of the setting sun are flooding sky and earth with a mellow light. The scented breath of the dry June air is passing through the open window, to fan the fevered brow of the impatient sufferer, who reclines near it. Day after day has passed away and still he lingers on the shores of time, unwilling to die. Beside him sits an old friend and brother, who with him has knelt in 'days of auld lang syne,' at the mystic altar.

"I fear that I shall never get to Lodge again!" remarks the sick man, continuing the conversation.

"Well I wish you could; but you know there is a Lodge above where the parted can meet again."

"So it is said. I know you believe it, for I have heard you preach it. I don't know what to think about it."

"You would, if you would but think a moment. You have become nervous, you have been sick so long that it has even become a burden for you to think."

"Yes I know I have, and then Mr. ———, and Mr. ———, have been here almost every week for the past three months, talking to me about religion, until I am sick and tired of thinking about dying, and the other world."

"The Master's degree is a beautiful degree, ain't it," asks the visitor, abruptly changing the conversation.

"I always thought so."

"But did you never think that there was something emblemed in that degree—something behind the ceremony, that Masonry does not give. The form is there beautiful and life-like—but the power is wanting. Do you not see? I mean * *

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and the glorious resurrection to which it points,—when the Lion of the Tribe of Judah shall lay hold of the heart and raise it from the death of sin, and then to the glory of an endless life."

"I see, I see, as I never saw before," says the sick man.

The right weapon has been wielded—the rocky heart is smitten, and the perishing soul shall live.

The brother takes his hand, throws his arm about him, and gently drawing the head of the sick brother upon his shoulder, whispers in his ear: "as David loved Jonathan, so do I love you," and speaks to him of Jesus, the friend of sinners. It is enough. The sick man listens—and then with swelling heart and streaming eyes, says:

"Won't you pray for me?"

They kneel together, and now on this holy Sabbath evening their voices go up to God in humble confession and trusting prayer. "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted."

"Knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Again the scene changes. Month have passed since the last scene. Autumn with its wailing winds, and 'sere and yellow leaf' is upon the earth. Nature seems dying—all, all is fading—changing—dying. A night of storm has just passed away. Light is 'struggling for mastery,' in the east, with a huge bank of dark clouds. It is triumphant. The clouds are dispersed, and day dawns in brightness.

Friends and relatives are gathered about the couch of the dying one. The brother who had, months since, successfully pointed him to Jesus, holds his cold, cold hand.

While all around are weeping, how bright the smile that illumines his features! The fear of death is gone, the hope of blissful immortality dwells within!

In a low, feeble though confident tone he speaks:

"It has been good for me to be afflicted. I see it now. I would not live alway."

"Is all right beyond the tomb?" asks his friend and brother.

"All, all is well!" gasps the dying one, while his eye for a moment burns with a brighter lustre, and then the film of death comes over it.

"It is night—No, the sun rises!—Glory Glory!" and angels bear him to a clime where

"—— a sun shall rise
That shall glow forever
In unclouded skies."

The vision fades from our Mirror, but may its memory live in our hearts, and stimulate us to seek for, and point to, that rest where the care worn man shall bow him down before his God, and realize the "rest that remains for the faithful."

COMPLAINTS.

Some of our subscribers in the river towns complain that the "Magazine" does not reach them until about the middle of the month. With one of two exceptions the Magazine has been regularly mailed the first week of the month, and if it has failed to reach its destination, the fault is in the mails, not in us. Hereafter it will be mailed about the 25th of the preceding month, thus enabling all of our subscribers to receive the Magazine at the same time that it is delivered to the subscribers in our own city.

NEW LODGES.

We learn by a letter from the M. W. G. Master, Jo. L. Sillcox, that dispensations have been granted, since the July communication of the G. L., for Lodges, at the following places:

Mt. Vernon, Posey county.,
Williamsburgh, Wayne co.,
Greenwood, Marion co.,
Winchester, Randolph co.,
Madison, (German Lodge,) Jefferson co.,

We would again invite our friends in the various sections of our State and the West, to keep us advised of the prosperity of the Order in their localities. A few lines from them would be of great interest to the Order.

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Fraternal Correspondence.

FORT WAYNE, Ind , Dec. 14, '52.

MESSRS. EDITORS: On the 9th inst., I instituted "Auburn Lodge" No. 116, located at Auburn De Kalb co., Ind., assisted by P. D. D. G. M.'s—DRAKE and SANDERS—P. G.'s WELLS and LINK, of Fort Wayne Lodge No. 14, and BRO. FRANCIS S. AVALINE, of Harmony Lodge No. 19, at Fort Wayne. The officers elect, are JOSEPH D. DAVIS, N. G., B. G. COSGROVE, V. G., WESLEY PARKS, Sec'y. ; JOS. H. FORD, P. S., and S. W. RALSTON, Treas. Meets on Tuesday. This Lodge, I take pleasure in saying, starts under very favorable circumstances; the Hall is very nearly fitted up, and the charter members are some of the best men in the conuty, consequently, good Odd Fellows. Under the guidance of such men, there can be no doubt of the success of this or any other Lodge, as they are resolved to lock to quality, rather than numbers. After going though the preparatory requirements, four gentlemen, of whom any Lodge might well be proud, were initiated the same evening. My thanks are due to the very kind Brothers of Auburn, and to the past officers of Fort Wayne (who accompanied me thither) for their valuable services on the occasion. My best wishes for the Order, and prosperity to the "Western Odd Fellows' Magazine." Fraternally Yours,

O. W. JEFFORDS, D. D. G. M.

We make the following extract from a letter that reached here sometime in the latter part of November, during the absence of the Senior. To secure immediate attention, all communications in reference to the business or matter of the magazine, should be directed to "Anderson & Warren, Publishers, New Albany, Ind."

UTICA, Ind., Nov., 15th, 1852.

REV. P. G. G. B. JOCELYN:—Bro. I am directed to inquire of you, whether the following as contained in yous Magazine, (Nov. No., page, 145,) refers to the G. L. U. S., to the G. L. of Ind., or to Sub. Lodges:

"The G. L. U. S. confirmed the 4th decision so modified that when a vacancy was filled in office, the one so filling it was entitled to the full honors of the term without regard to length of service."

Does this decision apply to Subordinate Lodges, and have we the right to promote our officers under that decision?

H. D. SCOTT, Sec'y.

By reference to Oct. No., page 132, it will be seen that thd decision refers to Grand Lodges.

The law in reference to promotion of officers in' Subordinate Lodges in Indiana, will be found on page 3, of the "Revised Edition, January, 1852;' and in the case of "W. Cosgrove, of Kosciusko Lodge, No. 92," as recorded on pages 616-17-18, of the printed' proceedings of the "Communication of the R. W, G. Lodge of Indiana, January, 1852."

We have either a fortunate or unfortunate trait that is ever tempting us to appropriate any little piece of prose or poetry, that we may happen to stumble upon. Sometimes it leads us to commit a species of literary theft; but in the present instance, we cannot say that we are very guilty. The piece below we found——no matter where. It has neither date nor signature, and as it appears to be the original draft we will publish it, lest otherwise, the "one" for whom it was designed should never see it. As we happen to be well acquainted with the fair and lovely girl to whom the Acrostic is dedicated, we shall take particular care to see that it reaches her; so the author may rest easy on that score.

TO ONE I LOVE.

Endeared to me by many a smile of love,
Long will thy image dwell within my heart;
Long will the light of thy dark, lustrous eyes
Entrancing joys awake. Fond memory
No hour I spent with thee will e'er forget,—
Enshrined within my heart of hearts, each hour
Must live. And if, fair girl, I saw thy heart
Emblemed on thy face, its holy love
Reveals a fount made pure by breath of heaven.
Young angels there, of love might freely drink
And fear no poisoned cup. From that pure fount
Believe, dear one, I fain would drink sweet draughts.
Deny me not; there let me learn to love
In hope that I shall ne'er forget the power;—
Love thee! Intoxicate with bliss indeed!
Love thee, and know a foretaste pure of heaven.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Brothers desirous of subscribing to the Magazine can forward their subscriptions through the Representatives in the Grand Lodge at its meeting this month. We earnestly urge upon the Fraternity in our own State to aid us in this undertaking. One of the editors will, if not providentially prevented, attend the meeting of the Grand Lodge and will be glad to receive through our Representatives, such lists of subscribers as may be sent up at that time. If the Secretary, or some other member in each Lodge favorable to our enterprise will take hold of the matter, we shall expect at least ONE THOUSAND additional subscribers.

I. O. O. F.

OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
Shelbyville, Dec. 12, 1852,

TO THE D. D. MASTERS, OF INDIANA,

MY BROTHERS:—As co-adjutors of the undersigned, entrusted with the highly responsible duty of watching over and fostering the interests of the Order, committed to your known zeal and integrity; in order that the R. W. G. Lodge may be fully informed as to the condition and work of the various Lodges within this jurisdiction, you will anticipate the desire of the Grand Master, by forwarding a full return of your work, in due time to appear at the coming session of the Grand Lodge.

Communications after the 10th of January, may be directed to Indianapolis.

JOS. L. SILCOX, Grand Master.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1853. NO. VIII.

Original Story.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE TWO BANKRUPTS;

OR

SOCIETY AND ODD FELLOWSHIP CONTRASTED.

BY KATE BEMIES.

PART I.

JOHN JONES was one of the wealthiest of the second class of merchants in the city of New York. Although a small retail merchant a few years before the opening of our story, he was now an extensive jobber having a very large list of customers in the West.

His family was small. A son, about nineteen years of age, and a daughter some three years younger, were all that remained of seven children. In early life he had been poor, but by close attention to business, at forty-five, he was comfortably situated with hosts of friends around him.

His son, Albert, a noble-hearted, impulsive youth, had been brought up principally in the store, as it was his father's intention soon to retire from active business, and leave him to superintend his extensive establishment.

His daughter, Louisa, was a delicate, golden-haired, blue-eyed girl, possessing an unusually matured mind. At a very early age, she had exhibited precocity of intellect, and the ardor and intensity with which, during the past three years, she had devoted herself to intellectual pursuits, had already developed in her the premonitory symptoms of that fatal scourge of the north —Consumption. She had been educated at the first institutions in the city, and was mistress of all the accomplishments that wealth and position could command.

Matters remained in this prosperous condition until the crisis of 18—, that followed in the wake of those days of speculation, when every body expected to become rich by a few bold strokes. Property of all kinds, real and personal, had assumed a nominal value so far beyond the real one, that when the paper for which it had been sold, matured, there was not sufficient money to meet the demands, and when re-sold it frequently did not bring one-fourth of its purchase price. Of necessity, failures took place, and so interwoven had the various houses of the east and west become, that every failure affected a large number of firms. The vast fabric which wild speculation had reared upon the credit system as a basis, began to tremble, and, after the first shock, it was but a few years, ere the whole building, from foundation to cap-stone, had fallen down and buried thousands beneath its ruins.

For some time the failures did not affect Mr. Jones, and he fancied that he should escape unhurt. He had been very careful in his transactions and he considered those to whom he had sold on time doing a safe business. But soon the failures became so general that some of his best customers failed, and he found himself unable to meet his own paper at maturity. What was to be done? Again and again did he ask himself this question. Those to whom, in other days, he had shown pecuniary kindness, were unable or unwilling to assist him. His mind became so harassed and vexed, that, for a time, he was actually unfitted for business. Bankruptcy was constantly before him. It haunted him as did his shadow. If he sat in his counting room balancing his leger, it was there; if he remained at home to enjoy the society of his wife and family, it formed one of the evening circle; if he knelt in the sanctuary and strove to be devotional, its image was even there. It embittered his life.

But it was no time for despondency. Something must be done and that immediately. His son already knew his danger, but neither of them could see any way to avoid the impending stroke. He determined to make the facts known to his wife and seek her counsel. Perhaps her woman's wit would suggest some plan by which the blow night be averted. He knew that he could confide in her judgment—that she would not

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shrink from any duty or task that might be required of her. Although she was the center of a large and fashionable circle, and had, for years, boen accustomed to all the luxuries and flatteries of that circle, he had no fears that her mind and heart had become contaminated by its influence.

With this determination he started for his home.

"Why, husband! what makes you so late?" anxiously inquired his wife, meeting him at the door.

"It is not late, is it?" he asked, with a forced smile.

"Not late! Look at the clock. It is past twelve!"

"Impossible!" he added as he drew his gold repeater from his fob. "Why, it is after twelve! I had no idea it was so late."

He sat down by the side of his wife, and pondered how he should break the news of his probable failure to her.

"What is the matter, husband?" asked his wife, as she noticed his unusually troubled countenance.

"Mary, can you bear to hear bad news?"

What is it?"

"I—I am ruined!" said he with much effort.

"Ruined! How? What is the matter?" asked his wife in a tone of deep anxiety.

"I am a bankrupt! Thirty thousand dollars have to be paid this month, and I have not ten thousand to do it with!" and he seemed to breathe more freely, now that the worst was told.

For a few moments after this unpleasant revelation, his wife sat perfectly silent.

"John," said she breaking the silence, "we must sell all of our extra furniture, dismiss most of the servants, and thus a heavy expense will be avoided."

"But that will not save me. All the furniture we can possibly spare, including the carriage and horses, will not bring more than $3,000. I can not hope to collect over $5,000, and where the other $12,000 is to come from I can not tell."

Again both were silent.

"I have it!" said Mrs. Jones, her face brightening. "Could you not find some one who would lend you the money for a short time, and take a mortgage upon our property?"

"I dont know. I might. Yes, there is Jonas Sampson the broker, who, I doubt not, has funds. But he will charge an enormous per cent."

"Well you do that, and I will lessen our family expenses, as much as possible."

"And I will dispense with one of the clerks and Albert will devote his whole time to the store."

Thus speaking they retired to rest.

The next morning found Mr. Jones at the counter of Sampson, the Broker. After considerable apparent unwillingness upon the part of Sampson, he negotiated a loan for $10,000, for three months, by giving him a deed that covered property to the amount of $20,000. Papers were passed between them to the effect, that if the $10,000 were paid at maturity, the deed should be returned, if not the property was to be Sampson's. This was a desperate loan—without the loan he was insolvent—with it he could not be worse.

The money, thus obtained, put off for a little while the evil day. The almost weekly failures of other firms, against some of which he held large claims, rendered it impossible for him to meet all liabilities, and at the end of three months, redeem the deed held by Mr. Sampson. He determined if possible to save his residence, and the week before his note to Sampson was due, paid him $7,000, intimating that he might fall a few days behind with the other $3,000, but trusted it would make no serious difference to him.

For a few weeks longer he struggled hard to save himself from bankruptcy and ruin, but in vain. Ere five months had elapsed from the time he had borrowed the money from the broker, he was totally insolvent. His goods had been passed to his creditors barely paying forty per cent. on their claims.

"Well, Mary, it is all over! I am penniless and houseless!" said the discouraged Mr. Jones, one evening, a few days after he had ascertained the amount his assets had met.

"Is the house gone, too?" inquired his wife.

"Yes, yes, all is gone! And worse than everything else Sampson has cheated me out of the $7,000 I had paid him!"

"How?"

"You recollect I told you he had credited the amount on the deed. I thought he had, and when he claimed the house as his, I told him that if he took the house he would certainly refund the amount I had advanced towards redeeming it. He coolly denied the payment. I asked to see the deed. He showed it to me, and what was my utter stonishment to find no credit endorsed upon it!"

"Did n't you see him write the credit yourself?"

"Yes, but I presume that he had formed the deliberate intention of swindling me, and he must have had a forged deed upon which, in my presence, he had acknowledged the receipt of the money."

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"Is it possible! But will not the law reach him!"

"How can it! No one saw me pay him, and the written proof is either destroyed or is in his possession. The house is his in law. I have this day received a notice from him to vacate the house, or pay him $1,500 rent, quarterly in advance. This I can not do, and we must move where,——God only knows."

There was an unnatural calmness in the manner of Mr. Jones,—a calmness that almost amounted to indifference.

"Cheer up, husband," said his noble wife. "We have health left us, and if we can secure some humbler house, something may yet be done. You and Albert can secure situations as clerks, and upon your united salaries we can certainly live until the times grow better."

"No, Mary, I am totally discouraged. For the last three weeks I have been trying to obtain a situation and I can find none. Even Marshall Langton, whom I befriended when he was so poor, and who is now doing a good business, refused to give me a situation, telling me that the man who is incapable of doing business for himself, is unfit to transact it for others. Those whom I thought my best friends refuse me assistance —and many of them do not even recognize me as they pass me in the streets. I had no idea that those who were so intimate with me, and whom I have so frequently accommodated with money, could treat me so coldly. But so it is. This is the way with the world, and now that misfortune has come upon me and I am a penniless bankrupt I am cast off as dishonest."

At this moment, Albert and Louisa, who had been out to attend a public lecture, returned. Louisa had been weeping, and as she entered the room she buried her face in her mother's lap and gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

"What's the matter Louey?" kindly inquired Mr. Jones, as he placed his hand upon her head.

"Matter!" fiercely repeated the impulsive Albert. "Matter enough! Not a half dozen of all our acquaintances we met at the hall would recognize us. Thrice was the proffered hand of Louisa rejected by as many of her old associates. We were avoided by them as if we, had just escaped from the pest-house. Several times did I overhear the remarks, that 'they dress as well as if they were worth half a million. Jones must have broken full-handed!'"

Mr. Jones groaned, and the tears came into the eyes of his wife.

"Dastardly! to insult me by their false inuendoes, in the presence of my sister!"

But why need I repeat the bitter words uttered by Albert, or attempt to analyse and portray the feelings that dwelt in the breasts of that bankrupt and his family. They were bankrupts! what more could be said? Had not Slander already begun her infamous work, by charging dishonesty upon Mr. Jones? Had not his friends already forsaken him? Was he not left alone, to stem unaided the torrent that was sweeping him off! A few months since he had been in the foremost rank of society. His name was good for thousands; his family were honored, courted, flattered and fawned upon. Manæuvering mothers were laying plans by which they might entrap his children, for they were eligible matches, but now this same society has cast them off! His name is worthless on Wall street, and his family are intruders where they were once courted!

That night Mr. Jones slept not. All night long he paced to and fro in his bedchamber. When morning dawned his flushed features, throbbing head and rapid pulse bespoke the presence of disease. A physician was sent for, but ere he arrived, Mr. Jones was lying upon the bed in a state of total insensibility.

As soon as the physician saw him, he shook his head. He was in an apoplectic fit. A vein was opened in his arm, but it did no good. The pressure upon the brain had been too great, he was beyond hope. Vain are the tears of the wife and daughter—vain the entreaties of the son—vain the efforts of the physician. The bankrupt was dead leaving to his family no inheritance, save a dishonored name.

After the funeral, Albert succeeded in securing a small but neat house in the suburbs of the city. All the articles of furniture that were not needed, were disposed of, and the mother and daughter applied for and obtained plain sewing from one of the clothing establishments of the city, while Albert, day after day, sought for a situation as a clerk. He sought in vain. So many houses had failed that the city was full of unemployed men, and hundreds were suffering for want of work.

Thus the winter was spent. The mother and daughter were wearing their lives away and the son was unable to find anything he could do. When Spring returned it was evident that the health of the mother and daughter was perceptibly impaired. The constant labor that had been necessary to furnish them with food and fuel during the winter, had been too great for their feeble constitutions, and they were compelled to lessen their labors.

About this time, Albert, having given up all hopes of securing a clerkship, obtained

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work as a hod-carrier. The noble-hearted youth felt that no labor was too menial, if it would bring support for those whom he loved more dearly than life.

Thus for a time they got along as pleasantly as could be expected, barely making a living.

"Mother," said Louisa, one bright day in July, "don't you think it strange that none of our old friends come to see us!"

"I did think so for a while, Louisa, but I have concluded that the bond of society is a selfish one. So long as we had money and could appear well in the fashionable world, we had plenty of professed friends; but as soon as misfortune came upon us, and we were unable to minister to their pride or pleasure, we were cast off."

"Do you suppose they ever think of us!"

"I don't know. "Out of sight, out of mind" is an old, and I fear a true adage, when applied to society in general, but more especially applicable to the portion in which the standard of respectability is position or money, not merit."

"What a pity it is, that society is so heartless, but I suppose it must be, for out of all our old associetes, not one has been here for months," and a heavy sigh escaped her lips.

"It matters very little after all, Louisa. If we perform our duty and strive to be content, God will take care of us, and see that we do not suffer."

At that instant a loud rap was heard at the outer door. Louisa ran and opened it. Several men entered bearing an apparently lifeless body upon a rudely-constructed litter. At the sight of the bruised, bloody and mangled body of her brother, for it was he, she uttered a shriek and fell fainting to the floor. The surgeon who had accompanied the men, raised her up, just as Mrs. Jones came into the hall. She immediately comprehended that a serious if not a fatal accident had befallen her son; but with that resolution and presence of mind so frequently a trait of the maternal character, she controlled her own feelings, and said.

"The way, this way, doctor; place her upon the bed. Here, place Albert upon the settee."

The woman residing in the adjoining tenement, having seen the approach of those who bore the injured man, hastened to their assistance. To her care the surgeon resigned the daughter, and began to examine the wounds of the son. The pain attending the examination, caused the hitherto insensible young man to revive.

"Is he much hurt, Doctor!"

"I cannot tell, madam; I hope not."

"Where am I!" feebly asked Albert. "What is the matter!" he added, as severe pain extorted a groan from him.

"Matther indade," said one of the warm-hearted Irishmen who had assisted in bearing him home, "Matther indade! Arrah honey, an' did n't the ould scaffolding give way when ye was out an it, and did n't ye fall, from the third story an to the pavement! Faith! an' its a wonder, it is, ye're not kilt intirely! Now be aisy, will ye, an' let this jintleman of a docthor see where ye're hurt!"

The surgeon made his examination, and discovered a compound fracture of both the left thigh and arm and that several of the ribs were broken, besides other serious injuries. The surgeon set the broken bones, dressed his wounds, and retired after having given the necessary directions for the care of the young man.

Louisa, who had been restored to consciousness, came and knelt at the side of her brother, and said with a quivering lip,

"Do you suffer much, brother!"

"Yes, intense pain. But don't give way to grief. You see I am not killed, though I am dangerously hurt. But what will become of you and mother, for many a long week will pass before I can go to work again!"

Sure enough, what *will* become of them!

Day after day and week after week wore away, and still Albert Jones was a helpless invalid. All that the mother and daughter could earn was not enough to meet the expenses of the family, and when November came, two month's rent was due, and the landlord had become insolent and clamorous. He could not and would not permit them to occupy the house unless the rent was paid. Not a day passed over their heads but their heartless landlord sent them a dun for the rent. Albert was just getting so that he could walk across the room with a crutch, when an officer came and legally thrust them into the street, retaining a sufficient amount of their furniture to meet the rent due.

It was a cold day in the latter part of November when this was done. Where should they find a shelter and a home? Where *did* they find one?

Ask society, that society whose laws they had violated by being unable to pay their rent—that society whose officers had thrust two poor, weak females and a crippled youth into the street for no other crimes than poverty and misfortune. Ask those with whom they once associated and enjoyed all the pleasures that wealth and fashion can procure. Hunt up their sunshine friends, those who had often met in their parlors where the warm fire gave out its welcome heat; where the foot gave back no sound as it pressed the superb carpet; where the bright lamps shed a brilliant light upon richly furnished

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rooms; where the voice of happiness, the song of pleasure and the sound of mirth were heard, and ask them: What has become of the family of John Jones? and the answer, perchance, will be: Oh, *he* became a bankrupt! and that's all we know about it! Go ask those city officers, whose duty it is to care for the poor and the distressed, where the widow Jones lives? and no doubt their answer will be: Widow Jones! what widow Jones! Go ask the proud, the wealthy, the courted broker, Mr. Sampson, if he can tell what has become of the family of the man in whose mansion he now resides? and will not his answer be: Am I the keeper of Mr. Jones' family?

And is not this society, such as is seen around us every day? Does the wealthy man whom misfortune overtakes and robs of all his wealth leave no vacancy in the society of which he was once an ornament? Or is that society like the sea, that when some proud and richly-freighted bark goes down, with all on board, closes its waters above it, to sparkle as brightly in the sun, as if it hid no wasted fortunes beneath its quiet surface?

If the friends of former and happier days, will not find them; if those who should have charge of the poor know nought of them; if the rich broker has no trace of them; if the leaders of society have not seen them, let us see if we can discover whither they have gone.

'Tis midnight and winter. Along the almost deserted streets of New York, a fierce storm of mud and rain is madly driving. The lamps shed only a dim light but half dispelling the murky darkness. Here and there a spot more exposed has been covered with a mantle of ice, and gives a faint reflection of the adjacent lamps. The police venture out but for a few moments, and then retire to some place where the storm reaches them not. Occasionally as we pass along, we see a feeble light glimmering in some upper room where the sick or dying lie in vain upon their couches of down. From yon saloon gay lights stream forth, while the sound of the violin, the clatter of feet and the song of mirth tell us that the gay and careless are revelling there.

Here, beneath this arched doorway, let us pause and mark yon opposite mansion. Fierce as is the storm without, surely no discomfort can dwell within. Each shutter is closed, every curtain is drawn and from one window only—that one to the right of the marble steps—comes there a ray of light. We will not tarry, but note well the house—its marble steps—its gilded balcony—its ornamental front, visible even in the dim light that falls upon it!

Let us on in our search. How the storm rages! Wrap the folds of your cloak more closely about you! Those we seek are not here. They sleep not now upon beds of down enfolded with curtains of silk. ONCE they did! Eighteen months since they were honored and esteemed by the world! Smiles greeted them wherever they went, and hands pressed them a warm welcome. No party was complete without their presence, and no pattern so fashionable as the one they wore! But their wealth is gone!

On! through the storm. These almost regal mansions contain none but the rich, the honored and the fashionable!

We will also pass these humbler homes for they exhibit too much comfort for the discarded family of the dishonored bankrupt.

How gloomy it is here! No gas is here to to dispel the darkness! Let us enter this dismal alley! Ha! you hesitate! No wonder, for the mad wind sweeps, like the breath of the destroyer, through its dark labyrinths! Loose boards flap, half-hingeless shutters creak, boltless doors groan, and crazy windows rattle, making sweet music for the forsaken poor! It chimes well with the sadness of those whose hearts have known naught but sorrow and distress for years! The emaciated seamstresss as she plies her needle, hears the music! The poor invalid mother upon her couch of rags, with a starving babe tugging at her breasts, vainly striving to draw nourishment from the dried-up fountain, hears the music, and it accords well with the feeble wail of her perishing child! The stricken father, made poor by misfortune, as he lies upon his scanty pallet of straw hears the music as it mingles with the stifled sob of his heart-broken wife, and the bitter cry of his children for bread! These are the victims, not of crime, but of misfortune and want—victims whom society has thrust from its midst and left to perish!

From yon miserable abode, that seem to afford but slight protection from the storm, a faint and flickering light is shining. Let us enter.

Upon a low bedstead, over which a few ragged, but clean bedclothes are placed, lies a female. Some forty-three years have passed over her, but were we to judge from her haggard appearance, we would say she had seen, at least, three-score years. Her countenance wears an unearthly pallor while its shriveled appearance denotes that disease and 'gaunt and hollow-eyed famine' are inmates of the house. Occasionally pain wrings from her a low and half-suppressed moan. A brow where intellect seems enthroned, and an eye that still gleams with the fires of expiring thought are her's.

Near the almost extingeished fire sit two

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young persons, a male and a female. The young man has taken off his thin and threadbare coat, and placed it around the shoulders of his shivering sister. A frown has gathered upon his open brow. A fine form, well developed head, small gray eyes, and thin compressed lips, are his most prominent features. His sister is a consumptive, and that word describes her, for it tells of a narrow chest, poorly formed bust, slightly stooping figure, hollow cheeks, in the center of which glows the fatal hectic, while her large, blue eyes that seem to float in liquid tenderness and her full, high forehead mark her as one possessing intellect far above mediocrity.

What has placed them here, in this frail and leaky tenement? Has Crime done it? No. Misfortune and the neglect of those who should have prevented it, have placed them here; for in them you behold the family of the dishonored bankrupt. Here, here, where Sickness and Want hold high revel do you find them! One by one have they parted with the mementoes of their better and brighter days, until all are gone save a richly mounted portrait and a splendid family bible. These they felt unwilling to part with. One was the portrait of a kind husband and father; the other was that "Book of books," to which the hearts of the pure turn, in their affliction, as the needle to the pole—that book which points the faint and weary and forsaken of earth to a

"————heaven
In the climes above,
Where the bark rides safely
In a sea of love."

The Bible, that Chronicle divine where are found

"Wisdom for the simple,
Riches for the poor,
Hope for the desponding,
For the sick a cure,
Rest for all the weary,
Ransom for the slave,
Courage for the fearful,
Life beyond the grave!"

"Albert," said a feeble voice from the low bed.

The young man arose and with a slightly halting gait, approached his mother.

"How did you succed to-day?"

"No better than yesterday. I can obtain no work that I can now do. My arm is still weak, and I am unable to perform any labor that is to be done at this season of the year."

"I am sorry. I trust I shall be able to feel that it is all right, and for the best. This book," she continued, placing her hand upon the old bible that lay upon the bed near her, "tells me that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God.'"

Albert replied not. His heart was too full, and the tears were silently flowing down his manly cheeks. He had not the faith of his mother. He could have suffered alone; but to see his heart-broken mother dying for want of proper nourishment and his only sister passing away, without power to relieve was more than he could endure. It made him feel that they were suffering unjustly. He viewed their situation as the fault of society, and his heart rebelled against its laws. Often in the past few days he had been tempted to demand in spite of law, restitution at the hand of that one who had so basely wronged them. His heart rebelled against a society that would permit innocence and misfortune to suffer and die without making a systematic effort to prevent it.

"Albert," said the same faint voice, "is there nothing else we can sell?"

"Nothing, mother. Every thing has been parted with, except that portrait of father and this bible and these rags. Every trinket of jewelry, every article of clothing that would bring a farthing has been sold, and now *nothing is left for us but to die.*"

"Say not so my son. Take that portrait. to-morrow, and sell the frame. It is worth several dollars. With part of it you can reach another city and there procure employment."

"And who will take care of you and Louisa?"

"God, my child!"

"No, mother. God works through means, and what means are here to save you? You are confined to your bed, and she can not walk unassisted across the room. Those we once knew, and who could help us, have forgotten us; those who live near us are either so hardened that they will not, or so poor that they can not help us. No, mother, I will make *one more* effort, for you *shall have* nourishment!" and as these last words came through his almost closed teeth his eyes burned beneath his knit brows with a malignant fire.

The pain and succeeding faintness that came upon his mother prevented her seeing anything unnatural in his look. He moistened her lips with a little water, and in a few moments she recovered.

"My son, think not too much about me, for I shall soon leave you. I feel that my life is almost spent. I am weaker to-night than ever. The last nourishment you gave me did no apparent good. I am failing rapidly. But for myself I care not. I am prepared to die. In yon bright world," she continued, raising her eyes and endeavoring to lift her hand, "in yon bright world, I have a home—*a blessed home*. My faith has not been in vain. God will not let it fail me now. He sustains me, and if it is his will that I should die thus and here *I am content!*"

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A smile that seemed reflected from heaven stole over her wan features.

For a few moments Albert sat in thoughtful silence. He had heard but little of what his mother had said, for a plan that he had been maturing for this emergency, should it come, was being revolved in his mind. Starting to his feet he exclaimed with unusual energy.

"Yes I will do it! There is no other hope! I will make the effort, and make it *now!* I will go to him who has withheld from us that which is our due, and demand of him enough to satisfy our present wants, and *I will have it!*"

"Albert! Albert!" spoke his mother.

He heard her not as he rushed from the room in a state of mind bordering on madness. He felt stronger than he had for months. His lameness was scarcely perceptible. The storm beat upon him, but he heeded it not! His brain was on fire! His blood bounded through his arteries as if the heart that propelled it had nerves of steel! On through the wild storm he hastened nor stayed a moment until he reached the splendid mansion with marble steps and gilded balcony.

The light still shone in that one window. *He* was up and, perchance, alone.

The young man mounted the steps, passed in at the hall door which was never locked, and, unannounced, enter the small room where sat Jones Sampson, the broker. Had the ghost of the departed bankrupt risen through the floor, he could not, for a moment, have been more terrified. He sat incapable of motion, his eyes fixed, his face pale and his blood flowing in icy torrents back upon his heart. He cowered beneath the flashing eyes of the son of the bankrupt.

"Sir" said Albert in a voice hoarse with passion, "I have come to demand of you the money you owed my father!"

"I did not owe him," gasped the terrified broker, partially recovering himself.

"Tis false!" answered young Jones.

"Are you crazy or drunk?" asked the now restored broker.

"I am neither," said Albert with a calmness more startling than the fiercest passion. "I wonder I am not crazy. But I came not here to bandy words. You owed my father. You refused to pay him while living, and I now demand it. Since his death, disease and poverty have come upon us. My mother lies dying in a low hovel on———alley, for want of proper nourishment; my sister is starving, and this shrunken arm and these rags tell what I am. I now demand of you restitution. Will you make it!"

By a strong effort the broker remained outwardly calm. Guilt and fear were lurking in his heart, and blanching his cheek.

"Albert Jones, I owed not your father. He borrowed money of me to be paid upon a certain day or this house should be mine. That day has passed. The money is not returned; this house is mine. You have no claim upon it or me."

"'Tis all paid back but a small portion and you know it. By some fraud of yours the money was not credited upon the deed. Now, I will not leave here until you grant my request!"

"I owe you nothing!" stubbornly replied, the broker.

"You lie!" replied Jones with a fierce scowl.

"Leave my house, this instant, you villain," said the now exasperated broker, "or I will call the servants to thrust you out. Begone, I say!" and he rose to grasp the bell-rope that hung suspended a few feet from him.

"Touch that bell, and you die!" said Jones drawing a pistol from his bosom. "Touch it and you die that moment!"

The hand of the broker fell nerveless by his side. He was at the mercy of the son of him he had wronged. He would have called for help but the power of utterance was gone.

"Money!" demanded Jones, approaching nearer, the pistol still aimed at the head of the trembling broker. He stood as if transfixed by the two burning eyes that glared upon him.

"Money! money! Time is precious, and you are wasting it. I give you one minute to accede to my request; and if the pendulum of that clock ticks sixty times and the money is not given me you die!"

Without, the wind was howling, and the driving sleet and rain were beating upon the closed shutters. Within, no sound was heard save the ticking of the clock, and the hard breathing of the two men. Albert stood erect, while his eye and lips and steady nerves spoke the fixed purpose of his soul.

"Thirty seconds! Your time is half out!" said young Jones in a low, thrilling whisper.

"Forty-five!" again came from his half-open lips.

No sound, no sign came from the rich broker.

"Fifty-five!" came hissing between the thin, compressed lips of Albert, at his eye glanced along the barrel of the pistol.

"Spare me! I yield," groaned the broker, as he sunk trembling into his chair. "How much would you have?"

"All you owe us."

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"I have it not here."

"All you have then."

"There it is," he said, as he emptied the contents of his purse upon the table.

Still holding the pistol, aimed at the broker's head, he approached the table, grasped, with his almost useless left hand, the money, and hastened from the room. With one bound he cleared the marble steps and hurried with winged speed towards the place where his mother and sister lay dying.

Sampson sat trembling for a few moments where young Jones had left him, and then went to the door. A policeman, more faithful than his companions, appeared tramping his usual round. The broker called him, and in a few hurried words told him what had transpired, and directed him to the place where Albert Jones was staying. The policeman, calling to his aid another one, started in immediate pursuit.

Albert Jones halted not until he entered one of those low sinks of iniquity, where liquor and a few articles of diet are kept for sale. His excitement was passing away, and as he encountered the foul, close air of the heated room, a faintness came over him. By a forced effort, he stepped up to the bar and called for a glass of brandy. The stimulus revived him. Purchasing a few articles of diet, and a bottle of wine, he again started home, with a comparatively light heart.

He soon reached the miserable abode, which the presence of his mother and sister made a home, but he reached it too late! His mother was dead! By her side lay Louisa, bleeding copiously from the lungs. She essayed to speak but could not. Bending over the corpse of his mother he murmured, "Too late! too late!" No tear dimmed his eye. His grief was too great for tears, for he had suddenly fallen from an eden of anticipated bliss, to a desert of unspeakable woe!

Calmly he closed the eyes of the dead, and composed her limbs for the coffin. Raising his sister in his arms he bore her to the chair near the almost extinguished fire. The hemorrhage had ceased. He poured a little weakened wine into her mouth.

"She is gone, Albert!" faintly whispered the dying girl.

"You feel better, don't you Louey?" he asked, and he kissed her cold forehead.

"Yes, brother," was the feeble response.

"But mother is in a better ———."

A fresh hemorrhage checked her utterance.

"Be calm, Louey! Be calm. You are too weak to talk now!"

Her head sank upon his arm. She had again fainted.

"Louey! Louey! sister! Speak to me!" frantically cried Albert, as he bathed her face with water.

The fainting girl revived. "Brother," whispered she "has not the storm ceased? I do not hear it! How light the room is! What beautiful visions, what heavenly music? Precious Savior?"

Her head fell upon her bosom, a stream of blood issued from her lips; her heart ceased to beat. Amid beautiful visions, seraphic symphonies, and the light of glory beaming upon her spiritual eye, she had passed to heaven.

Albert Jones was now alone with the dead!

Alone with the dead! The wild winds that howled around that desolate mansion, made not as melancholy music, as was throbbing in his heart. Death had claimed the only two beings that bound him to earth. He gazed upon the cold features of his mother, upon which there lingered a smile—the impress of opening heaven—that death dared not efface. By her side lay her dead daughter. The hectic had not yet faded from her cheeks. Her unclosed eyes, in whose dim depths no pictures were formed, returned no answering expression to his ardent gaze. Her attenuated hands were folded upon her still bosom, and contrasted strangely with the spots of blood that had welled out with her life, and stained the garment she wore. To them—the mother and the sister—the sound of the raging storm came not. They felt not its power, nor did their delicate frames shrink as the frail mansion shook beneath the rude blast. From them the darkness and winter had passed away! Their souls were basking in a clime, athwart whose blue sky no storms ever come—within those borders no sorrows ever enter—a clime of unclouded splender.

Alone with the dead! Albert Jones still knelt by the side of the departed ones, when the door opened and two men in the garb of policemen entered the room. He raised his eyes. but moved not.

"We arrest you" said one of them, placing his hand upon his shoulder, "on a charge of rob—" His voice faltered as he saw he was in the chamber of death.

"Are they dead?"

"Yes dead! and murdered at that!" said Albert, with a vehemence that startled both of the policemen. "Ay, murdered!" he continued as he took the hand of his dead mother, "murdered by him at whose command, I suppose, you arrest me!"

"How!" asked one of the policemen.

"How! Why he withheld from us what was her due, and bankruptcy and ruin came upon us. Society marks us as dishonest and cast us off. Poverty came—then sick-

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ness—then starvation, and they died!' and died through his legalized villainy. To night, ere they died I went to him, and demanded restitution. He refused, I compelled it—and am in the eyes of society and the law, a robber, and he is an honest man! I yield to you, but drag me not from them tonight;" and he pointed to the forms by his side.

The two officers consulted together for a few moments, and then one left, while the other seating himself by the fire which he had replenished, remained to watch the living, not the dead.

For an hour or more, the relative position of the two remained unchanged—the policeman by the fire, Albert by the dead. Not a word was spoken, for the former slept—the latter thought. O, how bitterly he thought! The past, more vivid than reality was before him—its early days and pleasures—its halcyon hours—its prosperous times. Then cames its reverses—its hours of gloom—its misery—and he pressed his hand upon his forehead and rubbed his eyes and gazed upon the bodies of the dead before him to assure himself that the wretched present was not all a horrid dream. What had he done to merit all this? Why was he cast off? For him society had no helping hand—he was *but one* in the great aggregate of millions, and it mattered not what became of him. So he felt now. Alas how changed! He who might, if proper assistance and kindness had been shown him, be now an honored man, is a criminal. For him all hope of favorable distinction is gone. Misfortune drove him forth society forsook him, the tempter came—he fell.

What should he not do. Ought he to remain, and receive the brand of the felon? Shall the son of the dishonored and discarded bankrupt, tell to the world that he had not faith and courage sufficient to see his mother and sister die, and make no effort—even though that effort were crime—to save them? No it must not be.

The loud snoring of the contented official told how soundly he slept. Albert Jones had resolved. He took one, long, earnest look at the dead, pressing his burning lips to the cold lips of each, and fled.

Morning came. The officer awoke. The dead were there, but the living had gone! Whither?

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

The memories of childhood, the far-away days of boyhood the mother's love and prayer, the voice of a departed playfellow, come upon the heart in the joyous time like the passage of a pleasant dream, and cast a ray of their own purity and sweetness over it.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE RIVER JORDAN AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY PROF. THOS. H. SINEX, A. M.

THE contemplation of natural scenery is, to some minds, a source of peculiar pleasure. In the absence of the reality the scene transferred to canvass or existing only in the imagination, inspires emotions of exquisite delight. The grandeur, magnificence or beauty of some object is instrinsic, in others it is derived from associations connected with them.

From the religious nature of the associations clustering round some objects of natural scenery, the emotions inspired by them, have assumed the character of adoration, Hence, the Ganges is worshipped by the Indian, and human sacrifices are cast into the darkly-rolling waters; aud the Nile, once adored by the ancient Egyptians is now revered by the Mahometans. But without participating in the superstitious feelings of the Pagan or the followers of the false Prophet, we may justly regard the JORDAN as the most sacred river of the world.

Some rivers are remarkable for beauty and magnificence; others are intimately connected with classic story, and others are associated with scenes of strange adventure and battle-strife All these characteristics belong to this sacred river, which, with its interesting localities; enchanting scenes and holy memories, strengthens the Christian's faith and increases the fervor of his dovotion.

The sources of the Jordan are found at the southern base of Mt. Libanus. Innumerable rivulets, formed by the melting snows of the mountains, concentrate in a small lake, called in Scripture, the 'waters of Merom.' Flowing thence in a southerly direction for a short distance the river expands into the memorable 'lake of Genessareth,' or 'sea of Galilee.' Sixty miles further south is the Dead Sea, into which it pours its accumulated waters, after pursuing a tortuous course of more than two hundred miles. Its channel is, in some places, narrow and deep, at others it expands and is interspersed with islands, clad with shrubbery and flowers. For some distance from its source, its waters are clear and limpid, and flow gently with an even current, and anon they rush wildly over numerous cataracts, and from the nature of the banks composed of alluvial deposits of clay and loam, they became turbid long ere they reached the sea.

The Jordan has two sets of banks, by the first of which it is usually confined, but which it sometimes overflow. They are

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clothed with an undergrowth of reeds and cane, above which flourish the tamarisk and oleander, while willows overhang the brink and lave their branches in the stream. The boughs of these trees form a delightful resort for birds of cheerful song and gayest plumage, while the jungles beneath are the favorite haunts of the lion and the boar. The long continued rains and melting snows of the mountains produce frequent inundations, and the wild beasts roused from their lairs by the roaring and tumbling waters, reluctantly retire, and being driven into the open country above, spend their rage upon the harmless flocks and unsuspecting villagers, thus giving significenee to the allusion of the Prophet: "He shall come up like a lion from the swelling of the Jordan against the habitations of the strong."

Seven miles south of Lake Hulch, or the waters of Merom, the Jordan expands into the sea of Galilee. It is from six or seven miles wide and twelve miles long. It is by no means remarkable for beauty, for all around it are barren and rocky mountains with yawning chasms and frightful precipices. A deep basin surrounded by mountain barriers, cleft in the north and south for the passage of the river, this lake was not often subject to continued storms, but sometimes the winds, rushing down upon it, with their violence increased by passing through the mountain gorges, lashed its surface into foam and caused its waves to dash tumultuously upon the shores.

In the early part of the ministry our Savior, while walking upon the beach of this lake, he saw fishermen engaged, some casting their nets into the water, and others mending theirs in their ships, and called four of them to be his deciples. After a dreary night of anxious toil and disappointed effort, he gave them such success that they at once confessed his divine power and left all to follow him. Henceforth they were his constant attendants, and sitting at his feet, they acquired that knowledge, which from them has been transmitted to succeeding ages, and is now the rule of virtue, the basis of science and the power which governs nations as well as men. We too must confess his power divine, or attribute to the unlettered fishermen of Galilee, wisdom superior to that of all the sages of antiquity and success greater than that which has followed the efforts of the combined talent and chivalry of the world?

It was here also that Jesus, seated upon a vessel moored a little way from the shore, discoursed to the multitudes crowded along the beach and in dense masses extending far out into the plain, listening with rapt, attentson to the astounding truths and eloquent lessons, such as never before had fallen upon their delighted ears.

Upon the evening of the same day, as He and his disciples were crossing over to the other side a great storm of wind arose and endangered the vessel. We may imagine the consternation of those on board, as the gathering clouds loomed up portentously; the lightning flaming athwart the lurid heavens and the deep-toned thunders howling amid the mountain crags, while the winds with terrific fury leap down upon them from the hights above, and beneath the frantic waves seems ready to engulph them. While all others are filled with dismay, one of the number sleeps upon the heaving bosom of the angry sea, amid the roaring of the tempest, calmly and sweetly as an infant in its mother's arms, lulled by the melody of a mother's voice. But, as the ship, plunging amid the foaming surges, is about to fill with water, his terrified disciples arouse him saying, "Master, carest thou not that we perish!" Then He arises from his pillow advances to the prow of his vessel, and standing erect, with his hand extended in the attitude of command, exclaims. "Peace, be still!" The voice that rings out amid the howlings of the tempest, is the voice of God who spake creation into being and the winds are hushed and the waves sink to rest, and like the chained lion at the feet of his tamer, the storm-fiend crouches submissively before him.

On another occasion, having provided for the wants of the multitudes by the memorable miracle of the loaves and the fishes, he sent them away, and constrained his disciples to get into a ship and go before him to the other side. He himself went into a mountain apart to pray. While the dews of night were falling upon the solitary Son of man, wrestling in supplication upon the dreary coast of Galilee, the ship in which his disciples had embarked was in the midst of the sea tossed by the waves. But in the fourth watch of the night Jesus came to them walking upon the sea! They, peering out through the gloom, behold the misty form approaching them. Believing it to be an apparition, alarm seizes their breasts, and as the supposed spectre nears the vessel, they utter exclamations of astonishment and fear. Then is heard the well known voice of their Master, in kindest accents saying, "It is I fear not." Peter, characterized by impetuosity and rashness, asked and obtained permission to come to him upon the water. Then climbing over the vessel's side and letting himself down, he finds the tide unyielding beneath his feet, but as the waves roll up around him and the dashing spray sports above him, he shrieks, stretching out

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his hands imploringly, "Lord save me!" The compassionate Savior grasps the sinking disciple and bears him to the ship.

Near the sea, at the base of the overhanging mountains are the smouldering ruins of Chorazin, Bethsaida and Capernaum, exhibiting with remarkale fidelity the awful fulfillment of the prophetic woes of him whose works they disregarded and whose warning voice they would not heed.

In after years this lake was the scene of a most desperate engagement between the Jews and Romans. Vespasian having taken Tiberias, pitched his camp between that city and Taricheæ. While some of his men were at work on the fortifications, they were assaulted by a party of Jews and for a time gave way but being reinforced, they drove the assailants back towards the sea and forced them to take refuge in their ships. In the mean time, Titus had engaged a large body of Jews in another part of the plain. He defeated these and pursuing them to the gates of Taricheæ, boldly entered after them and made himself master of the city. Vespasion then ordered vessels to be built in order to attack those who had taken refuge on the sea. All things having been made ready he sailed in pursuit. The Jews, being inferior boats, and the Romans having possession of the coasts, they fought with desperation until all were slain. Some were transfixed with Roman pikes some were cleft down with the sword, and others were overwhelmed in the waves. The whole sea was discolored with the blood of the slain. Along the shore were drifted piles of wrecked and shattered vessels and the bloated and mangled bodies of the dead. Thus perished, in the two engagements, six thousand five hundred Jews. How revolting to the mind is this scene, though connected with the splendid triumphs of the future Emperors of Rome, when compared with the simple yet sublime scenes, hallowed by the presence of the Savior of men!

In full and distinct view from the lake are the celebrated mountains of Hermon and Tabor. The first, with its summit crowned with snow, glowing in bright effulgence, the latter towering up in solitary grandeur from the valley of Jesreel. The area of its top is encircled with stately trees except on the south, at which place is obtained one of the most beautiful prospects in the world. Allowing the eye to range over the surrounding country, there is seen far in the distance the Mediterranean, while just below are the beautiful plains of Esdraelon and Galilee. Next appear the lofty mountains of Gilboa and the sea of Tiberias, then the Mount of Beatitudes and the aerial city of Saphet and finally the mountains of Lebanon, Carmel and the hill of Samaria.

Surrounded by such magnificent scenery is the supposed place of the Transfiguration of Christ. Attended by three of his disciples whom he chooses as witnesses of the sublime transaction, he ascends to the summit of Tabor. When he became "God manifest in the flesh" he laid aside his glory and vailed his divinity in the grossness of humanity. But now a revelation of that glory is about to be made to those who in due time shall testify it to the world. A change passes over the person of their Master. The lines and shadows of earthly substance fade away, and before them stands a glorious image; his face radiant as the noonday sun and his raiment white as the light. The impenetrable vail which conceals from mortality the visions of the heavenly world is parted and with the glory streaming from above, descend the bright spirits of Moses and Elias, while an intervening cloud arrests the gaze pursuing joyous scenes beyond. The Savior is now invested, for a brief period, with the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, prior to the humiliation of the cross and the terrors of Calvary, and his disciples are favored with a glance of his state of exaltation, to prepare them to see him crucified and buried in the tomb.

Their joy was full, but while they express a desire to abide there continually, a voice from above overpowering and terrible, causes them to prostrate themselves upon the ground; and as thus they lie, the vision fades away.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE is the grand remedy for all social evils. Love to God and man works no evil in community.

THE man of Truth is also the man of power. Falsehood may give influence for a time, but its mask is soon torn off and its advocate becomes powerless and is forsaken by those over whom he once swayed the sceptre of his influence.

HOME consists not in houses or in furniture, but in the affections of the heart.

To the good, the grave is the vestibule of Heaven, in which the garments of mortality are exchanged for the "wedding garment" that shall admit them to the marriage feast of the Son of God.

WHOEVER sincerely tries to do all the good he can, will probably do much more than he imagines.

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[ORIGINAL.]

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. A. HACKLEMAN, G. REP., G. L. U. S.

LECTURE NO. II.

In concluding our first lecture, we alluded to the institution of the G. L.'s of Massachusetts, New York and Pennsylvania. The first was instituted June 11th, the second June 24th, and the third June 27th, 1823, by G. M. Wildey in person. During his visit to N. Y., G. M. Wildey succeeded in making an arrangement with Columbia Lodge by which that Lodge surrendered to the G. L. of Maryland, &c. the dispensation granted to it by the Loyal Beneficent Duke of Sussex Lodge, thus narrowing the claim to power in Odd Fellowship in the U. S. to a single fountain. This was one of those happy strokes of policy by which the early movements of the Order in this country are characterized, and to which it is so much indebted for its prosperity, A charter was granted to Columbia Lodge No. 1, by the G. L. of Maryland, &c. in lieu of the one surrendered, thus making, as we have already intimated, the charter granted by the Duke of York Lodge, Preston, to Washington Lodge No. 1, and by that Lodge surrendered to the P. G.'s of Maryland, the only true source of power in Odd Fellowship in the country. The P. G.'s. of Maryland were not atcuated by selfish motives in laboring to secure the unity of the Order, but by a desire to found it upon a firm and stable basis, thereby preventing schisms and discord, and crowning its career with ultimate success and prospective glory. Their subsequent conduct abundantly sustains the truth of this position.

Columbia Lodge, No. 3, of Maryland, was the first *new* subordinate Lodge chartered by the G. L. of Maryland, &c., which event occurred, Dec. 7th, 1823. The following order was entered upon the Journal:

"*Ordered*, That the G. L. open Columbia Lodge No. 3, and proceed to make those proposed, if found worthy; after which the officers are to be elected and installed, and they to appoint their subordinate officers."

The object of this order is apparent; it was that the officers of the new Lodge might be fully instructed in the work of initiation by seeing it performed by experienced officers, and to secure uniformity in its ceremonials; an example which, as is sugaested in a note to the Journal, might be followed, when practicable, at the present day, with beneficial results.

At this communication, Grand Secretary Entwisle prepared a letter in answer to one which had been received from Boston, extracts from which appear in a note to the Journal. Everything emanating from the pen of that brother is marked with that degree of good sense and sound discrimination which entitles it to our highest admiration. We will be pardoned for introducing a single extract.

"As individuals of one great body, we ought to be careful whom we elect to offices which give weight and consequence to the incumbents; but when so selected, we ought to pay due respect both to the office and the officer, and we should reasonably expect that brothers who thus pass the post of honor and who are admitted members of the G. L., are worthy of trust and confidence in the Order; and that, as a body, their judgment ought to be respected by those who are not so far advanced, and who cannot therefore be presumed to have the same experience." He speaks particularly in regard to the prerogative, duties and responsibility of the G. M. and of his liability to punishment for an imprudent exercise of his powers, using the following language which is equally applicable to all officers in every department of Odd Fellowship—"Although he be the G. M., he is still an Odd Fellow, and must act with an undeviating reference to the fundamental principles of the Order." The substance of Bro. Entwisle's instructions is: Be careful in the selection of your officers, but when selected, treat them with becoming respect and fraternal courtesy, and while it is your duty to sustain them in the lawful exercise of their powers, they are not to forget that they are Odd Fellows, or overlook the fundamental principles of the Order.

At the annual communication, held February 22nd, 1825—"It having been proposed," says the Journal, "to separate the powers of the G. L., so that the G. L. U. S. might be composed of Representatives and Proxies of the several G. Bodies, and the G. L. of Maryland to exercise jurisdiction over Maryland alone, the same having been submitted to the G. Lodges," on motion, the G. L. proceeded to the election of a member to represent the G. L. of Maryland, which resulted in the election of G. Sec. Entwisle. The G. L. of Massachusetts had already selected G. M. Wildey, the G. L. of New York, P. G. Scotchburn, and the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Grand Guardian Boyd, as proxies to represent them in a preliminary meeting having for its object the ultimate organization of a Grand Lodge of the United States as a separate body. They met immediately and passed resolutions, in substance, that it was essen-

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tially necessary to the success of the G. L. that it should be established on a most undoubted basis, to which end it was advisable to obtain from the G. L. of Maryland, &c., the charter under which that Lodge was working; that said G. L. be invited to convey the charter obtained from England, to the G. L. U. S. in a separate and distinct capacity, for the exclusive use of that body, and that the Representatives of each G. L. communicate with their constituents on the propriety of obtaining said charter, &c. This was another step in the progressive development of the Order—the little brook is increasing in magnitude; the flowing river appears in the distance!

At the same communication, the G. L. of Maryland, &c., adopted a resolution providing for a T. P. W. and one for the ensuing year was selected. This was the commencement of a regulation which has had a powerful tendency to preserve the unity and harmony of the Order. A letter was presented which had been received from England, announcing an alteration in the S's, &c., which seems to have given dissatisfaction, for it was "ORDERED, That a letter be sent in reply, expressing our disapprobation of such alterations, and requiring further information relative thereto." While our fathers in the Order were *progressives* in their system of government, they appear to have been strict *conservatives* so far as the peculiar work was concerned, and strongly wedded to its "ancient landmarks," a position to which, I have no doubt, their labors owed much of their success, and which is worthy of our imitation.

There were but six subordinate Lodges in the U. S. at this time; one under the jurisdiction of the G. L. of Massachusetts, one under that of the G. L. of New York, one under that of the G. L. of Pennsylvania, and three under that of the G. L. of Maryland. We have no means of arriving at the number of members, or the amount of annual revenue, as it was not reported. Nos. 1 and 2 of Maryland reported their revenue, but not their membership.

At a called session of the G. L. of Maryland, &c., April 15th 1824, the G. Sec. reported that the proceedings of the Representatives and Proxies at the preliminary convention of Feb. 22nd 1824, had been approved by the several Grand Lodges. The whole subject was referred ro a committee composed of G. M. Wildey, D. G. M. Welch, and G. Sec. Entwisle. They reported a preamble and resolutions which were unanimously adopted. As they constitute an important event in the transition of the Order to a higher state of governmental policy, I will doubtless be excused for quoting them entire. They were as follows:

"*Whereas*, it is expedient, in sound policy, that the Grand Lodges of the Order of I. O. F. in the United States, should hold a close adherence and a regular correspondence with each other, and it is important in strict justice to render the several Grand Lodges in the Union independent of each other, and equally represented in a G. L. U. S., either by Representatives or Proxies, and that it is inexpedient as well as invidious that the G. L. of Maryland and the G. L. U. S. should act under the same charter, and be presided over by the same G. M., whereby the office of G. M. would be confined to the State of Maryland, to the preference of one State and possibly to the injury of the whole: Therefore be it *Resolved*,

1st. That we highly approve of the city of Baltimore in the State of Maryland as the permanent seat of the G. L. U. S., being central in situation as well as senior in the Order.

2nd. That we hail with grateful remembrance the day when the Grand Charter was vested in the P. G's. the death blow of schism and dissensions and the epoch of prosperity in the Order.

3rd. That the G. Charter of Maryland and of the U. S. be vested in the P. G's of the G. L. U. S., and that Maryland shall receive a G. Charter from the same, and thereupon resign all claim or title to or f.om it other than common with other G. Lodges, which said charter shall have and contain, in the engrossing thereof, a clause representing the said investment and condition; and further that the G. L. of Maryland and of the U. S. doth give the said charter on condition that they keep the G. L. U. S. in Maryland.

4th. That the G. M. and Proxies of the several G. Lodges proceed forthwith, and are required to complete the Constitution of the G. L. U. S., and have the same brought forward for consideration and adoption, on or before the second Quarterly Meeting, the 22nd of August.

5th. That when passed, a correct copy of the Constitution be forwarded to each G. L. within one month after the aforesaid time, in order that the necessary information may be received thereon previous to the next Annual Meeting."

The Constitution was reported by the Committee and adopted at the August Communication, 1824. P. G. John Common was elected a Representative in the G. L. U. S. at this Communication in place of O. Secretary Entwisle, deceased, an account of whose death we gave in our first lecture. A copy of the Constitution is given in a note to the Journal, but it would be uninteresting to notice it in detail. It provided for the

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Annual Meetings on the 22nd day of February of each year, made the tenure of the officers four years and declared that Baltimore should be the permanent seat of the G. L. U. S. The tenacity with which the fathers in the Order clung to the 22nd of February, is proof that they regarded it as an important day from one of the two considerations, mentioned on a former occasion. Pennsylvania objected to the article declaring Baltimore the "permanent seat" of the G. L., and New York to the one requiring the D. G. M. to reside in Maryland. With these exceptions, the G. Lodges approved of the Constitution, which was a pretty good document for the first effort.

The G. L. of Maryland, &c. held one more Quarterly Meeting before the final separation of its powers, November, 22nd, 1824, at which it resolved that the Annual Meeting of the G. Lodge of Maryland should be held on the 15th day of January, it "being the birth-day of the founder of Odd Fellowship in the United States."

On the 15th of January, 1825, another preliminary meeting was held preparatory to the permanent organization of the G. L. U. S. P. G. Charles Common, Representative of Maryland, P. G. Maurice Fennell, Proxy Representative of Massachusetts, P. G. Thomas Scotchburn, Proxy Representative of New York, and P. G. John Boyd, Proxy Representative of Pennsylvania were present, all being P. G's of Maryland. The preamble and resolutions adopted by the G. L. of Maryland, &c., April 15th 1824, already quoted, and the Constitution of the G. L. U. S., as recommended by said G. L. and approved in its principal features by the other G. Lodges, were presented and accepted. The Reps. and Proxy Reps. proceeded to the election of officers of the G. L. U. S., when P. G. M. Wildey was unanimously elected G. M.; P. D. G. M. Welch unanimously elected D. G. M., and William Williams elected G. Secretary, an the first ballot. P. G. Thomas Mitchel was appointed O. Guardian. Having elected the officers the Representatives and Proxy Representatives adjourned.

The officers elect and the Representatives &c. met on the 22nd of February, 1825, according to previous arrangement; but they postponed the installation of officers and other business until the 30th of January, at which time they met and installed the officers to serve four years, the time prescribed in the constitution. How beautifully and smoothly the Order passed through the successive stages of its development; and now we have the G. L. U. S. fully organized and officered! It sprung from the G. L. of Maryland, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, full armed and panoplied, for its bright career of usefulness and ultimate glorious destiny, though, unlike Minerva, it has grown vastly in strength, dimensions and beauty, and still continues to grow, notwithstanding it has reached the age of twenty-seven! All its Officers and Representatives *then* lived in Maryland and amounted to eight—four Representatives and four officers —*now* it has more than ninety Representatives, eight P. G. Sires, residents and Representatives of thirty of the thirty-one States of the Union!

The venerable founder of the Order, the first N. G., the first P. G., the first G. M., the first P. G. M., the first G. Sire, and the first P. G. Sire, recognized as legitimate, whose robust constitution has withstood the ravages of time, still mingles with the Representatives and watches the increasing proportions of the G. L. U. S., the extension of its jurisdiction over new fields of labor, and the growing prosperity of the Order with feelings akin to those of a parent at beholding the prosperity of his children!

Who will say that the Patriarchs of the Order were short-sighted, unwise, or illiberal? No doubt the good people of Baltimore who paid any attention to the matter and who were not identified with the Fraternity, were vastly amused with the idea of six or eight men assuming the title of "Grand Lodge of the United States" and imitating the General Government in the tenure of its presiding and other officers and the extent of its jurisdiction. But they trusted in God, as we shall have occasion to show hereafter, believed that the hand of Providence was in the movement, and "fixed their eyes in hopefulness on the future." They were laying the foundations of an institution, contrary to the prospects which seemed to surround them, which should outlive its founders, and continue to dispense its blessings to the needy and distressed, as long as civilization shall continue to light up her watch-fires, and man need help from his fellow man.

At the time of the organization of the G. L. U. S. the number of Subordinate Lodges in this country had increased to nine, the G. L. of Massachusetts having chartered one new Lodge and the G. L. of Pennsylvania having chartered two. Number of members and revenue not reported. The G. L. U. S. took a very sensible view of its powers at this its first business meeting. It declined to act upon petitions from Subordinate Lodges on matters of grievance, directing them to apply to their State G. Lodges for redress. It also declared by resolution that the G. L. of each State only had power of referring cases, however important, to the

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G. L. U. S. Reference is also made to another degree, the R. P., then called the fifth, which had then been but recently received from England, and which was at that time only in the possession of G. M. Wildey and P. G. Scotchburn. The State G. Lodges were informed that it would be forwarded to them as soon as practicable, and that it was the intention of the G. M. to visit them towards the last of the approaching May.

The called meetings between the regular Annual Communications were denominated "Special Committee Meetings." One was held September 25th 1825, at which G. M. Wildey reported that he had visited the several State G. Lodges, accompanied by the Representatives of the G. L. U. S., and found them in a very prosperous condition. He also laid the request of the G. Lodges of Pennsylvania and N. York, to have the word "permanent" struck out of the Constitution and the word "present" inserted in lieu thereof, before the G. L. U. S., and such an amendment having been proposed was unanimously adopted, notwithstanding the P. G's of Maryland had made the permanent location of the G. L. U. S. in Maryland a condition upon the surrender of their G. Charter, the present to Washington Lodge No. 1, from the Duke of York's Lodge, Preston, and to the P. Grands of that State from Washington No. 1, so anxious were they to promote the good of the Order and to secure its peace and harmony. At this special meeting P. G. McCormick presented a letter from the Order in England. It appears that he had recently visited that country and that he had received while there another degree, which he was authorized to confer, and had conferred upon G. M. Wildey and D. G. M. Welch. A note to the Journal informs us that "this is the degree known since by the term Patriarchal." It was conferred upon seven other brethren at this meeting, for which they were charged one dollar—cheap enough in all conscience!

At that time it seems there were only eight degrees in use in the United States, six imported, and two of "home manufacture." The number now in use is fourteen. We shall see as we progress how and when these additional degrees were introduced into the work of Odd Fellowship.

Having cursorily passed over six years' history of the early movements of the Order in this country, and witnessed in our progress the establishment of nine Subordinate Lodges, four State G. Lodges, and the G. L. U. S., in two short lectures, I will defer entering upon a synopsis of the Proceedings of the Annual Communication of 1826, until another evening.

We shall continue to witness a gradual increase in the Order, a steady improvement in its laws and regulations and a decided augmentation of its usefulness, as we proceed. So may others be enabled to say, who may speak of its history hereafter, down to the latest posterity!

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

"WOMAN."

From the time when God in his infinite wisdom saw that it was "not good for man to be alone" to the present day—woman has held an important place upon the stage of life. Whether viewed in the rude state of savage existence or in the midst of refinement and luxury—in seclusion, or in crowded society—she exerts a silent though constant and all-powerful influence. Each succeeding age increasing in knowledge and true wisdom, recognizes the "rights of woman"—till we now see her rise from the comparative neglect of primitive times, and take her place beside man as his equal—his assistance—the soother of his sorrows, and partaker of his joys—and emerging from the vailed and guarded seclusion in which the ignorance and jealously of unenlightened ages had placed her—to the theater of life where she is to play prominent part. Those feelings and capacities for action with which she has been endowed are fully developed, and unless perverted, aid in rendering the world a pleasant pathway instead of a dreary desert, by soothing its cares and sorrows, and subduing the rough and unholy passions of mankind. And should not this influence which in all times, in all situations, and in all ranks holds powerful sway over the heart, be employed with caution and success! Woman too often stoops to foster the vanity and coquetry so universally ascribed to her, thus destroying her holiest mission, and is in consequence treated as possessed of little knowledge or discretion. incapable of the mental culture and high intellectual attainments which are the pride and glory of man—a being formed to minister to his wants—to enliven his leisure moments by her trifling conversation, and to live by the incense of his flattery. Woman's true sphere is home. In the domestic circle, whether in the relation of daughter, sister, wife or mother, her power is chiefly felt. But when placed by destiny in public and important circumstances, if her heart be true, and her judgment unbiased, she will "act well her part." Instances are on record where her skill and tact have accomplished more than the strength and bravery of man. In the military wisdom of a Semiramis—the bravery of a Zenobia—the skillfulness of a Queen Elizabeth and an Isabella of Spain; and to descend into the lower ranks of life, the daunt-

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less courage of Joan of Arc. In these and many other instances we see woman's capability for quick and decided action. The influence which the intellect, affections and loveliness of Josephine held on the heart of the ill-fated Napoleon, might if cherished and preserved, have saved him from many a false step. But in severing her from his side, thus disregarding the laws of God and man, he lost his guide—his support—the partaker of his destiny, for Josephine truly and prophetically said, "mine is the star of the Empire." And

"Where hath not woman stood
Strong in affections might."

Amid the carnage and terror of the battle field, she is hovering around the wounded and dying. In the solitude, misery and darkness of the dungeon she appears like an angel of light, speaking words of affection and hope. The martyred Lord Russel when asked to choose a witness to his words, replied "my wife," and she appeared before frowning judges and base false witnesses noting down with composure and serenity, each word as it fell from the lips of her dearest earthly hope—and when malice and tyranny had accomplished their work, and the unjust sentence was pronounced—though hope had forsaken her, she repressed her own agony to soothe his sorrow, and she who had brightened with tenfold glory the sunlight of his prosperity was with him in the hour of adversity and in the night of Death. Here we see woman in her most exalted position—delicate and retiring by nature, yet nerved by affection to follow a loved one through evil report, ignomy and reproach. In past times social duties were thought to unfit her for literary excellence, and a slight knowledge of accomplishments constituted her only education. But as civilization rapidly progressed attention was directed to her improvement, and again we see her as man's equal—compensating for his sounder judgment by quickness of application and unerring tact refining and purifying all around her, by the genial influence of a delicate mind, aud cultivated taste. In the selection of the studies and pursuits of woman much wisdom and care is requisite. Too much romance perverts the reason and imagination, rendering her unfit for, the storms and disapointments of real life, by clothing the world in a fanciful garb, hiding its deformities and sorrows which experience alas! will only too plainly reveal. Too much society creates an undue love of gaiety and pleasure. Too great seclusion leaves her unarmed for the errors and temptation of the world. Woman should be educated in the society of the "pure in heart"—the refined in intellect—her more tedious studies should be enlivened with the pleasant writings of the present day. Music should cheer and elevate her leisure thoughts, and poetry with its "bewitching numbers" weave for her its magic spell. Then will she be prepared to go out into the world a blessing to others, happy in herself, and well fitted to endure with a quiet and contented spirit the ills of life. Woman is naturally of a kind and affectionate disposition, and though vanity and folly may cloud her loveliness, there is still some noble quality, some latent goodness of heart, which had she been placed in different circumstances would have obtained the "balance of power" over her many faults, and changed the whole tenor of her life. And Woman's love! that affection which pours its rich treasure upon chosen objects—constant and deathless—though all else change:

"Wrong her by petulance—suspicion—all
That makes her cup of bitterness—yet give
One evidence of love—and earth hath not
An emblem of devotedness like her's."

THE CEMETERY.

The place where time's weary pilgrims lie down in their last, long sleep, should be one that would call up ideas of the chaste, the pure, the beautiful and the good. Nature's holiest spots should be chosen—spots around which would ever linger some of life's dearest dreams. Art should lavish her power upon the place to make it a beautiful rest. Neatness should be there. There chaste beauty should dwell. Drooping willows there should bend their weeping branches to the earth. All its particular parts, and the "*tout ensemble*" should breathe such an air of sweet and quiet peace, that earth's pilgrims would love to spend an hour in calm and holy meditation there, for the thoughts that rise within the mind when we stand above the tomb of some loved departed one, wake the better feelings of our nature, and prompt our souls to long for Heaven. How we admire the plain and simple tokens that love places above the dead. What sweet emotions are awakened in our souls—what melancholy yet sweetly soothing thoughts these tokens call up! And yet how careless we sometimes are in reference to the spot where sleep those whom death has taken from our midst. The fenceless yard, the sunken, neglected and unadorned grave, often tell us that affection has forgotten the departed, or that a stranger sleeps there. True, it matters not to the dead, where their bodies moulder back to dust. The voice of mirth, the noisy sound of busy commerce, the rattling tread of beasts in their rude sport, fall not upon their closed ears; but we would wish our friends laid, where none of these sounds should reach us as we bend above their tombs. B.

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CLAIMS OF SOCIETY ON THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS.
NO. 4.

BY JAMES G. MAY.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness."

Attention in a manner, evidently very brief, having been directed to some of the claims of Society on the two great pillars in the Grand Temple of Mystic Brotherhoods, it seems appropriate at this stage of the inquiry to investigate the corresponding claims and accruing obligations attaching to two Fraternities, distinct indeed, yet so nearly allied in birth and purpose, that, in the opinion of many intimately acquainted with both, they ought to be comprehended in one social body. The allusion will be readily apprehended. The Sons of Temperance and the Temple of Honor are children—almost twin children of the same distinguished parentage, each contemplating in the design of its organization the accomplishment of the same noble end—the total extirpation of Intemperance in all its multinominal aspects.

In this number it is not intended to discuss, either the necessity, or the utility, of the Temperance Orders. The circumstances that gave birth to the one, and the rise and rapid progress of the other, clearly indicate the necessity, and the continued success and healthful existence of each, clearly demonstrate the utility. It is not beyond the scope of the legitimate course of discussion to intimate, parenthetically, that among the causes inducing a necessity almost startling, for originating and building up Mystic Temperance Families, was the departure to a lamentable and most unfortunate extent of numerous Masons and Odd Fellows from the true spirit and literal interpretation of the grand Temperance Principle, beautifully set forth in the admirable precepts and comprehensive teachings, both of Masonry and Odd Fellowship, as a great, indispensible, cardinal Virtue. In numerous instances, even now, the sad vestiges of this shameful obliquity are still plainly manifest. This unfortunate and no less unhappy veering from a polar star principle, originated alarming prejudice against both these benevolent institutions, and thus, in a great measure, took away from each the ability to exercise an extended, controlling, moral influence upon the public mind, thereby circumscribing the amount of good designed to be accomplished by each. The pious, virtuous, moral and truly worthy members of these cherished institutions long mourned in secret and in silence over the desolating inroads and violent innovations the intoxicating cup had been making amid their respective fraternities, and for a great length of time, they looked, apparently in vain, for some permanent, efficient instrumentality of reformation. The results of each successive temperance movement were watched with the deepest solicitude. The flowings and ebbings were watched with no ordinary anxiety. At length, relief, partial, if not entire, came. The star of promise—of hope—almost of anticipated fulfillment, rose high above the eastern horizon, indicating the ushering in of a better—a more glorious day. Its rise was hailed as the new born harbinger of Love, Purity and Fidelity, wearing the garb of a youthful, vigorous, fraternal band—simple, but still mystic in its internal organization, beautiful in its ritual, highly instructive in its didatic ceremonies, and most admirably adapted for a speedy, wide spread diffusion among all classes of society. Swiftly in its wake, and ere the troubled waters had commingled their surging waves, followed another more beautiful and much grander Temperance Organization, sharing in its multifarious, mystic ceremonies much of that symmetric complexity, elegance and sublimity the tendency of which is to rivet the attention, and to impress permanently upon the mind the principles and truths intended to be taught.

Masonry and Odd Fellowship are unquestionably the models whence the frame work of these new Institutions is derived; and in their written laws are found fully embodied all the cardinal virtues and fraternal bonds that adorn and emblazon the historic pages of the parent Institutions, with the important addition that the great cardinal virtue of Temperance is specifically defined to denote total abstinence from every thing as a beverage that can intoxicate.

The adoption and promulgation of this sanitary definition on the part of the Sons of Temperance and the Temple of Honor, has had a most salutary influence upon the Old Fraternities. First members and then Lodges began to inquire after the true import of their distinguishing cardinal virtue. Offenders were kindly but earnestly admonished, the contumacious ejected, and at the sanctuaries the work of purification began to be carried forward with surprising boldness and astonishing success. The clouds that so long had shut out the sun-light of Truth were swept away, and the star of pristine glory rose in its wonted brilliancy and began to shine with renewed splendor. As already stated individuals and Lodges began to reap the benefits and act upon the suggestions for good resulting from the principles advanced by the new mystic alliances. Their influence soon began to dispel the clouds of be-

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numbing prejudice that arrayed many darkened minds against what are popularly denominated secret associations. Many Masons and Odd Fellows became active, prominent advocates of the cause of Temperance, Organizations, and sharing amply of the spirit and ardor of the most zealous and prudent advocates of the cause of Temperance carried the strong resolution of effectual reform into their respective Lodges, and through this instrumentality an inestimable amount of good has been attained by a vast majority of the Lodges of Masons and Odd Fellows throughout the United States.

Sufficient has already been set forth to carry conviction to the mind of any one disposed to reflect that the mystic Temperance Brotherhoods possess a sublime moral influence capable of accomplishing good to an extent unlimited. This power creates absolute obligation independent of any specific undertaking. The undertakings of these Orders are not only numerons, but stupendously grand. What are some of these most signal engagements? Let them be arrayed in unmistakable prominence.

1. A perpetual, indefeasible obligation to abstain from the manufacture, traffic, or use as a beverage from all that can intoxicate.

2. To wage an exterminating war by all honorable means against the manufacture, traffic, or use of the same.

3. Each member makes an explicit profession of his own integrity of purpose.

4. He devotes himself to the eternal, immutable principles of Truth.

5. Love—Love to his God—his country—and his fellow man.

6. Purity—Purity in his thoughts, words and deeds.

7. Fidelity—Fidelity in all his undertakings—faithfulness and simple-minded honesty in the discharge of every moral and social obligation.

This array of absolute undertakings, of explicit, positive engagements, of uncontrovertible liabilities, is enough to cause the craven heart to quail and quake as the earth trembles at the fiery belchings of the volcanoe. What could be more awfully solemn than these life-lasting ties—these fraternal covenants of the Sons of Temperance—these undertakings of devoted Templars. Like Nehemiah they have reared a stupendous wall about their beloved Jerusalem; like him they are engaged in a great work, and like him they ought not to come down till their noble purposes are all carried into successful operation.

This work is, to every individual engaged, an active personal debt, demanding payment to the uttermost farthing—requiring every one to establish, rear, and cultivate a large amount of personal or individual influence calculated to promote the general walfare of society at large. As the unrivaled energy of Napoleon Bonaparte created armies and gained as onishing victories, so must the more laudable energy of every Templar create for him a character and influence for good that shall win for the cause in which he is engaged a brighter day than the sun of Austerlitz gave to the Grand Army. Such is the debt due Society from every Son and from every Templar.

The indefeasible, perpetual obligation to abstinence constitutes the passive or negative part of the undertaking. The active part of the obligation clearly and forcibly demands the speedy introduction and employment of every lawful and honorable appliance that can assist in bringing about the extermination of the liquor traffic. Every individual member is commanded to go forth and work—to labor with prudent but untiring zeal; he is pledged to go—he is solemnly bound to thrust fore and aft—right and left—and support an uncompromising warfare until the very last foot print of the very last soldier in King Alcohol's army shall be wholly obliterated from the earth—till every monument of the cruel monster shall be leveled with the dust. Like Noah's dove, there must be no rest for the Templar's foot till the floods of vice shall be entirely abated from off the earth. Such is the pledge he took of his own free will. Sinai thunders in his ear: "Thou shalt not bear false witness."

Every applicant who sets his foot upon the threshhold of these Orders employs language of the import: "I come to the gates of your family circle with integrity of purpose engraven upon the tablet of my heart. I will take your constitutions, your laws, and your ways and hide them in the inner chambers of my mind. I will labor with you in the fields of your toil. The cause of humanity—the cause of mankind, shall be my cause." Such is the moral soundness—the incorruptness—the honesty, the probity to which the traveler who is seeking to enter the portals of one of these mystic families pledges himself whilst passing the outer porch. His is a candid, unvarnished, representation, a fair count, a correct narration, an indemurrable declaration upon the explicit "promise to pay" of every Templar—of every Son. With this picture before him who is incompetent to estimate the debt and interest daily accumulating—constantly augmenting the demands against every member of these orders, and which will continue to increase until the means of intemperance shall be finally swept from earth.

Again, the Sons and Templars, like the two great protoplastic families whence they

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borrowed their plans of mystic and mechanical structure, stand sacredly covenanted for the diffusion and culture of the immutable principles of eternal Truth;—Truth as it is emanates in richness and purity from Nature's Omnipotent Law-giver—Truth as it stood engraven upon the tables of stone, hewn out upon Sinai's brow. Hence it is manifest that no Son of Temperance has a right to remain in ignorance of any great moral or social duty—when the means of instruction—the power to acquire knowledge, are within his reach and the knowledge necessary to be obtained within the limit of his capacity for comprehension. What activity, what lessons of unceasing industry do not Sons and Templars owe Society?

Prosecuting the subject matter of investigation still farther, it will be seen that these individuals devote themselves to the essential teachings of Love, rationally understood, and scripturally defined—Love to God—Love to their country, and to their fellow-men. A broader platform of fraternal and social obligations could in no way be constructed. This remark applies with peculiar force to the Temple Organization. Every Templar professes to offer the supreme affections of a heart that beats with sincerity and truth as a free-will service to the Omnipotent Architect of the Universe. Love to God! How wonderfully comprehensive are such professed consecrations? The devotee cannot come up to the standard by which he proposes to measure his conduct, short of the most sincere Bible-taught, Bible-derived devotement to Heaven's Majestic Prince.

But the boundary of the obligation is still in the distance. Love to country and love to fellow-man, come in as "right and left supporters," announcing the prevalence of patriotism the most fervent. Can it be that the great host of Sons and Templars intend nothing but idle boast in their professions of ardent regard for the welfare of their common country and the perpetuity of its noble institutions! Can it be that they mean nothing when they avouch love to their fellow man? Such a conclusion would imply the bearing of false witness with a vengeance!

Both Templars and Sons appear before the world with the rich grace of Purity inscribed upon their banners, their helmets, and their breast-plates, announcing in this way that each individual member has vowed to cultivate with rigid austerity, purity of thought, purity of speech, and purity in all his deeds. What a task! What a herculean undertaking! How little time for idleness hangs upon the hands of these mystic families! Indeed, it appears that each member should share largely of that spirit of unfaltering perseverance and indomitable energy that won a crown of peerless military glory on the blood-drenched field of Austerlitz. Each is bound to encounter daily foes more wary—more stealthy than the combined forces of Austrian and Russian Tyrants.

Bnt the completion of the grand Temperance Pyramid remains to be noticed. The crowning grace of this magnificent superstructure invites description. Without Fidelity there can be no Truth, no abiding love, no incorruptible purity. Without this all pledges, all undertakings would be worse than base, hypocritical mockery. Hence it is that Sons and Templars make a bold profession of Fidelity in all their aims and ends.

Having reached the point of the investigation, the inquiry may be pertinently instituted; Do these Mystics Brotherhoods properly understand—do they heartily realize the force—the amasing responsibility, in all its length and breadth, of their binding obligations—their comprehensive engagements, and their world-wide undertakings? Aye, how much is promised—how much of personal, individual exertion is solemnly pledged. It is plain that these Mystic Temperance Brotherhoods, not only promise all that Masonry and Odd Fellowship engage to accomplish, but amplify and define in such a way as, were it possible, to augment the claims to Society upon them a thousand fold. In order to impress indelibly upon the mind the peculiar force and tendency of each virtue imagery the most commanding, drawn from the most enchanting paintings of heaven and the most captiving pictures of earth, are beautifully employed.

Referring once more to the leading principles of these Orders, let it be asked, who can listen to the-teachings of Temperance, Truth, Love, Purity and Fidelity, and not embrace the conclusion that the fraternities who inscribe these graces upon their frontlets, and emblason them upon their banners, do owe to Society such a debt of vigorous action, of pure and holy living, the prompt liquidation of which would carry such terror amid the ranks of the rum seller, that intemperance and all its kindred evils would soon be driven from the earth.

In the conclusion of this series, may it not be urged with great earnestness upon Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons and Templars, to give the most careful attention to the respective professions made by each—to inquire with all honesty of purpose what are the claims of Society upon the membership of the Mystic Brotherhoods. Let the designs of each organization be fully carried ont—let there be a combination of effort to

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exalt the virtues embraced—and to exterminate the vices denounced, and half a score of years will not pass by till there shall transpire the most sublime moral and social revolution the world has ever witnessed.

THE SICK CHAMBER.

There is no place in which the Odd Fellow can exhibit some of the teachings of the Order but in the Sick Chamber. One of the leading objects of affiliation, to take care of our sick members and, as in many instances, the comfort and recovery of the sick depend as much upon the nurses and watchers, as upon the medicine ordered by the physician, a few plain rules, the result of experience and observation, may not be unacceptable to those whose duty so often leads them into the sick room. The following rules, from the "Boston Traveller" are the best we have seen:

1st. Let no one undertake to sit up with a friend, who has any disease upon himself, for when the patient is suffering with any malignant or infectious disorder, it is more likely to attract danger to himself, and at least to render him, unfit for the work before him. He should come free from all of every nature.

2nd. Be cheerful on entering the sick room; however sick be your friend, let him not see that you are alarmed for him; it retards his recovery, and checks the good influence which your presence might otherwise have.

3rd. Be not alarmed for yourself, lest you should incur harm from contagion. Truly, if your mind be at rest, you body is less likely to suffer.

4th. Move about the room with a gentle step; wear light slippers or be shoeless altogether rather than let your patient be worried by a sudden jar.

5th. When any sudden change takes place for better or worse, or more particularly for the worse, let not your patient know that you perceive it; this, however, does not construe to mean that you should deceive your friend by false hopes, for in nine cases out of ten, the sick are better pleased to know the worst.

6th. In watching, be sure that while you watch you do watch, be not caught napping, it would be hard to have to say "he died while I was sleeping." Never doze. Anticipate every want before, indeed, it shall become a want. Be ready to moisten the lips, or bathe the head, or administer to the stomach as may be.

7th. In lifting your patient you cannot be too careful. If he be an adult, and you wish to raise him to a sitting posture, your easiest way is to place yourself as nearly parallel to him as possible—lean over his breast and place your cheek against his, then with one arm under his back and your other hand under his head, rise with him and you will be surprised to find how easily to yourself it is accomplished, and how very easy to him. This is very important. A sick man's head is apt to swim when raised suddenly or awkwardly—faintness follows and he must lie down again to rest, until he can get strength enough to try again.

8th. Be gentle in all your motions—administer medicines with unerring promptness and according to directions—watch the hour with an eagle eye, and let nothing you can do be undone or forgotten. In long fevers let not your patient sleep too long—he will often tire by sleeping long as by lying awake. He is apt to sleep too hard and become wearied.

Added to these, proper attention should be paid to the ventilation of the room. We have frequently entered a sick room, in which the air was so impure, that it was almost impossible for us to breathe, and we were not astonished that the sick man felt oppressed at heart and lungs and brain. Do not fear to give them air; no one can get well without pure air. 'Throw open the windows, and let the sweet breezes play in and around; this can generally be done, without throwing too much draft upon the patient—and at least three times in every day, cover the patient up, and then let "the wind blow where it listeth," for full three minutes—then exclude the draft, and the sick man will breathe more freely, and even in his greatest pain, his eyes will light up with gratitude and pleasure, for that great boon so often, through ignorance and mal-practice, denied the sick,—pure, fresh, healthy air.

Prayer and Reflection.—An hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with and conquest over a single passion or "subtle bosom sin," will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the school without them.

A reflecting mind is not a flower that grows mild, or comes up of its own accord. The difficulty is, indeed, greater than many, who mistake quick recollection for thought, are disposed to admit; but how much less then it would be, had we not been born and bred in a Christian and Protestant land, very few of us are sufficiently aware. Truly may we, and thankfully ought we exclaim with the Psalmist, "The entrance of Thy word giveth light; giveth understanding even to the simple."—*Colridge.*

Persist! Maintain!! Aspire!!! Never falter if you wish to gain wealth or fame.

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OUR YOUNG LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

The two following articles are from the pens of Young Ladies who have advanced somewhat in the sunny path of school girl life. The articles are school exercises and are inserted without the knowledge of the fair writers. We hope to be able to continue to present to our youthful readers many in future, from a like source:

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

The deep and solemn hour of midnight had tolled from many a tower. The bright earth lay unconsciously sleeping in all her loveliness, and even the stars above seemed to look down and smile. Yet all was not bright and beautiful, for on the broad bosom of the Atlantic in a gallant bark, were hearts that throbbed with sadness. Slowly and sadly she glided on the ocean wave, deep was the bosom of her cannon as it resounded o'er the sea; yet there was a sadness in its roar. And well there might, for death was there, and one of the bravest hearts that e'er throbbed in the bosom of a son of Erin's Isle was stilled. He had left his own dear home for the land of America, to seek a name, a glorious, never-dying name; but ere he left his native land, the hectic flush upon his cheek, and the bright lustre of his eye, whispered that a canker was gnawing at the heart of that fair youth. But fame, fame, led him onward; he thought not then of sorrow, but as he stepped upon the vessel's deck that was to bear him from his early home, he smiled, and thought in rapture of the future; when the laurel wreath should be twined for him, and would lightly press his brow, and nations should bow in reverence. Alas it was not to be; soon, ah! too soon, the flush upon his cheek disappeared, and his eyes brightened, yet still he dreamed of America, and sighed to be there; he thought not that he should never see the glorious, and far-famed land of liberty, but should rest 'neath the Atlantic's rolling wave, but alas when too late, the dreadful truth flashed upon his soul, and he knew that he must die. In vain he strove to think it could not be, but the quick and hurried breath, whispered it was not so. Ah then he sighed for the green hills of Erin's isle, and the dear ones there. Oft in the watches of the night would he dream they were with him, and would fancy he felt the light pressure of a mother's hand upon his brow, and a sister's good night kiss, that breathed to him of deep unalteable love, but would wake to find it all a dream.

It was the gentle evening hour, when that broken, wearied spirit soared above yonder sky, he sighed and whispered, Mother, Erin, and was above. And now at midnight, strangers were to lower him into the sea, not one, no not one, was there to sigh a last farewell, or to let fall the tear of affection upon his bier. List to the toll of the midnight bell, 'tis the signal to heave the weary one into the deep blue sea. 'Tis over, and the waters of the proud Atlantic roll above his grave. No living one may strew there the flowers of affection, or nightly weep that he has gone; but the ocean's deep and solemn roar must chant his funeral dirge. W.

"LONELY HOURS."

It matters not how smooth and bright our pathway through this world, some thorns must needs spring up to mar its brightness, and clouds to dim the future, which to youthful hopes, comes robbed in fairy flowers, with all that's lovely and loving, clustering around it. Yet through all this, sorrow comes, friends forsake, prosperity no longer attends, then come the sad and lonely hours, that oft' times dawn upon us. None, though they be surrounded by all that speaks of happiness, by all things calculated to make life seem bright and this earth a very Eden, can escape sometimes, a lonely hour. C f. in the midst of gayety, in the halls of revelry, this loneliness steals upon us—something tells us there is a void in our hearts, an unoccupied place, which we fain would have some gentle, loving being occupy. We feel as though there are not one heart in this world, to respond to ours, no one to care, whether ours be a joyous or a miserable life—'tis when feeling thus, the want of friends, or kindness, that hours are lonely—though the absence of dear ones, those whom the ties of kindred and affection have linked to us, may cause this feeling of loneliness. We miss the bright smile of loving faces, the gentle tones, the glances of affection, which we were wont to receive from absent ones. Oftimes we fancy we roam as in childhood the green woods o'er. Our childhood homes are revisited, early companions are again around us, yet alas! we wake to the sad truth that they are gone—forever gone; a mournful sadness steals o'er the soul, we sigh to think of the loved ones, who are no more. Such thoughts as these, when visiting us, often cause a tear at memory's shrine, for scenes and loved ones passed away. F.

"The light of love is ever beautiful amid scenes of sorrow, and as the moonbeams seem holier and more tender round a ruin or a churchyard than in festive halls, so is affection purer and brighter when bestowed upon the wretched than when attracted by youth and happiness.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

THE proceedings of the semi-annual sessions of the Grand Encampment and Grand Lodge of Indiana have crowded out several editorial articles and other matter designed for this number.

THE second of the series of Lectures of G. Rep. P. A. HACKLEMAN, on the 'Rise and Progress of Odd Fellowship in the United States' will be found in our pages of this month. Bro. Hackleman has placed the Order under obligations to him for these lectures, as we have no where seen so faithful a history as that given by him, and we doubt not they will be more generally perused than anything we have heretofore published upon this subject. Bro. H. has taken the most authentic documents and given them a personal and rigid examination, so that the Order may rely upon his correctness.

THE January No. of the Ark, which is highly spoken of by our exchanges has not reached us. We hope Bro. Glenn will not deprive us of the perusal of his excellent Magazine.

THE editor of the Brookville American in noticing our enterprize indulges in some strictures upon the character of the Order, to whose interests our paper is devoted. Personally, we know nothing of the character of the persons against whom the charge of drunkenness is so boldly made by the editor, but we are inclined to think that he has been guilty of judging the character of a fraternity, by the example of a small number of individual members. This is at least, bad logic. If there are members in good standing in the habit of daily intoxication, they will certainly be thrown out of the Order so soon as their brothers find that all hope of reclaiming them is vain.

It is not safe to judge of any party or society by the character of individual members. In almost all societies, religious and secular, are to be found men of bad character—mere profession does not make the man, it may the member.

AN ORIGINAL STORY.

We commence in this No. of the Magazine, the publication of a well written story by KATE BEMIES, entitled "THE TWO BANKRUPTS, or SOCIETY AND ODD FELLOWSHIP CONTRASTED," which will be concluded in the March No., and we are sure it will be read with interest. Sister KATE wields a ready pen, and evidences more than ordinary talent as a writer of fiction, (though her present story is not all fiction,) and we hope that she will favor our readers with other productions.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WRIGHT HOUSE, Indianapolis, Jan. 15.

After a very pleasant trip, marred by only one scene, I reached this place at 1 P. M. to-day, and, in company with G. M. SILCOX and G. Rep. COLFAX, am comfortably situated at the "Wright House." The scene that marred the pleasure of the trip occurred on the Telegraph. A young man, one of the hands on the boat, who was intoxicated, staggered off the boat into the river, and before he could be reached by the yawl, he sank to rise no more. His name is Spillman, and his residence was opposite Madison, Ind.

It was a temperance lecture that needed no comment—that spoke to each man to "touch not, taste not" the intoxicating cup. And yet thousands of such instances are occurring annually in our country, and we heed them not. "O, thou invisible spirit of wine, thy name is devil," and thy victims legion.

Monday, Jan. 17.

Knowing that the proceedings of the two Grand Bodies of the State will be the most interesting matter that can be given to the Order, I send you the following:

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEMI-ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE R. W. G. ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F. OF THE STATE OF INDIANA, HELD AT INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY, 1858.

ODD FELLOWS' HALL,
Indianapolis, Jan. 17.

The R. W. G. Encampment met at 10 A. M.

The following officers were present:

P. G. P., J. B. ELDRIDGE, M. W. G. P. pro tem.
P. G. P., J. P. CHAPMLN, M. E. G. H. P. pro tem.
P. H. P., G. B. JOCKLYN, R. W. G. S. W. pro tem.
P. H. P., J. H. STAILEY, R. W. G. J. W. pro tem.
W. W. WRIGHT, R. W. G. Scribe.
P. C. P., G. G. HOLMAN, R. W. G. Treas.
P. C. P., L. S. DALE, W. G Sentinel, pro tem., and a due representation from Subordinate Encampments.

After prayer by the High Priest, proclamation was made by the R. W. G. J. Warden that the G. E. was duly opened.

After the reception of the report of the Committee on credentials, and the admission of new members to the G. E. it adjourned until 2 P. M.

Monday, 2 P. M.

The Grand Encampment met pursuant to adjournment.

Officers, same as morning, except P. H. P., J. P. WINDLE, as G. H. P. The minutes read and approved, and the standing committees appointed.

The Grand Treasurer made his report.

G. Rep. S. COLFAX made the following report:

TO THE R. W. G. ENCAMPMENT OF INDIANA:

In obedience to the duties devloving upon me as your Representative, I attended the last session of the Grand Lodge of the United States, held in Baltimore, September 1852, and now respectfully report,

That at that communication, thirty-two Grand Lodges, and twenty-six Grand Encampments were

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represented; the number of members of this "Senate of Odd Fellowship," as it has been called, annually increases, as our Order widens its area of usefulness, and adds new links to its fraternal chain of jurisdictions and Subordinates. The total number of our brethren also steadily increase, and more rapidly and healthfully in the new States than in the old. Though in some of the Eastern cities, Odd Fellowship appears but to hold its own—though the engrossing love of wealth, the cankering cares of commerce, the selfish devotion to show and fashion, appear to war against the growth of our system of Samaritan ministrations to the sick, relief to the destitute, sympathy for the bereaved, and generosity for the suffering,—yet in the purer and more genial air of the country, our Order still thrives and prospers. Its total number of Lodges has increased to 2,729. Over 25,000 of our citizens have been initiated at our altars during the past twelve months. Fully 200,000 brethren join in the hopeful, cheerful anthem;

Leave disputes and strifes to others,
We in harmony will move.

And from our efforts over $600,000 have found their way to the bedside of the stricken sufferer, to the lonely and bereaved home of the widow, to the fatherless, who, but for our mystic tie, might have been numbered amongst the friendless and the lost.

An analysis of the statistics proves also that, though in some jurisdictions, as before alluded to, the onward and upward step of the Order may not be quite as firm and healthful as of yore, yet our own Indiana occupies as enviable a position in our fraternal confederacy as she does in the National sisterhood. From her humble position but a few years ago, so far as numbers were concerned, she has sprung almost to the front rank, gaining rapidly upon her elder and more thickly settled compeers. But four States exceeded her last year in the number of Initiations, and those four were New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Maryland; and but four exceed her in the number of working Lodges; while the previous year she occupied the eighth rank in both of these particulars. In the Encampment Branch, she is still nearer the post of honor. But three jurisdictions excel her in the number of their camps, or in the aggregate of those who, during the past year have been admitted to the privileges of the beautiful and impressive Patriarchal Degrees. Of such a picture of progress and prosperity every Odd Fellow of Indiana may justly be proud; and it will continue to brighten, and to honor our State if we are all faithful to our obligations, faithful to every duty we owe to the Order, the Encampment or the Lodge, and faithful in living out Odd Fellowship in all our intercourse with the world at large.

Before leaving this subject, I must add that Texas, where but two years since, the Order was reported to be in a depressed condition, is now enjoying a beneficient revival, the number of her Lodges and of the membership having both nearly doubled in the past year, and the increase still continuing in an unabated degree. The star of our constellation, which beams upon us from over the waters of the Pacific—the Lodge at Honolulu, in the Sandwich Islands—has more than doubled its members, and, in the last year, expended nearly $400 in the relief of brethren, not of their own Lodge, besides that kindly attention and watching and ministrations at the sick bed, whose value cannot be estimated in silver or gold. About $1,800 have been received from Lodges and Encampments to assist them in the erection of a suitable Hall, and but three States exceeded ours in the aggregate liberality of their contributions to this worthy Fund.

The first business in order after the opening of the session was the drawing for seats under the new rule, which was intended to break up that "ancient usage" of giving the older jurisdictions the desks and seats nearest to the Grand Sire, while each new jurisdiction was welcomed into the Grand Lodge on its first appearance with a position at the outer edge of the circle, in the rear of all its predecessors. And it happened also, in the drawing that the first selection carried out successfully the intention of the rule, Arkansas, one of the youngest jurisdictions, drawing the first number, and securing one of the seats held heretofore from time immemorial, by the oldest jurisdiction of the Order.

The election of Grand Officers for the ensuing two years resulted as follows:

W. G. De Saussure, of S. C., M. G. G. Sire.
H. A. Manchester, of R. I., R. W. D. G. Sire.
J. L. Ridgely, of Md., R. W. G. Sec.
J. Vansant, of Md., R. W. G. Treas.

The commanding merits of the Grand Sire elect are two well known throughout the whole fraternity to need any additional eulogy. Though there were several worthy candidates for the distinguished position to which he has been elevated, yet it was a common remark of all the members, that he was the second choice with every one, who did not rank him as their first; and his election gave universal satisfaction to all sections of the Grand Lodge. If an allusion to his position on the subject of Reforms might be permitted, I would state that he is ranked as a moderate Reformer, not wedded to "ancient usage," but willing to progress wherever it is clear that the step in advance will bring improvement with it. While the Deputy Grand Sire is known as a decided Reformer, whose votes have almost invariably, on questions of principle, been cast in unison with those from this State.

Early in the session, the Grand Sire elect offered resolutions for the election by ballot of a committee of five who should meet one week prior to the next session of the G. L. U. S. and prepare a new constitution. By-laws and rules of Order, to be submitted to the G. L. U. S. at that session, and after lying over one year as required, to be finally acted on in 1854. The necessity for a new constitution in place of our present "patch-work" instrument, was so obvious that the resolutions were unanimously adopted; and the Grand Lodge elected by ballot, the following members as such committee: Rep. De Saussure G. Sire elect; P. G. Sire Griffin of Georgia: P. G. M. Bernard of Northern New York; P. G. M. Ellison, of Mass., and your Representative. The committee are now engaged in correspondence and a comparison of their views; and would be gratified at receiving the counsel of brethren interested in the subject. For one, this Body, which I have so long had the honor of representing, needs not to be assured, that I shall labor for a declaration, clear and decisive, of the principle of State's rights in the new constitution, for a limitation and a precise statement of the powers of the officers of the G. L. U. S., and for a complete abandonment, except so far as the secret and fundamental principles of the Order are concerned, of the doctrine, evidently borrowed from the Institutions of Great Britain, whence our Order sprang, that all power descends from the National Lodge to the State Lodges, and thence down to the Subordinates. On the contrary, reserving to the State Lodges all the powers not specified as appurtenant to the National Lodge, and making that convocation a Legislative

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and appellate Body, will make our Order and its constitution what your Representative considers it should be, and for which the Delegation from this State have for years past, faithfully and unitedly labored.

THE FINANCES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF THE UNITED STATES have so repeatedly been considered by your Body, in preparing instructions relative to them, for the government of your Representative, that a full exposition of their present position will be expected in this report. In 1851, upon the mistaken assumption that the receipts of the then ensuing year, would not equal the expenditures, the G. L. was induced to adopt a Constitutional amendment, increasing the specific tax for every vote cast by a Grand Body in the G. L. U. S. from $20 to $50 per year. When the vote was first taken upon it, it was not adopted but while the roll was being called, the influential chairman of the Finance Committee declared in a loud tone that it was absolutely necessary: and the changes of votes thus caused secured its success. I felt it to be a duty immediately to offer another amendment reducing it again; though without much hope of being able to change a two-thirds vote against it to a two-thirds vote for it. And in my report last January, I endeavored to show that the estimates were erroneous, and so far as the receipts were concerned were materially underrated and also hazarded the prediction that "the receipts would be nearer $13,000 than $14,000, and that the increase in the Representative tax, which increase would only realize $2,850, was therefore unnecessary." The actual accounts of the year were before the Grand Lodge last September, so that they could be compared with the previous estimate, and though arguing in the face of a predetermined majority. I took occasion, in pursuance of your instructions, to show the following facts:

1. That notwithstanding the failure to receive the $1,000 estimated for sales of the new edition of the Journal of Proceedings of G. L. U. S. (in consequence of its not being completed as was expected,) and which omission would reduce the Finance Committee's estimate to $13,311, the actual receipts were $17,286, or fully thirty per cent over the estimate. For books and cards, $11,568 were received instead of $7,500, which was all that was calculated upon.

2 The expenditures of the last year were swelled over $3,000 higher than ordinary by the cost of preparing, printing and binding the 3 Volumes of Proceedings, and yet the Treasury is richer now than at the commencement of the year, while those Proceedings hereafter become a source of profit instead of expense, and will appear henceforth on the side of receipts instead of that of expenditures. But it appeared that the two arguments were amply sufficient to overcome the figures. The first was that the Representatives from the smaller States should not vote for the reduction of this tax lest perhaps the present system of paying Representatives their mileage and per diem out of the Treasury might be repealed, and these weak jurisdictions left to bear this heavy burden themselves. The second was, that the larger States should not vote for it, as the increase of the Representative tax had placed more of the burden upon the smaller States than if the expenditures were met solely by the receipts of supplies. Thus, New York, (both Southern and Northern) with Arkansas, Pennsylvania with Texas, united against the amendment, and it was rejected by the decisive vote of ayes 21, noes 66. Another one was proposed for the next session by Rep. Askew, but with little probability of success.

The condition of the Treasury of the Grand Lodge of the United States on the 21st of September 1852, was as follows:

Cash on hand, - - - - - -	$15,973
Maryland stocks, worth, - - - - -	3,275
Wildey Loan, - - - - - -	6,240
Honolulu and Wildey Fund, - - -	1,234
Selling prices of supplies on hands, -	18,070
Due from Grand Lodges, &c., - -	1,023
Total, - - - - - - -	$46,815

An attempt was subsequently made to deplete the Treasury by Rep. Saunders of New York, which directed the Grand Secretary to return in supplies to the various Grand Bodies one half the amount paid by them under the assessment law of 1849. This would have materielly reduced the Treasury by lessening in cash receipts next year nearly $6,000; but as $1,300 of this would have been for the benefit of New York and nearly $1,200 for Pennsylvania, while this Grand Body would have received but $10, and our Grand Lodge but $90, and as the two States most largely interested in the proposition did not seem desirous of reducing the burdens of the G. L. U. S. in a manner that would be felt equally by all, the Representatives from this State voted against the proposition. It was defeated by a vote of 49 to 36. I am not without hope that at the next session some equitable plan can be adopted which shall lessen the burdens of the G. L. U. S. imposed upon the Grand Bodies for its support: and so arrange its financial basis that its large and increasing yearly surplus over its expenses may be left in the various Treasuries of our Order for purposes of Benevolence and Relief, rather than uselessly accumulated at Baltimore.

A constitutional amendment was adopted changing the time of meeting of the Grand Lodge from the third to the first Monday of September, annually.

This prevailed by 63 to 22, and will render it still more necessary that the reports from Subordinate Lodges and Encampments should be made promptly to the Grand Secretary and Scribe that his report can be made in season. By a vote of 48 to 41, it was, in addition, resolved that the next session of the G. L. U. S. should be held at Philadelphia, the Representatives from this State voting with the majority.

Another constitutional amendment proposed in 1851 by my colleague from the Grand Lodge, Rep. Hackleman, was adopted, being the only one, except the one in regard to the time of meeting, of the great number offered at that session which met with success. It changes the qualification requisite for Grand Sire and Deputy Grand Sire, and instead of making it necessary that they should be Past Grand Masters, it simply requires that they should be in possession of the Grand Lodge, Royal Purple and Grand Encampment Degrees, in other words that they should have "passed the chairs" in both branches of the Order, and also have been members of both the Grand Bodies of their State. This was adopted by the very large majority of 66 to 21, and while it will widen the range of selection in the choice of Grand Sire, it will also prevent what might have occurred under the old law, namely, the election of a person as the head of the Order, who had never been entitled to admission into a Grand Encampment, which is certainly an important branch of the Order over which he would have to preside.

A proposition made by the Ancient Independent Order of Odd Fellows of London for an union

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with them, was unanimously declined, except upon the condition that they adopted our work, and assumed our obligations. The Grand Secretary, in his allusion to their proffer, very correctly remarks, "the single condition upon which such a proposition would deserve notice, would be the adoption by them of the entire work of the Order, as practiced in this jurisdiction, and the substitution of the elevated morality of the American Order for the conviviality which characterizes the Lodge meetings throughout England."

Two propositions made by my colleague, Rep. Dufour of the Grand Lodge, namely, that cards should specify the Degree to which the brother had attained, and that in cases of emergency they might be obtained of Scribes and Secretaries, without waiting for a regular Lodge or Encampment meeting, were both of them, I regret to say, defeated.

He has, however, renewed them for the next session, when I trust that both will be adopted.

A long standing want of the Order has been supplied by the preparation of an appropriate form for opening and closing Degree Lodges, which was written by Representative Hackleman of this State, and was adopted at the very closing moments of the session.

The most interesting and eloquent debate of the whole communication occured on a report from the Committee on the state of the Order against an application from Texas to allow Indians to become members of our Order and to establish Lodges in the Indian Territory. The committee gave as their reason for their negative report that "the wandering and unstable habits of the Indian, their want of education, and the many other reasons afforded by his semi-civilized state, would render but him illy able to carry out the principles of the Order, while it would perchance endanger that necessary secrecy which is required by our organization." The report was, however, after an elaborate discussion, rejected by the close vote of 46 to 42. But no action was subsequently taken by the majority to grant the permission thus inferentially conceded. Your Representative, as one of the committee, signed the report which I have quoted, and voted with the minority for sustaining its positions, preferring that our good old tests of membership should be adhered to.

Resolutions to return to the old work of initiation and for the restoration of the three month's term were both lost by large majorities.

A resolution to double the Grand Treasurer's salary was lost, ayes 12, noes 63. But one to raise the Grand Messenger's $200 was carried, 61 to 16. The Representatives from this State voted in both cases in the negative.

The proposed abolition of Encampments appears to have been finally settled at the recent session. A resolution was offered instructing the committee on the new constitution to report a provision giving such States as choose to exercise it, the privilege of abolishing Grand and Subordinate Encampments and to provide some plan for the conferment of the Encampment Degrees in Subordinate Lodges. This was the mildest shape in which the proposition "to merge" could be made, but it was rejected by the overwhelming majority of 63 to 28.

It was decided by the Grand Lodge, not, however, without argument, that the Encampment Branch is more exalted than the Subordinate, and that precedence is due in processions to the patriarchal Degrees. But where a procession is organized by a single Subordinate Lodge, precedence is usually given to it.

The relation that should exist between dues and benefits and the whole subject of strengthening the financial basis of Subordinates, was before the Grand Lodge in the shape of several reports and resolutions. A committee was finally raised, privileged to sit during the recess, consisting of three very efficient brethren, Rep. Williamson, of Ky., Billinghurst of Wisconsin, and Jennings of Alabama, to report upon the above subjects, and to construct a table from the statistics they can gather, showing upon the established principles of life and health insurance what amount of benefits will accrue from a given amount of dues, at each year of age from 21 to 60. I would respectfully call the attention of brethren of this State interested in this subject, to an advertisement of enquiry from this committee which you will find in the February number of the valuable periodical recently established at New Albany, the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

The entire work, with the Degree of Rebekah, was ordered to be translated into French, German and Spanish, at a cost not to exceed $600. The French Lodges in New Orleans already confer the Degrees from a manuscript translation in their language, but desire it in a more durable form.

As the only remaining member in the Grand Lodge of the committee of thirteen appointed three years since to have a suitable block of marble prepared, in behalf of our Order for the National Washington Monument, I had the pleasure at the recent session of reporting that the work is completed. It is one of the handsomest blocks that adorn that noble structure, and is excelled in its beauty of sculpture by none. It reflects high credit not only on the Order which has placed it in that magnificent shaft to be seen of all men while Time shall last, but also on P. G. Representative Fritz, of Pa., who suitably embellished its surface with the emblematic design prepared by the committee. It was received by the President of the United States, as President of the Monument Association, with a letter to the committee which has been widely published by the press.

A proposition to have a plate engraved for wive's and widow's cards, at a cost not exceeding $150, and the cards to be furnished at 75 cents per dozen, was, I regret to say, overslaughed in the press of business. Though these cards were authorized many years since by the G. L. U. S., it has never furnished them, but left each State Grand Lodge to have them printed for themselves, effectually destroying the uniformity which should be desirable in the passports of our Order. The very handsome emblematic visiting card now in use, was prepared by the Grand Sec'y a few years since, and one equally beautiful and appropriate could be prepared for wive's and widow's cards; and besides if but half the Lodges in the Union ordered on an average a single dozen of them in two years, it would bring over $1,000 into the Treasury of the Order.

Authority was asked by Wisconsin and other States to permit invited guests to be present at the installation of the officers of our Lodges, and several resolutions on the subject were referred to the committee on the state of the Order. That committee reported in order to test the question, a resolution authorizing Subordinate Lodges to invite guests to be present at installation, provided that no other business was transacted at that time, and that all ceremonies relative to entering and leaving the Lodge be suspended temporarily. This was first adopted, then reconsidered but finally lost, ayes 31, noes 41. It has been so generally the good fortune of the whole Delegation from this

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State to vote together on all important propositio n that I really felt it to be a misfortune to differ with both my colleagues on this question, they voting against the resolution. They may have been right, and on reflection it would seem, as I take pleasure in conceding, that the permission to "Subordinate Lodges" generally, without restriction, might perhaps have been too broad. But, believing that our Installation ceremony if well performed by experienced officers, could not fail to make favorable impressions in behalf of our Order upon those who are not yet members, I trust that the G. L. U. S. will be willing to authorize Grand Lodges, under suitable restrictions, to give such permission. when satisfied that the ceremony can be performed effectively and impressively.

Such, Brethren, is the record of the acts and doings of the Grand Lodge, and of the part your Representative has taken in them. Where he had been previously instructed by you as to your wishes, he has, to the utmost of his ability, endeavored to carry out your will, and when questions arose upon which he had no authorized declaration of your opinion, he has taken position upon them conscientiously as he thought the good of the Order required, and as he believed your Body would prefer that he should act. Laying no claims to having been always correct, he can assert that he has striven to represent you faithfully and honestly.

Brethren! as each successive day passes away, the night of death draweth near to us all. Let each of us then resolve to act our whole duty as Patriarchs—to extend true and ungrudged hospitality to the brother or the stranger—to pour the oil of charity into the wounds of the suffering, or to whisper the cheering words of effective sympathy into the ears of the sorrowing—to war through life against the IRON RULE of the world, which says, "Do unto others as they have done unto you," and to practice that GOLDEN RULE from Heaven, which would make almost a Heaven of earth, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them"—to act as guide or helper to our neighbor as he struggles through the adversities, and stumbles at the pit-falls which he encounters in the rugged pathway of life—and thus acting, thus living, thus laboring, to cultivate within our own hearts, that faith upon which Kings, Prophets and Patriarchs in the olden time relied, which has buoyed the sinking spirit of the martyr, which has softened the pillow of the dying veteran, or brightened the vision of the departing philosopher, which, in the end, if our ritual speaks to us in the words of truth and soberness, will be a key more valuable than if made of the gold of Ophir, more potent than if it hung at the girdle of Peter, the Apostle.

Respectfully submitted,
SCHUYLER COLFAX.

[We have omitted those parts of the peport relating to the decisions of the G. L. U. S., the Ladies' Degree, the condition of California, and several other matters, already noticed in a former number of the Magazine.]

After the presentation of some other subjects which were referred to the appropriate committees, the G. E. adjourned to meet to-morrow at 8 A. M.

Tuesday, Jan. 18.

The G. E. met pursuant to adjournment, same officers as yesterday afternoon, except M. W. G. P., D. Moss, and R. W. G. J. W., D. F. DRYDEN. The minutes read and approved, G. P., D. Moss, presented the following report:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE R. W. G. E., I. O. O. F. OF THE STATE OF INDIANA:

PATRIARCHS: In accordance with the law and usage, I present to you a report of the legal transactions connected with my office during the vacation.

It gives me great pleasure to report, that the Patriarchal branch of the Order in a highly prosperous condition. Its numbers are steadily and healthily increasing in our jurisdiction.

[Here follows an account of the institution of Moss Encampment, No. 31, Shelbyville, Indiana, Brookville Encampment, No. 32, Brookville, and of a dispensation to initiate some non residents of the State.]

In making this report, I do it with feelings of gratification, for wherever on life's dreary wilderness the Tent of the Patriarchs has been erected, it has formed a hospitable refuge for the stranger in distress. From beneath its covering have gone forth those instructions and influences, which have softened many of the asperities of life and lessened the ills incident to humanity. May these blessed influences continue to actuate those who have sat beneath our tent until the chain of Friendship, Love and Truth shall encircle the whole world with its golden links.

May the Great Patriarch above smile upon our deliberations during this session, and so re-imbue us with the faith and practice of Patriarchs of old that we may leave this place, the better qualified to disseminate the great truths, and perform the responsible duties that devolve upon us, as members of our beloved Fraternity.

DANIEL MOSS,
Grand Patriarch.

The G. E. met pursuant to adjournment, minutes read and approved.

The finance committee reported balance on hand in the Treasury $62,97. The same committee also reported that notwithstanding the request of the G. E. to her Subordinates to have their reports transmitted to G. Scribe by the first day of the session, several of the Subordinates were delinquent, and in accordance with the resolution of last session, the G. Scribe was ordered to assess a fine of $10, against the delinquent Encampments, unless they can show good reason to this G. Body why they were delinquent.

The G. E. adopted a report from the committee on the state of the Order, deciding that all business of the Encampment is transacted in the R. P. Degree, except the balloting for conferring the other Degrees, and that members of the P. and G. R. Degrees, have a right to be present and participate in any business done in their degrees.

The remainder of the session was spent by the G. Reps. in going through the unwritten work of the Order, after which the G. E. adjourned until to-morrow, at 8 A. M.

Wednesday, Jan. 18, 8 A. M.

The G. E. met pursuant to adjournment. Minutes read and approved.

Charters were granted to Moss Encampment No. 31 at Shelbyville, and Brookville No. 32, at Brookville.

There were several long reports from the committee on Finance and Sub. E. reports, which are not of sufficient interest to the general reader to make an insertion here necessary. After some other business the G. E. adjourned until to-morrow at 8 A. M.

Thursday, Jan. 20, 8 A. M:

The G. E. met pursuant to adjournment. The minutes were read and approved.

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The following resolutions, reported by the Finance committee, were adopted:

Resolved, That the G. Scribe have 150 copies of the former proceedings of this G. Body, bound for the use of subordsnates, and individuals.

Resolved, That 1,000 copies of the proceedings of this communication be printed.

The committee on Sub. Encampments reported the following:

STATISTICS.

No. of Initiations,	93
Rejected,	1
Withdrawn by card,	27
Admitted by card,	1
Suspended for non-payment of dues,	4
Suspended for other causes,	1
Expelled,	8
Deaths,	5
No. of P. C. P.'s,	196
P. H. Priests,	169
Contributing members,	1004
Patriarchs relieved,	73
Degrees conferred,	241
Resources,	$5,385 68
Dues to G. E.,	251 97
Am't paid for relief of Patriarchs,	565 00
Burials,	90 00
Other charitable purposes,	2500
Total receipts,	2,801 50
Expenditures,	1,583 43

The fines assessed upon Sherlock and Summit Encampments for failure to report in time, were upon good excuses, rendered through their Rep., remitted.

The following nominations were made:

For Grand Patriarch—E H. Barry, D. Dryden, M. Sexton, and W. K. Edwards.

For Grand High Priest—Geo. B. Jocelyn, and D. Woolsep.

R. W. G. S. W.—Jas. Hook, and Thomas P Haughey.

R. W. G. Scribe—W. W. Wright.

R. W. G. Treas.—G. G. Holman.

G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.—S. Colfax, J. P. Chapman, J. B. Eldridge, and Jno. Dixon.

Alternate Rep.—W. K. Edwards, C. Buchee, Geo. Brown, and D. Moss.

The minutes were read und approved, and after prayer, the G. E. adjourned sine die.

ABSTRACT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SEMI-ANNUAL COMMUNICATION OF THE R. W. GRAND LODGE, I. O. O. F. OF THE STATE OF INDIANA, HELD AT INDIANAPOLIS, JANUARY, 1853.

Odd Fellows' Hall,
Indianapolis. Jan. 18.

The R. W. G. Lodge, I. O. O. F. of the State of Indiana, convened this day at 9 A. M., at the Masonic Hall, and was called to order by the M. W. G. Master, Jos. L. Silcox.

There being a quorum present, the R. W. G. Warden, after prayer by the Rev. G. Chaplain, proclaimed the G. L. duly open.

The following officers were present:

Jos. L. Silcox, M. W. G. M.
Daniel Moss, R. W. D. G. M. pro. tem.
F. M. Finch, R. W. G. W. pro. tem.
W. W. Wright, R. W. G. S.
J. B. McChesney, R. W. G. T.
J. H. Stailey, R. W. G. Mar. pro. tem.
D. Woolsey, R. W. G. Conductor.
Rev. Gam'l. Taylor, R. W. G. Chaplain.
Geo. D. Staats, R. W. G. Guardian.
P. A. Hackleman, Oliver Dufour, } G. Reps. G. L. U. S.

The committee on credentials was appointed, and the P. G.'s and Reps. in waiting received and instructed in the P. G. and G. L. Degrees.

The G. M. then appointed standing committees. Several petitions memorials and appeals were read and referred to the appropriate committees, and the G. L. adjourned to meet at 2 o'clock P. M.

Tuesday, 2. P. M.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment. Regular officers all present except the R. W. G. Warden.

After the presentation of several petitions &c., the R. W. G. Master presented the following report:

My Brothers—Assembled to transact business pertaining to the Order, it behooves us to offer the cheerful oblation of gratitude to the Author of those sublime principles that actuate our purposes while acknowledging the conscious approval of Our Father in the extension of those cherished objects of our fraternization—that have endowed us with a distinction and a name among the associated efforts of the age. May we be stimulated to renewed exertion in perpetuating those pure principles that form the peculiar characteristics of Odd Fellowship.

[Here follows an account of the Lodges instituted.]

Bluffton Lodge, No. 114, Bluffton, Ind.
Bainbridge Lodge, No. 115, Bainbridge, Ind.
Auburn Lodge, No. 116, Auburn, Ind.
Versailles Lodge, No. 117, Versailles, Ind.
Bucher (German) Lodge, No. 118, Madison, Ind.
Flora Lodge, No. 119, Mt. Vernon, Ind.
Chickasara Lodge, No. 120, Williamsburg, Ind.
Lodge No. 121, Winchester, Ind.
Crescent Lodge, No. 122, Evansville, Ind.
Silcox Lodge, No. 123, Danville, Ind.

It becomes my duty to report the unpleasant intelligence of the calamity that has befallen Russiaville Lodge No. 105, in the destruction of her charter and effects by fire on the 20th of November.

Being among the youngest in our family, and looking forward with anticipation to a wide sphere of usefulness, she casts her blighted hopes on the sympathies of her more prosperous neighbors, you will be called upon to illustrate the truthfulness of your profession, by pecuniary relief in this their hour of trial.

[The Grand Master's report gives an account of the closing of the affairs of Man-go-quin-ong Lodge No. 70; also to a communication from the Grand Secretary of the G. L. of Ky., in reference to the number of persons residents of Ky. initiated into Lodges under the jurisdiction of Indiana, and the authority for so doing; also a number of decisions given by the G. M. during the recess. As the action of the G. L. upon these subjects will appear in another place, we omit them here.]

Information has been communicated to me, that Monticello Lodge No. 107, had proceeded, in direct violation of law, to receive and initiate a candidate out of its own immediate jurisdiction.

Conceiving such an act a gross outrage upon the safeguards of the Order, and it being the first known violation in this jurisdiction. I was left wholly to discretion as to the course necessary to pursue. Although said Lodge had thereby forfeited its charter, I thought proper simply to annul said unlawful proceedings, and hold them in abeyance, until your action was had. It devolves on this Grand Body to take this subject under advisement and reconcile the irregularity in a man-

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ner that will be consistent with the dignity of the Order and its laws.

Ever solicitous for the perpetuity of our principles, allow me to direct your attention to that benificent department of our Order, known as the Orphan Fund, designed by its projectors for the holiest of known objects, it also becomes the foundation of Subordinates; for besides keeping in healthy exercise the beneficiary feature of our organization, it in return receives a large share of its increase from that source, hence it becomes a trust fund for posterity, it behooves you to foster and guard this branch of our system of benevolence with all the jealousy of Parental solicitude. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the father," says the meek St. James, "is to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

[The G. M. again brings to the notice of the G. L. the subject of building a G. L. Hall.]

Permit me, in this my first semi-annual report, to advert to the continued prosperity that exists within our borders. As one evidence of this prosperity, I am gratified to learn that the "WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE" continues to increase its subscription list, and promises to afford a medium of communication between the Grand Officers and the Subordinates, and enable brethren by their correspondence with it, to learn of the prosperity and progress of the Order in the various portions of our jurisdiction.

It is indeed gratifying to know, that among the thousands that surround our altars, there prevails unanimity of feeling and action. The information given in the reports of the D. D. G. M.'s, indicates that Odd Fellowship was never in a more healthy condition than at the present. Not only have the fires that were burning upon the ONE HUNDRED AND TEN altars in our jurisdiction continued to glow with increasing brilliancy and power, but the heaven-born genius of our Order has kindled her fires upon TEN MORE altars, to light up as beacons of a glorious promise, the dark ways of a selfish world. May these watch-fires continue to increase in number and brightness, until their light shall illumine the pathway of those whose hearts and lives are pledged to the promulgation of the principles of benevolence and charity.

I would be wanting in every sentiment of courtesy if I should suffer the present occasion to pass without a warm expression of acknowledgement of the high honor conferred in entrusting to me the affairs of this truly responsible station. The only offering I can make in return, is an ardent devotion to the interest thus confided, and a sincere prayer that our Divine Parent may still continue the harmony and prosperity of the whole brotherhood. JOS. L. SILCOX, G. M.

G. Reps. O. Dufour and P. A. Hackleman, then presented their reports, which we are compelled to lay over until next No.

The Grand Secretary and Grand Treasurer made their reports which were referred to appropriate committees. The statistics in this report appeared in the August No. of the Magazine.

On motion the G. L. adjourned until to-morrow at 9 A. M.

Wednesday, Jan. 19.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment. Proceedings of yesterday were read and approved.

The committee on the state of the Order reported a resolution "granting to Russiaville Lodge No. 105, the leave to apply to Sister Lodges for relief, and that the M. W. G. Master be authorized to issue his circular accordingly."

A report was adopted repealing the action of Carlisle Lodge No. 50, annulling the card of G. W. L. Cox, on the ground that said Lodge No. 50 had failed to give notice to Bro. Cox, of the existence of the motion to annul; brothers holding final cards, having a right to a fair and impartial trial.

A charter was granted for a new Lodge at Vevay, Ind.

The Lodge adjourned until 2 P. M.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment. Minutes read and approved.

A resolution was adopted directing the G. Sec. to have the "printed proceedings that have been accumulating in the G. Sec.'s office for the past five or six years, bound in volumes, for the use of individuals and subordinate Lodges that may desire them."

A motion was adopted granting permission to Fort Wayne Lodge No. 17, to re-instate Richard Connell to membership in said Lodge.

A charter was granted for Moore's Hill Lodge No. ——, to be located at Moore's Hill, Dearbon co., Ind. Also, a charter for Reddington Lodge No. ——, to be located at Reddington, Jackson co. Indiana.

Permission was granted to all the Sub. Lodges under this jurisdiction to have one public procession prior to the next communication, should they desire it.

The hour of 4 o'clock having arrived, the G. L. took a recess for the purpose of hearing an address from P. G., R. D. Owen, upon "THE LAW OF PROGRESS, AS DEDUCED FROM HISTORY."

[As Bro. Owen has promised to furnish us with extracts from this able and beautiful address for the Magazine, we will add nothing further here.]

Upon motion the G. L. adjourned until to-morrow at 9 A. M.

Thursday, Jan. 20.

The Lodge met pursuant to adjournment. Minutes read and approved.

By a report of the committee on the state of the Order, it appeared that Mon-go-quon-ing Lodge No. 70, was defunct.

The Grand Lodge adopted a resolution directing the G. Sec. to write to ——— Lodge No. 346, of Penn., through that G. L. and request her to refund the amount of $15, relief extended, to Wabash Lodge No. 20, to a member of said No. 346.

The Grand Lodge decided that an officer could not be fined for non-attendance for more than four consecutive nights, as after that, unless excused by consent of his Lodge, or in case of sickness, his office must be declared vacant.

The following question was asked of the G. M.

If it is ascertained after the initiation of a brother that he was, at the time of his initiation afflicted with a constitutional disease, (consumption or similar diseases) and remains in the Lodge until his death, without any charges to that effect being preferred against him, is the Lodge bound to pay his weekly and funeral benefits?

The G. L. answered it in the affirmative!

The G. L. decided the granting of a final card to a brother, deprived the wife of a card in all cases, as her rights are dependant upon his, and must of course cease with them.

The following report we give in full.

TO THE R. W. G. L.

The committee on the state of the Order, to whom was referred the following enquiry:

"A Bro. dying in good standing leaves a minor daughter, the issue of a marriage contracted in

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this jurisdiction, and afterwards it appears, he was a married man, having a wife and family living in Pennsylvania, who comes forward and claims his estate: Is this daughter by his second marriage, which is an illegitimate one, in the eye of the law of the State, such an orphan as would have legal claims upon the Lodge for guardianship and support;"

Would respectfully answer the interrogatory in the affirmative. It is not the policy of our Order to visit the iniquity of the father upon the children. The committee rejoice in the belief that such a case can scarcely, if ever, occur.

The following amendment to the General Laws was offered and concurred in.

The powers and duties which are conferred upon and required of Subordinate Lodges, in chapter II of the General Laws shall be, and the same are hereby extended to any German Sub. Lodge now instituted, or that may hereafter be instituted, and it shall be the duty of such German Lodge to exercise the same, where no German Degree Lodge is instituted.

The G. L. decided that when a subordinate adopted a by-law in accordance with the General Laws of the Order, that the by-law of the Sub. Lodges, remains in force after the repeal of the general law, provided the by-law does not conflict with any provision of the general laws.

The R. W. G. Treasurer was authorized to release the mortgage held by the R. W. G. Body, against Rochester Lodge No. 47, the loan made by No 47 having been paid.

The G. L. decided that it "has long been the settled policy of the G. L. to require the subs. under its jurisdiction, to cause the Lodge, whose members may receive benefits from another Lodge, to refund to said Lodge the full amount of relief granted.

The G. L. decided that in case of a trial an amendment in the law to grant a change of venue ought not to be adopted.

The G. L. adopted a report requiring its subs. to report the amount in each Lodge of the Orphan Fund, how invested, if loaned on note, how secured, or if stocks, and the rate of increase, and whether at compound or simple interest.

The G. L. adjourned to meet at 2 P. M.

Thursday, 2 P. M.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment, minutes read and approved.

The committee on the G. L. Hall made the following report:

The committee on the G. L. Hall have had that subject under consideration, and have instructed me to make the following report:

They are of opinion, that the dignity and interests of our Order in Indiana, now numbering upwards of 7,000 members in good standing, and 123 Sub. Lodges urgently require the erection, at the seat of Government, of a Grand Lodge Hall.

They are further of opinion that measures ought to be taken forthwith, for the erection of such a Hall, believing from present appearances that an expansion of the currency throughout our State may be expected, and that real estate, in this city and elsewhere, will continue to rise in value.

Your committee feel assured that this can be effected by the adoption of prudent and energetic measures, and that, without imposing a single dollar of additional burden on the Order generally beyond the present assessment, by means of voluntary subscriptions of stock alone, a Hall may immediately be erected in this city, that shall be an honor to Odd Fellowship and an ornament to the capital of our State; and further, that the stock will be to the holders a profitable stock, paying not less than ten per cent. per annum.

The Masonic Hall of this city, your committee are informed, has paid, and is now paying a larger per centage, than this, clear of all expenses, yet the location was not judicious, and the building, in consequence of the style of architecture selected has been unnecessarily costly. By giving 30 to 50 per cent more for the original lot, the stores in the basement of that building would doubtless have rented for twice, perhaps three times as much as they now do.

Your committee recommend, therefore, that the lot selected be in a business part of the city, where stores of good size and well finished may be expected to rent at from $300 to $400.

Your committee estimate the entire cost of a suitable lot and building, three stories high, plain but chaste and elegant in its architecture, at $30,000. The cost of the Masonic Hall and lot has, your committee learns, fallen short of this sum.

The above amount your committee propose to raise as follows:

First: At the present rate of dues from Sub. Lodges, which your committee recommend should remain unchanged, if the Grand Lodge meet after this year, annually instead of semi-annually, there will be as your committee have ascertained, an annual surplus of from $2,000 to $2,500.

[Here follows a recommendation for annual instead of semi-annual communication of G. L.]

Based upon the surplus fund your committee recommend that the G. L. (in connection with the G. E. if their co-operation can be obtained) issue the bonds of the Lodge, bearing six per cent. for the sum of $10,000 redeemable in 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years, the same bonds to be sold by the building committee; chosen by this Lodge from its members, and the proceeds, or part of the same, to be invested in a lot in an eligible part of this city, or it might be, that the owner of the lot would take said bonds, or a part of the same, in direct payment.

This your committee propose as the general contribution of the Order towards the Hall in question, and it will be observed, that it is made without increasing by a single dollar, the present rate of dues.

The remainder of the sum, say $20,000, your committee propose to raise by voluntary subscription of stock, either inside the Order or outside of it: Say 800 shares of $25 each. They believe that not less than $2,000 may probably be taken by the Subordinate Lodges in this city, and probably $5,000 by Odd Fellows and others, residents of Indianapolis. This would leave but $10,000 to be raised among members of the Sub. Lodges and others throughout the State, say on an average about three shares to each Sub. Lodge.

That a building judiciously placed and economically erected, with $30,000, but costing the stockholders $20,000 only, will be safe and profitable stock yielding at least 10 per cent. nett revenue, no one acquainted with the usual profits of real estate well situated in this city, will seriously doubt. The Sub. Lodges might advantageously invest their Widow's and Orphan's Fund in such a building. Your committee recommends that such Sub. Lodges as may take this view of the case, and desire to make such investment of that fund, have opportunity so to do.

Your committee would remark that if we calculate the average number of members of the Order in this State for the next five years at 8,000 (which it will doubtless reach) the contribution of $10,000 proposed, will be virtually but an annual contribution of 25 cents per year from each, for five years to come. Your committee does not believe

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that there is a single true hearted Odd Fellow in the State, who will grudge so trifling a contribution for so worthy and important an object. It is true we are indebted to the courtesy of our brethren of the Masonic Order for the use of their room, at the mere cost of fuel and lights; a courtesy for which we owe them our acknowledgements. But though we are thus kindly tolerated in a building which for the present, stands as a speaking witness of the superior enterprise and spirit of the Masonic Order in this matter, as compared to ours, your committee do not think we ought to accept as charity,—as mere tenants at will,—the occupation of a building belonging to another Order, when we have ample means, if we will only use them, to erect one of our own.

In accordance with the above views, your committee recommend the adoption of the following resolutions:

1st. This provides for the issuing twenty bonds of $500 each, payable in 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years.

2d. For a building committee of five, to purchase the lot, and attend to the erection of a suitable building.

3rd, Provides for the opening of subscriptions of 800 shares of stock of $25 each, and for certificates of stock to be issued to stockholders, &c.

4th, Authorizes the committee as soon as a lot is obtained, to take a conveyance to the G. L. in trust for the stockholders.

5th, Authorizes the G. L. Hall committee to procure a draft for the Hall, as soon as 600 shares of stock are taken to contract for the erection of the Hall.

7, Empowers the G. L. Hall committee to call on the stockholders for the payment of their stock at such intervals as may be deemed necessary.

7, Directs the payment of stock to be made to the R. W. G. Treasurer.

8, Authorizes the chairman of the G. L. Hall committee to draw on the Treasurer for money.

9, Provides that the chairman of the G. L. Hall committee give bond in the sum of $20,000 for the faithful discharge of his duties.

10, Directs the chairman to address a circular to each Sub. Lodge in the State setting forth the plan, &c. of the proposed building.

11, Instructs the chairman to reserve from sale 500 shares of stock for 60 days after he shall have mailed the circular referred to in resolution 10, so that during that time the Sub. Lodges have preference in taking up the stock to the amount of 4 shares.

The first resolution was adopted by a vote of Lodges, ayes 72, noes 10.

The 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, were severally adopted.

Resolved, That in consideration of the sum appropriated by this G. L. towards the erection of said G. L. Hall the stock be issued on condition that the stockholders furnish the G. L. for ever free of all charge the use of the principal Lodge Hall of said building, or any other Hall that may be selected well heated and lighted when necessary for meetings.

Resolved, That in addition to the use of a Lodge room, lighted and heated, for all its of meetings, the G. L. shall be entitled, in value of its appropriation of $10,000, to all profits over ten per cent, accruing to stockholders, until the sum shall amount to a per centage equal to that accruing to stockholders. Resolved, That the G. Lodge reserve to itself the right to purchase of the stockholders of the Grand Lodge Hall, their stock at par.

The following amendment to the constitution was offered and laid over, under the rule.

The Grand Lodge shall hold one regular communication in each year commencing on the fourth Thursday in July, which shall be designated as the Annual Communication.

The G. L. decided that the membership of a person initiated illegally cannot on account of that illegality be declared null and void, as that would release him from all obligation to secresy. The penalty for the illegality must be visited upon the Lodge offending.

The G. L. again decided, that the power to grant a dispensation to receive the petition of a candidate, and ballot for him the same night, is vested in no officer known in our laws, except in the case of newly instituted Lodges.

The Grand Secretary was directed to have three hundred copies (provided that number can be found) of the proceedings of this Grand Body since its organization, to be bound for the use of the G. L. and the Subordinates.

The following decisions were made:

1. That a Lodge can not omit the notification to neighboring Lodges of the rejection of an applicant, the reasons being known and not deemed good and sufficient cause for such rejection. The cause may or may not be given at the option of the Lodge.

2. That a Sub. Lodge cannot pass a by-law for the non-payment of benefits to sick members. If she is in debt it is her duty to pay the indebtedness as fast as the money comes in, and if there be no money in the treasury, sick benefits cannot be paid except by assessment as provided in chapter IV, Sec. 4, general laws.

3. That unless five black balls appear against an applicant for membership or a final card, he must be declared elected. One black ball does not require the same action as in case of original petition.

4. That a majority vote thereof concedes the privilege to a neighboring Lodge to initiate an applicant of the former's jurisdiction.

5. That the N. G. has the right to the use of the seal to all acts of an official character.

6. That the right of vouching for visiting brothers is a prerogative of ELECTED GRAND OFFICERS ONLY.

7. There is no law requiring a brother to be present when he is elected to office; it is sufficient if he is present to be installed.

The Grand Lodge adjourned until 8 A. M. tomorrow.

Friday, Jan. 21.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment; minutes read and approved.

The following P. G.'s were elected "The building committee of the G. L. Hall," on the first ballot:

R. D. Owen, of No. 87, L. Maddux, of No. 35, F. M. Finch, of No. 76, W. Robson, of No. 44, O. P. Morton, No. 23. This committee are ordered to keep an accurate record of all their transactions and actual expenses, and report in full to the Grand Lodge.

The following question was asked of the G. L. "Has the N. G. a vote in the ballotings of the Sub. Lodge? and if so, in case of a tie, has he, in addition, a casting vote?"

The G. L. decided that "no officer or member is entitled to two votes on the same ballot."

The G. L. decided that when the interest of the Orphan Fund was not sufficient to meet the demands upon it, the trustees have a right to appropriate the principal.

Also that when there are 27 nights in the term it is legal to pay the dues and assessments upon the 27th, instead of the 26th night of the term.

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Also, that a Brother from another State cannot visit a Degree Lodge without a traveling card, and the A. T. P. W. Also that although a member may fail to inform the committee of relief at the time of his sickness, he is entitled to benefits. Also, that a Brother after he has been a member 5 months cannot receive the degrees all at one time upon the plea that he would have had them if he had received them two at a time according to the law.

A motion to reconsider the vote adopting the report of the committee on the appeal of G. W L. Cox of Carlisle Lodge No. 50, was lost, ayes 27, noes 36.

The G. L. adjourned until 2 P. M.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment, minutes read and approved.

A vote of thanks was given to P. G. R. D. Owen for his address before the Lodge on the 19th inst.

The G. L. decided "that pleas of being engaged in ordinary business, are not valid as excuses for the non-performance of the duties prescribed by law in reference to watching with the sick and burying the dead."

The G. L. re-affirmed the decision that a brother could not become in arrears with an unexpired card in his possession, that if the Sec. had granted the card without requiring the dues in advance, the Lodge when the officer had granted the card could not take advantage of its own wrong, and even should the term end with the dues unpaid, (the brother holding an unexpired card at the end of the term) his preceding "good standing" would not be in the least affected by that fact.

M. W. G. Master presented a supplementary report informing the Grand Lodge, of the institution by the Grand Officers in ample form, of Capital Lodge No. 124 at Indianapolis, on the evening of the 19th inst.

Jno. Dunn, N. G.
Jno. A. Cottman, V. G.
Wm. Wallace, Secretary.
G. F. McGinnis, Treasurer.

The committee on Subordinate Lodge Reports made the following Report, for the term ending Dec. 31, 1853.

Number of working Lodges,	125
Initiations,	509
Rejections,	47
Admitted by Card,	168
Withdrawn,	52
Reinstated,	10
Suspensions,	41
Expulsions,	23
Deaths,	38
Past Grand,	826
Contributing Members,	5,458
Brothers Relieved,	470
Widowed Families Relieved,	23
Brothers Buried,	29
Resources of the Lodges,	$10,839,22
Orphan Fund,	26,370,69
Paid for Relief of Brothers,	5,561,70
Paid for Relief of Transient Brothers,	191,50
Paid for the Education of Orphans,	315,70
Paid for Burying the Dead,	1,069,50
Paid for other Charitable Purposes,	589,85
Total Relief,	$7,728,25

Grand Representatives Hackleman and Dufour then went through the unwritten work of the order.

The Grand Secretary was directed to order 200 copies of the forms for opening and closing Degree Lodges &c., and furnish the same at cost and carriage to the Sub. and Degree Lodges.

The following nominations were made.

For M. W. G. M.—W. K. Edwards, D. Woolsey, Wm. Henderson, J. P. Chapman, & D. Moss.

R. W. D. G. M.—Benj. Smith, F. M. Finch, O. P. Morton, L. Mann, and C. Richardson.

R. W. G. M.—M. Sexton, S. Wilson, D. F. Maitell.

R. W. G. Sec.—W. W. Wright.

R. W. G. Treas.—J. K. McChesney.

G. Reps. G. I. U. S.—P. A. Hackleman, J. H. Taylor, J. B. Eldridge, and M. Herndon.

Alternate G. Reps.—J. Gibson, O. P. Morton, J. P. Chapman, and J. H. Stailey.

The Grand Secretary was directed to have 2,000 copies of the proceedings of the communication printed.

The G. L. adjourned until to-morrow at 8 o'clock A. M.

Saturday, Jan. 22.

The G. L. met pursuant to adjournment.

Section 3, of Chap II of the General Laws, was so amended, as to read that all petitions for membership "shall be made at a regular meeting" of the Lodge.

The minutes of yesterday and to-day were read and approved, and after prayer by the Rev. Grand Chaplain, the Grand Lodge adjourned *sine die.*

We are requested by the M. W. G. Master of this State, Jos. L. Silsox, to request that all letters until further directions, may be sent to him, at Indianapolis, to the care of W. W. Wright, the R. W. G. Secretary; as it is his intention to visit during the current term all the Subordinate Lodges in the State. Our readers may expect to hear from him.

NEW PERIODICALS.

We have perused with great interest the Jan. No. of the "Southern Lady's Book," a work published in New Orleans, by Wm. T. Leonard & Co. L. Virginia Smith, and Wm. T. Leonard, M. D., editors. Should the book fully carry out and realize the promise of this No. it will very successfully compare with the Lady's Magazines of the east. The articles are well conceived and admirably written, and the general appearance and typographical character of the work reflect great credit upon the proprietors of the True Delta office, at which it is published. The work has been sent us by Brown & How, Booksellers, No. 66, 4th street Louisville, who are the authorized agents, for this region of country, and will supply the book to subscribers.

Putnam's Monthly for January.—This work is gotten up in fine style, on excellent paper, contains 120 large 8vo pages, and will doubtless be received with enthusiasm throughout the whole length and breadth of our country. One thing we regret as connected with, though not necessarily a consequence of the getting up of this periodical, that is the discontinuance of the publication of the American Whig Review; there was room for both, and we would have hailed the appearance of Putnam's Monthly with equal pleasure, and believe that its patronage would have been equally large, without the good will of the Review.

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ORIGINAL MATTER.

The present number is composed entirely of original matter and it is our intention in future to make the Magazine mostly of this character. We therefore trust that our correspondents will continue to forward to us their communications and do so at least one month before they expect them to appear. We except from this, items of fraternal correspondence, these should be sent, however, by the middle of the month.

ENGRAVINGS.

We have already given a lithograph of the M. W. G. Master of the State, and shall ere the close of the year give several other engravings. We have already spoken for the engravings of two of our halls, and a fine steele engraving of one of our P. G. Representatives to the G. L. U. S. It is our design to make an excellent Magazine, one every way worthy the patronage of the Order, and soon as our subscription list will justfy it, our readers may expect from 6 to 8 well executed engravings in every volume.

CIRCULAR.

To the Secretaries of Subordinate Lodges throughout the United States:

Brethren: The undersigned in behalf of the Special Committee of the R. W. Grand Lodge of the United States, upon the subject of Dues and Benefits, respectfully and earnestly solicits from each and every one of you, answers to the following questions:

1. What is the number of members in your Lodge?
2. What is the average age of your members, or of any given number of them taken at random?
3. How many deaths have there been in your Lodge in the year ending with January 1, 1853?
4. What is the amount of sickness (in weeks) among your members for that year?
5. What is the average age of the members who have been sick?
6. What is the annual amount of dues to your Lodge from each member?
7. What do you pay per week to the sick?
8. What do you pay for funeral benefits to each brother deceased?
9. What do you pay to a member on the death of his wife?
10. What amount have you paid during the year aforesaid for the education of orphans, and the relief of the distressed?
11. What are the annual current expenses of your Lodge, for rent, fuel, lights, stationary, Secretaries salary, etc. etc?

The committee will feel greatly obliged for a prompt attention to this matter, and feel confident that if this call is generally responded to, the information they will be able to impart in return will be a full equivalent for the trouble it may cost. The labor of collecting and comparing these statistics, and applying them to the objects contemplated is considerable, and therefore answers should be returned at the earliest possible date.

Address the undersigned at Mobile, Ala.

Yours in F. L. and T.

I. D. WILLIAMSON,
Chairman Committee.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

TO SISTER KATE BEMIS.

Dear Kate: I was much pleased with your reply to my strictures on the Degree of Rebekah, though I do not believe you have made out a good case. I beg to assure you I have in distinct recollection *all* of the *obligations* of the Degree, nor would I say they are not good, for I believe them excellent. But when I look upon them as attachments to a Degree in a social order, I must be allowed to say there are inefficient and of no avail. In a large city, like Madison, where even the well organized institution of Odd Fellowship itself is inadequate to reach *all* cases recognized in its obligations, how can we expect to do good with the Degree of Rebekah without concerted plans of operations, by which each Daughter can be made acquainted with cases demanding her attention! Half the Odd Fellows' wives in this city might die, and their husbands also, and the other half know nothing of it. Within the past year I have watched at the bedside of four or five sick friends, no one of them an Odd Fellow or his wife; while I do not doubt many of my brothers and sisters of the Order needed my good offices and I knew it not. Long ago, dear Kate, I received the same injunctions to do good, and considered them as binding as now. What are the precepts of the Bible without an organized church, Kate? All that you love in our Degree is its obligations. These I love also—but I *know from past experience*, they are of no avail here. But I shall not say any more about them. If where you live they are of any account, you are more blest than we of Madison. Ever yours,

Madison, Jan. 16. E. F. S. BOYLE.

Fraternal Correspondence.

Brookville, Ind., Jan. 17, '53.

Messrs. Editors: Being much engaged during the last month, I did not notify you that we had pitched a tent in Brookville, supposing that some one would apprise you of the fact, but I found on reading your Magazine that you had received no notice of it. Our Worthy Grand Patriarch, Daniel Moss, attended for the purpose of instituting our Encampment.

The officers for the ensuing term are F. R. A. Jeter, C. P., J. D. Howland, H. P., B. H. Burton, S. W., W. H. McCleery, J. W.

After the ceremonies of institution, the petitions of four brothers were received, and all were elected. Two of the candidates being in waiting, they were introduced and exalted to the Royal Purple Degree. We have since exalted five, so that our Encampment now numbers sixteen Patriarchs.

Our nights of meeting are the first and fourth Mondays of each month, and it will afford us much pleasure to have all the Patriarchs who pass this way tarry and rest beneath the covering of our tent. I will write you in due season hereafter, if any thing of moment occurs.

Yours truly, F. R. A. JETER.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. MARCH, 1853. NO. IX.

Original Story.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE TWO BANKRUPTS;

OR

SOCIETY AND ODD FELLOWSHIP CONTRASTED.

BY KATE BEMIES.

PART II.

"How do you like your new home, Caroline?" asked Mr. Harrington, of his wife, as he seated himself by her side in the snug parlor, she had so neatly fitted up for their especial comfort.

"Very well, indeed. It is a beautiful house, admirably arranged for comfort and convenience, and well suited to us in our advanced years."

"Tut, tut, Carrie, we are not old! I feel as young as I did at twenty-five!"

"So do I—almost. But, husband we certainly *must* be getting old! Why Mary is seventeen to-morrow, Samuel was fifteen yesterday Helen will soon be ten, and Sallie, our, babe, is almost five; and you certainly must admit that these indicate at least *middle* age, if nothing more; especially as the talk was when we was married, that the "old bachalor and the old maid had at last been made one!"

"Why that does look a little like being *middle-aged*! but my business has been so prosperous, and home so pleasant, that while Time has been silvering our heads, he has left untouched our hearts. Is it not so Carrie?"

"Yes and I trust that our hearts may always remain young."

The couple who were thus cheerfully speaking of the past and the present had resided but a short time in the city of New York. The greater portion of their lives, before and since their marriage, had been spent in the city of Baltimore. They had known each other from early youth, and had in their childish days plighted to each other their faith. But contrary to the predictions of their friends, they had delayed their marriage until by common consent, they were placed upon the list of old bachelors and old maids; and it was not until their contemplated union had ceased to be the talk of the circle in which they moved, that they were married.

Having thus grown up together, they were fully and perfectly acquainted with each other's character and disposition, and were enabled to begin married life with a knowledge of what each would have to bear and forbear, and thus avoid these annoying little domestic storms, that too frequently mar the happiness of those who have hastily yielded to "love at first sight." To them eighteen years of married life had quietly and happily passed away, giving unto them a small but interesting and lovely family. True they were somewhat advanced in life, but the weight of almost fifty years pressed lightly upon them.

Samuel, their only son, a youth of fine talents, was even at the early age of fifteen, away from home at college. His father saw in him buddings of a superior intellect, and determined that he should fill one of the learned professions. He therefore gave him every facility that money could procure, or that his mind would improve. There were few nobler lads than Samuel Harrington, yet it was not without great hesitation that he was permittted to go from home, for Mr. Harrington well knew that the young are too liable to be led astray by the temptations so incident to college life.

His other children were enjoying the best advantages for mental culture, that the city afforded.

Their children were lovely in heart; and trained by judicious parents, formed a family where peace and happiness loved to dwell; and the fond parents, surrounded by all that can make life desirable, were looking forward to the pure enjoyment that should, in the society of their children, crown their declining years.

The neighborhood in which Mr. Harrington had lately purchased and fitted up a

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home, was one of the most fashionable in the city.

Although a comparative stranger, his wealth at once gave him a position and influence in society; and the very polite and kind welcome given to all who called upon them, won the esteem of their neighbors, and soon made their house the center of attraction for that neighborhood.

Mr. Harrington's business was in a highly prosperous condition. His income was large, and owing to the regularity of the busiuess habits of himself and all connected with him, he was enabled to spend most of his evenings at home.

One evening of each week, however, he always spent away from his family circle, unless sickness prevented it. That evening was spent with his brethren of the then new and somewhat despised society, called "Odd Fellows."

His attention had been directed to this associated some ten years prior to the time of which we write, by one of the men, who had been in his employment, as a clerk, in the city of Baitimore. This man, an Englishman by birth, had been a member of the Order in his native land, and shortly after its instroduction into this country, he became a member of the Order here. At that time Mr. Harrington was not favorablly impressed with the new Order, and endeavored to dissuade his clerk from re-joining the society, upon the plea that it was a useless waste of time of money.

It was not long after this circumstance, that his clerk was taken sick. For months he lay upon a couch of suffering. It was during this illness, that Mr. Harrington be came convinced, by the practical workings of the Order, that it was one of the best means, he had ever seen for the alleviation of the ills incident to humanity.

Possessing a kind heart, and ever willing to assist in doing good, he came to the conclusion that, associated with this society, he could perform a work that he could accomplish by no other means. Having thus concluded, he applied for admission and was accepted. After his initiation he became a devoted Odd Fellow, and lost no opportunity in advancing the true interests of the order. He did not, like too many who become rich in this world's goods, forget his duties to his brethren or to the world; but thought, that, as his means increased his obligations and duties likewise augmented. He, therefore, made an Odd Fellow, that wielded an influence in the circle in which he moved, in favor of the Order. His regular attendance upon the meetings of the Lodge, his ardent devotion to the pure principles of the Order, his open-hearted and open-handed generosity were the best evidences of his attachment to, and appreciation of the institution. As soon, therefore, as he became settled in his new home, he attached himself to one of the Lodges in the city; and notwithstanding the illy-concealed sneers of some of his wealthy neighbors and associates, he continued to meet with his brethren of the mystic tie, and assist them with his counsel and his purse when necessity demanded. He expected net for his labor in the cause of humanity any other reward than that the generous always feel. True, he had on several occasions, when prostrated by sickness, experienced the kind, personal attentions of his brethren, but the pecuniary relief that was due him, he would never appropriate to himself. His weekly benefits always found their way into the diminished purse of some poor family of a deceased brother.

For two years after his removal to New York, his business continued to increase, and he was prosperous and happy. But when the crisis of 18— came, (the same that had ruined the fortunes of Mr. Jones) it affected him, and ere the year of 18— passed away Mr. Harrington was a hopeless bankrupt. I need not here portray the scenes through which he passed, nor the various efforts made by himself and friends to avert the calamity. They were similar to those made by every honest man, who sees the accumulated wealth of years, passing from his possession. In vain did his friends assist and sympathise with him. In the general storm that wrecked so many fortunes, his bark went down, leaving him no trace of its existence but the memory of the unalloyed pleasure he had spent in it.

The blow was a severe and almost unexpected one to him. It was something he had never dreamed would happen to him. He fancied that he was secure, and when he saw himself, and the partner of his bosom, at the age of fifty-two, houseless, and almost penniless in the world, he felt like repining at the providence that had thus befallen him. The home around which were clustered so many bright and happy associations was given up and an humbler one sought. His son was called from college; his daughters' music and French teachers were dismissed, and the family whose luxuries and pleasures and charities had been limited only by an income of thousands, were now left without a sufficient revenue to support themselves.

A few weeks after his failure, however, Mr. Harrington secured, in the house of a brother Odd Fellow, a temporary situation as a clerk, at a salary that would enable him, if economically expended, to live in a tolerably comfortable manner. Thus he hoped,

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without increasing his indebtedness, to live until some opening should offer for him again to engage in business for himself. His son, Samuel, had secured a place in a lawyer's office, at such terms as would enable him not only to commence the study of the law, but also furnish him with a sufficient income to meet all his own expenses.

Thus through the darkness that had gathered around them light was dawning upon them, giving promise of comfort and happiness in their changed situation.

F r several months, Mr. Harrington was permitted to attend to his business, and to some extent enjoy life, although his health was gradually failing him. He had lost his buoyant feelings, and, as day after day passed away, he felt that disease was fastening upon him. At length his system gave way, and he was prostrated by sickness.

It has been said that misfortunes never come singly, and I have no doubt, but Mrs. Harrington thought so; for she had scarcely begun to fully realize their changed condition, when her husband was rendered incapaple by affliction from attending to the duties of his clerkship. Her heart sank within her, as she saw that one upon whom she and her three daughters depended for support, thus stricken down. She felt that the day which appeared about to dawn upon her had changed to night.

Already had they been discarded by most of her former friends. Very few had visited her in their obscure abode. The greater portion of them true to the predominant instinct of fashionable society, had already cast out their names as evil. In their eyes, the family of the bankrupt was dishonored, and they cared not what became of them. They were too poor now to move in *their* circle; *money* was their standard of merit and respectability, and the family of the *salaried clerk* had lost *caste*, and must be debarred from the *golden circle* of fashionable society. Heartless as the "*almighty dollar*," at whose shrine they paid adoration, they had no sympathy for those whom misfortune—not dishonesty or crime—had rendered penniless and reduced to the necessity of ignoble (!) labor!

But how did the Order treat them? Did it cast off the family of this bankrupt brother, as Society had? Did it place upon their brows the mark of dishonor, and refuse them admittance to its sympathies and its benefactions? Was he, who had once been one of its most wealthy and devoted adherents left, in this the day of his distress, to be hunted up—if hunted up at all—by the Overseers of the Poor? Nay! Had not the hand of an Odd Fellow—a hand that is said to be ever open to a brother in friendship or distress—assisted the husband to business? Had not the son whose superior talents gave promise of a brilliant future, been placed, by the arm of the Order, in a position, where he could attain the ardent desire of his heart? But will that (then) comparatively feeble Order ascertain that *he* is sick and in distress, and will he be visited and attended to? I know not the precise way by which Odd Fellows so soon ascertain that a brother is sick, but it was not long ere the Committee of Relief were on their way to the residence of "*brother* Harrington."

In an ordinarily furnished, though neat room, in a very unfashionable part of the city, will this Committee find their brother. Care, loss of sleep and anxiety of mind had made sad hovoc with the lately robust frame of Mr. Harrington. His locks were grayer, his eyes were hollow and sunken, and settled gloom overshadowed his pale features. Near the bed upon which he lay suffering, his wife and oldest daughter sit sewing, while Helen, in a low, subdued voice is hearing little Sallie say her morning lesson. A shade of sadness is resting upon all of them, while upon the cheeks of the wife is the trace of recent tears.

A gentle knock is heard at the door. Mrs. Harrington opens it and two gentlemen enter the room.

Mr. Harrington extends his hand, welcomes them and introduces them to his family.

"Well, brother Harrington," said Mr. Harper, "how do you find yourself, this morning?"

"Poorly, poorly," answered the sick brother,

"Brother Thomson told us late last evening, that you had not been to the store for a couple of days and that you were sick, and we called in to see how you were."

"Thank you," said Mr. Harrington. "I am sorry that I am thus afflicted. I strove against it as long as I could, but I was compelled to give up, and here I am as you see me."

"I trust that you will be up again in a few days."

"I fear not. I do not know what is the matter with me. I have constant fever, and feel that I am getting worse and weaker every day. The doctor does not think it anything very serious, and thinks that a little medicine and a good deal of rest will soon restore me to health; but I fear not."

"I hope the doctor is right," said Mr. Harper smiling.

"I would like to feel so, but I cannot. I am disheartened. The loss of all my property was a sad blow to me, and the care and anxiety of mind and the sleepless hours I

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spent in trying to bring my business to a favorable close, made greater inroads upon my health and constitution than you have any idea of. I feel that my whole energy is gone and this sickness has taken away what little hope I had."

"Come, come, brother Harrington, you must not give way to such gloomy feelings. Better times are in store for you. We know that you, like hundreds of others, have been broken up; but you must not let your situation prey upon your mind. Despondency will only aggravate your disease, and make it more difficult to conquer. Come, cheer up. Recollect you have friends and brothers who will stand by you in your affliction. You know, it is said, that the darkest hour is just before the dawn of day, and your friends will stand by you until the day dawns."

"I know it, I know it," said Mr. Harrington, as the tears came into his eyes; "but it grieves me to feel that I am reduced so low as to need the ——," and his voice faltered, and the sentence was unfinished.

"Never mind," said Mr. Harper. "We know how you feel and what you would say. Give yourself no uneasiness about such things; sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Let there be no gloomy forebodings. You have a *right* to all the attention you may receive—you are not an object of *charity*. So be easy about that. How does he rest at night," continued Mr. Harper, turning to Mrs. Harrington.

"Only tolerably well. His disease at times is very painful; at other times his fever is high and he becomes very flighty, and is continually worrying about what he owes, and how much he is embarrassed."

"Well, I will send a couple of brethren to sit up with him to-night, and every night that he may need watchers, and you will be greatly relieved from the labor and care that is breaking you down. You need not be afraid to trust him with them, for there has been so much sickness this fall, that we have all become excellent nurses. Keep in good spirits, Mrs. Harrington, and all will yet turn out well."

After some further conversation, in which the two brethren tried to console their sick brother, they rose to depart. Mrs. Harrington followed them to the door.

"Should he get worse, or need any assistance in the day-time, send word to me at my shop on ——— street, and everything you require shall be attended to. Some of the brethren, however, will call in every day. Good morning," added Mr. Harper, extending his hand to her.

Ere Mrs. Harringlon was aware of it, the door was closed, and she was left standing with a gold piece in her hand. For an instant she was bewildered. She knew not what to do. That she had strange feelings can easily be imagined. She who, a few months since, was in the enjoyment of all the luxuries and pleasures that money could purchase, was now the recipient of what she and too many like her, deemed *charity*. Her cheeks and brow crimsoned, while her pride smote her for not immediately returning the gift—but then came the bitter thought that she was, in fact, in need of the money—and thus pride and necessity began a struggle in her bosom. The sickness of her husbnnd—the lowness of his purse—the fact that he had now no income—that all he had made since his failure had already been spent;—and the gift in her hand compelled her to feel that she was poor—very poor!

As she thus stood her husband noticed the bewildered and anxious expression of her face and asked:

"What is the matter, Carrie?"

She did not speak, but approaching the bed where he lay, and placing the money in his hand, she fell upon her knees, buried her face in the bed clothes, and gave vent to her mingled feelings in a flood of tears.

Mary and her sisters looked on in mute astonishment, while their father lay with his eyes intently fixed upon the money his wife had placed in his hand.

"Why did you take it, Carrie?" he asked with a quivering lip.

"I could not help it," replied his wife, as she raised her head. "Mr. Harper left it in my hand as he bade me good morning; and I was so much confused at the time, that I did not know what I was doing."

"Well," remarked Mr. Harrington, after a considerable pause, "it is as brother Harper said, "all right." But I never expected to be so poor, that my poverty would compel me to accept this from the Order; yet so it is, and I accepted it only because." and his voice sank to a low whisper, "I need it!"

"Then it was not wrong in me to keep it," anxiously replied his wife.

"No. Without it what should we now do? We have nothing; all that we once owned is gone, and the small salary I was getting only met our regular expenses. It is hard, Carrie, for us, who have always been wealthy, to be situated as we now are, but it is pleasant for me *to know from what I have seen*, that although I am broken up, sick and out of money, my brethren will not permit us to suffer."

A heavy load was taken off that wife's heart. The strong confidence of her husband re-assured her. She had fancied that the Odd Fellows would be like the rest of the world, too ready, nay anxious, to forget them

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now that they were bankrupt in fortune, and, in the eyes of many, bankrupt in honor. She had wondered what would become of them if her husband should be sick for any length of time. She knew that she and Mary could not, with their needles, meet the necessary expenses of the family. She knew that Samuel, having been to school all his life, had no knowledge of a trade or any business that would enable him to assist them, and it had been doubtful in her mind whether he would be able to support himself. She knew from what she had seen of the world, and from what her husband had told her, that Society too frequently visited misfortune and poverty with a penalty *too severe* for crime. She had heard him tell of those who, like themselves, had become bankrupt —how, in his visits to do good, he had found them in some old dingy garret or damp cellar—the father sick on a pallet of straw—the half-clad, sickly children crying for food, the weak and feeble mother toiling like a slave for some merciless and godless shopmen, without earning enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger or clothe their shivering and famine-wasted bodies. These and all she had ever heard or read of the misery and want and degradation of the poor in large cities had come up vividly before her mind since the illness of her husband, and was it any wonder that her heart trembled or her eyes suffused with tears, when she gazed upon his prostrate form, and upon her lovely daughters around her! She, too, was aged and feeble; she might be smitten down with disease; ay, she might die, and thus bereft, might not want of work and starvation tempt her boy to crime and her daughters to infamy! O, no one but a mother who has *felt* the presence of these demons upon the very threshhold of her home can imagine the unspeakable woe and misery that had filled her heart! But now her fears have gone! and her heart swells with thankfulness and gratitude to God, that the efforts of her husband to do good in the days of his prosperity, had thrown around them in the days of their adversity, a cordon of warm hearts and friendly hands that would shield them from the ruder blasts of an unfeeling world. It was a bright hour in her darkness; for she felt that the kind deeds they had done, were now bringing in a plentious harvest—that with the same measures they had meted out it was being measured back to them. Her heart beat with gladder pulsations and her tearful eyes were lighted up with a holier and a more trusting hope, as there upon her knees, by the side of her sick husband, her soul sent up its grateful incense to the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

For several days Mr. Harrington seemed to improve, for when the members of the Order learned that he was so low spirited, they became more frequent in their visits, more assiduous in their attentions and more cheerful in their conversations. To them Mr. Harrington was much endeared. In the days of his health he had been very punctual, not only in his attendance upon the Lodge meetings, but in the performance of the various duties incumbent on him, and they now wished as far as possible to manifest to him their appreciation of his worth. Though penniless he was as dear to them as ever, ay, dearer, for he was now sick and in distress.

For about a fortnight he continued slowly to improve, and his wife trusted that he would soon be able to resume his business. But, alas the improvement was only apparent. His disease assumed a more serious form, and he began to decline. As he felt his physical system give way he became more desponding. All the efforts made by his physicians to arrest the disease were unavailing. Steadily the disease advanced, and at the end of three months from the time that he was confined to his room his friends had lost all hopes of his recovery. Everything that friends, careful nursing and skillful treatment could do was done, but in vain.

About a week before his death while his wife was sitting by his side bathing his feverish brow, he said:

"I can't stand it much longer, Carrie. I am failing rapidly."

"Say not so, husband, You are better today than you were yesterday."

"Not much, not much. I am so weak, and my cough is so exhausting. I feel that I shall be with you but a few days longer."

Mrs. Harrington vainly strove to keep back the tears that were forcing themselves into her eyes.

"Don't weep for me. I know 'tis hard for us to be parted now, for our life has been a happy one; my failure having only shown me how nobly, how uncomplainingly and how willingly you have shared my poverty, and comforted me in my sickness and gloom. Don't weep for me, for I shall be in a better world. I have no fears of death. I have not served God for naught."

"Why, husband, you must be better," remarked his wife still weeping. "Your voice is much stronger than it has been for a long time."

"It may be, but you can see that I am failing rapidly. I am almost reduced to a skeleton. But I would say a few words to you about the future, and I wish to do it whilst I have the strength and my mind is clear. A little water, Carrie."

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His wife moistened his lips and he continued:

"After I am dead, keep the family together, if possible. Brother Harper told me that arrangements would be made that will enable you to do so. Samuel is so situated that he can assist you a little while he is prosecuting his studies. Through the influence of some of the Order, Mary will, in a couple of months, have a situation as a teacher, in one of the city schools. With the assistance you will get from the Lodge—God bless its members—you can give Helen and Sallie a good English education, and you will all be placed beyond the fear of want; and although I shall die penniless, God has raised up these friends to watch over you. Thus you see that, notwithstanding I joined the Order for the sole purpose of doing good unto others, it has been to me a comfort in this life, and placing you and the children above want, the best investment I ever made. My riches disappeared—my wealthy business friends forsook me, but among my brother Odd Fellows, I have found friends that did not cast me off, and who will not permit you to suffer when I am gone."

"Yes, I feel," replied his wife, "that the members of the Order will not let us suffer. I can never forget their kindness to us since you have been sick. I had no idea that any but relatives could be so attentive and careful. They have assisted us so much that I know we shall never be able to repay them."

"They ask no pay; they expect none but the smile of God and the approval of their own consciences, and these I know they will have."

"But I am old, and may soon die, and when I am dead, will they still look to the children?"

"Yes, yes, Carrie. They will be to them a kind and affectionate parent. Their obligations cease not with *our* earthly existence."

At this moment, Mary, who had been out on an errand, entered the room, accompanied by her brother Samuel and Mr. Harper.

"How are you to-day, brother Harrington," asked Mr. Harper, as they all approached his bedside.

"Still failing. I shall soon be out of this suffering world."

"I presume that you are prepared to go in peace."

"Yes, I trust so. My earthly matters are easily settled, for I have nothing to leave my family but a bankrupt's name, the friendship of the Order and the good providence of God. I have told Samuel that, if he lives and becomes able, he must pay all my indebtedness, and rescue our name from dishonor. My hope in reference to the other world, is founded, not upon what I have done, but upon the mercy of God as manifested in his Son, Jesus Christ."

"I am glad to find you thus prepared, for it takes away our deepest grief to know that a brother will fall asleep in the hope of a joyful resurrection.

"It does indeed; and I trust I shall meet all my bretheren in heaven. They have been very kind to us here. Had it not been for the Lodge we should, during these hard times, have suffered much."

"We have only done our duty," replied Mr. Harper.

Mr. Harrington had already talked too much for one in his exhausted condition, and he was unable to continue the conversation. Mr. Harper, however, remained with him for more than an hour, telling him some of the particulars of the arrangements that had been made in reference to his family, and when he left the room a smile, brighter than had been seen there for months, lighted his wasted features.

Another week has passed away.

'Tis midnight and winter. The same storm that howled along the deserted streets of the city of New York, as we sought the miserable hovel where the wife and daughter of the deceased bankrupt, Mr. Jones, were suffering and dying and his crippled and starving son was meditating crime to procure them the necessaries of life, will fiercely beat upon us as we seek the chambers where another bankrupt, Mr. Harrington, lies calmly sinking into the icy embrace of death. But we will not find him deserted and alone. The ban of Society is upon him, but its ban has not been sufficient to drive from him these good-samaritan friends whose love grew stronger, instead of weaker, as his poverty and sickness and wants increased. We will not, as then, be compelled to thread our way down some dark and dismal alley, at the risk of life or limb.

Upon the same comfortable couch, in the same neat room, where he has lain since he was first taken sick, we will find him. No unfeeling landlord has been permitted to thrust him and his family into the street on account of unpaid rent. The furniture has not been stripped from the room and carried to some pawn-broker's shop to buy food for him and his family. His wife and children do not gather half-clad and half-straved over a few expiring coals to shiver as the cold wind rushes past. Hunger is not killing him—destitution is not destroying his wife and daughters, nor driving his son to the commission of crime.

The heaven-born spirit of Odd Fellowship is there, and beneath her out-spread

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wings of relief do they still securely repose.

The sorrow-stricken wife and her weeping children are near him. Many of his brethren of the mystic tie are there to mingle their tears of sympathy with the sorrowing. The minister of God is there to afford the sweet consolation of our holy christianity.

It is a season of distress, yet a season of joy. Distress to the wife and children and brethren, to lose a husband, a father and a brother; joy to him to know that his family shall not want, and that he is passing to a home where "there is fullness of joy and pleasures forevermore."

Morning dawned. During the darkness and the storm of the night, Mr. Harrington, surrounded by his sorrowing family and brethren, had breathed his last, and his care-worn spirit, released from its frail tenement of clay, had gone to bask forever in the sunshine of God's presence on high. His lifeless form, still an object of love and care, was prepared by loving hands, for its final resting place.

The next day, preceded by a sad, regalied throng, to the music of a mournful dirge, it was borne to the grave The wife and family of the deceased were not the only mourners that stood at the open tomb. Many a manly cheek was bedewed with the tear of heartfelt sympathy, as the minister of God read the funeral service of the Order; and after he had, with the sprinkled earth, pronounced the sad "earth to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes," each one of the bereaved band, whose circle of friendship had been broken by the hand of death, cast a sprig of evergreen upon the coffin, and then assisted to heap above the form of their departed brother, the mound of earth to mark his resting place. To his remains they had now performed their last sad duty; around these, the wife and the children of the deceased, they cast their tripple chain of Friendship, Love and Truth, and thus bound to them and to each other, they will be shielded from the rough storms of a selfish world. Upon the strong arm of the Order, the bereaved family may lean, and feel that, faithful to their promises, the members will sustain them as long as a brother's heart can glow with love, or a brother's arm be nerved by the power of sympathy.

As they retire from the cemetery, they see two rough coffins borne in a common cart to an open grave. No mourners attend them, no friends follow them. Hurriedly and roughly two rude men lower them in to one common grave, and hastily tumble the clods upon them. The earthly remains of Mrs. Jones and her daughter sleep, side by side, in a *pauper's grave!*

Caroline Harrington is a widow and her children are fatherless. The home to which the Order escort her seems desolate indeed; but the tender care of the Order is over them, and they realize that they are not friendless.

Two months have passed away. The family have not been separated. Mary has entered upon her duties as school-mistress. Helen and Sallie are reaping the benefits of the command, "educate the orphan." Samuel is eagerly pursuing his studies, and bids fair to win for himself a name among the renowned of earth.

Thus that family, watched over and cared for by the Odd Fellows, continued to enjoy peace and comfort and contentment.

Mary's duties, as school-mistress, suddenly terminated, about eight months after the death of her father, at the suggestion of Mr. Harper, who had persuaded her to preside, as *Mrs.* Harper, over a neat little cottage he had lately built and furnished for her especial accommodation. In that cottage Widow Harrington and her two daughters found a comfortable home.

* * * * * * * *

Fifteen years have glided by since the events I have narrated, occurred; and during that time many changes have taken place. Mrs. Harrington has long since been placed by the side of the husband of her choice. Little Sallie sleeps with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Harper still live in the city, surrounded by many warm-hearted friends. Her respect for and attachment to the Order have not, in the least, abated. Fortune has smiled upon them, and the little cottage has given place to a splendid mansion.

Helen, a few years since, changed her name to gratify the ardent wishes of the oldest son of Mr. Thomson, and is now the accompliseed mistress of a large and well-furnished home in a fashionable part of the city.

She and her sister Mary have not forgotten, in their return to the enjoyments and luxuries of wealth, the lessons they learned in the days of their poverty. Often when the ladies of their circle in life are reclining upon their superb sofas, near a comfortable fire, reading the news, or the light, sentimental literature of the day, these two sisters may be seen hunting up the sick and unfortunate, and administering to their wants.

In the flourishing city of L———, in one of the Western States, has Samuel Harrington taken up his residence. His talents, his legal knowledge, his generous heart, and his glowing eloquence won for him an enviable reputation and a host of friends. The community in which he resided were justly

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proud of his character, ability, and attainments. His connection with the Order of Odd Fellows, and his reputation as an orator, gave him frequent opportunities to speak well of an institution that had done so much for him; and his daily practice of its excellent teachings convinced the world of the sincerity of his love for the Order.

Early in the year of 185–, a prisoner by the name of Carson, then lying in the jail at L———, awaiting court, to be put upon trial for his life, sent for Mr. Harrington, in order to secure his services in his behalf at the approaching trial. Mr. Harrington was rather favorably impressed with the appearance of the prisoner. There was an air of easy grace and apparent honesty in Carson that at first led Mr. Harrington to believe he was innocent of the crime of which he was accused. He held a long conversation with him, in which he disclosed, not only his connection with the crime for which he had been arrested, but all the leading events of his past life. The narrative bore the marks of truth, and Mr. Harrington resolved to do all in his power to save the life of his client.

The day fixed for the trial at length came. The news of the murder had been widely circulated, and the court-house was crowded long before the hour for the commencement of the trial. It was known that the celebrated Mr. Harrington was to conduct the defence, and this added greatly to the interest of the trial.

At length the Judges assumed the bench, and court was opened. Carson was brought in. The crowd were much disappointed in the personal appearance of the accused. Instead of a rough, blood-thirsty looking ruffian, they beheld a feeble, wasted form, in whose lineaments there appeared no trace of the villain. He sat down by the side of his counsel and seemed anxious to avoid the gaze of the staring crowd.

A jury was soon empanelled and sworn, for he made no objections to any of them, and those only had to be set aside who had already pre-judged the case. In a low, but clear and distinct voice, he plead "Not guilty" to the indictment.

It is not my intention to give a detailed account of the trial, for that would swell this narrative far beyond its designed limits. The hearing of the testimony, little of which was vague and contradictory, occupied the attention of the court for two days. After it was gone through with, the prosecutor summed up the evidence in a most masterly manner, and when he took his seat the whole auditory seemed satisfied of the guilt of the prisoner. Mr. Harrington had carefully noted the leading points in the testimony, and marked the effect of the prosecutor's speech upon the jury and the crowd. His knowledge of the past life of the accused, and of his own power to sway a jury or a popular audience, and his determination to save the life of his unfortunate and, to some extent, guilty client, led him to commence his speech with more than usual caution. He saw that the minds of the jury were fully made up, and that the great mass of the testimony was fearfully strong against his client; but he despaired not, for he was firmly convinced that the accused was not guilty of wilful murder. In a very short time he had the undivided attention of all in the court room; and, as he proceeded in his argument and exhibited what few weak points there were in the testimony, exposed the fallacy of many of the conclusions of the prosecutor, and poured a tide of bitter, scathing rebukes upon some of the witnesses who had, in order to secure the conviction of the accused, evidently suppressed a portion of the truth, his whole soul became aroused, while every eye was riveted upon him, and every ear was eager to catch the words that fell from his earnest lips. There was a force in his arguments and a fascination in his voice and voice that gradually won the jury in favor of the accused. The tide of popular feeling was changed. Taking advantage of the sympathy thus awakened, he made a direct and thrilling appeal in behalf of the prisoner. He reverted to his early history, pictured the scenes of his innocent and happy days—the loss of his parents—the cold and cruel neglect that was shown him by a careless world—the bitter repulses he met at the hands of those who had once been his most intimate friends and associates—the deep despair that shrouded his soul in gloom, as want and death by starvation stared him, and those dearer than life to him, in the face—the voice of the tempter allured him with its siren charms to a course of crime; and, as he portrayed, in vivid colors, these cheerless scenes in the prisoner's early life, the jury, the court, and the auditory were affected to tears. His appeal was successful; and when, after an impassioned speech of nearly three hours in length, he sat down, he saw that the life of his client was saved.

The jury retired. In a short time they returned with a verdict of manslaughter.

The prisoner was again brought into the court room. With a sad and mournful face he rose to his feet and asked permission to speak. It was granted. As Carson lifted his head and threw back the dark curls from his brow, he revealed to the gaping crowd a set of features that many of them might envy. Politely bowing, he said:

"I have a few and only a few words to say;" and the tones of a clear, mellow voice

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reached the extreme parts of the hall. "I have been found guilty of manslaughter, and am about to be sentenced to spend the remainder of my life within the gloomy walls of a prison. That cannot be long, for a constitution already enfeebled by affliction, will not long endure the confinement and treatment I shall there receive.

"I am not a murderer"—and his dark eyes flashed and burned beneath his heavy brows as he repeated, "I am *not a murderer!* Never, except in self-defence, has this hand of mine shed a drop of human blood. The deed for which I am about to atone with my liberty, was thus committed. Murder has not been my business. That I am a criminal in the eyes of the law of God and man, for other offences, I admit. The time was when it was not so. I was early taught to abstain from sin and avoid those places of folly which many who are now gazing upon me, too often frequent. My parents were wealthy, influential and courted. Their position was second to none in the city of New York. In the ruinous times of 18—, my father became a bankrupt; and, through the fraud and perjury of one whose sons are now rioting in his ill-gotten wealth, the last cent was taken from us. The blow was too severe for my father—it killed him. My mother"—and as he uttered her name his voice trembled and tears gathered in his eyes—"and my sister, who were then suffering in the incipient stage of that disease which has marked me for the grave, were turned upon the world pennyless, and, in the eyes of society, disgraced.

"I had a stout arm and, then, an honest heart. I feared not for the future, for I was young and not ashamed to work. But greater misfortunes came upon us. Accident disabled me, and for months I lay upon my bed, a helpless cripple. Then came darkness and despair. The professed friends of my father had forgotten us; we had passed from their view; they knew not, perhaps cared not, what became of us. At the commencement of the winter, we were thrust, by the hand of law, into the street, and left to subsist as best we could. In a short time we were reduced to extremest poverty. Want and disease were wasting away our lives; and, with hundreds of others in the suburbs of the city of New York, we were freezing and starving to death!

"My mother lay dying upon a couch of rags—my sister, reduced to a mere skeleton, sat shivering over the expiring coals of our last stick of wood, and in that hour of hopeless despair, I yielded to the Tempter! I could not see my mother die unhelped; I could not see my sister starve, while thousands were living in luxurious plenty. I felt that the world had treated us unjustly. One winter midnight I entered the house of him who had most deeply and basely wronged us, and forced him to restore a portion of that which he had robbed us. With a light heart I sought the hovel where I had left my mother and sister. I was too late! My mother was dead; and, in less than an hour, my sister died in my arms. While yet their unshrouded corpses lay before me, I was arrested for robbery. I escaped and fled to another city.

"This was my first crime. Had society, instead of casting us off, extended the helping hand to us in our want and destitution, had it only bid us hope, *that* crime would not have been committed. What was I to do? I saw no alternative but *death* or *crime!* I chose the latter. The former would have been preferable; but the Tempter came—I was human—I fell!

"When reflection came, I resolved that this should be my last crime; but, as my eye glanced over the morning paper, I saw that I was published to the world as a midnight robber, and a reward offered for my apprehension. I knew that this withered arm and this halting limb would forever mark me as the published villain. Hatred—hatred to society—hatred to its laws—hatred to the rich—hatred to the world, filled my heart! I was an outcast and alone! I had not a relative in the world! I started to the West, resolved upon a course of crime. I have been a criminal, a great criminal; but I feel that society and the law made me one! For fifteen years I have committed many crimes, but never murder. For fifteen years I have been a miserable man. The tears, the prayers, the pious admonitions, and the faith of my murdered mother have haunted me! Often have I wept as memory brought her image before me.

"Such has been my life—such its sorrows. Soon it shall end, and I shall find a *criminal's grave.*"

Carson, *alias* Albert Jones, the bankrupt's son, upon whom misfortune had brought poverty, whom society had cast off on account of misfortune, whom want and hunger, mingled with affection for a dying mother and sister, prompted to crime, sat down a condemned criminal! By his side sat Samuel Harrington, another bankrupt's son, one, around whom, when society had cast him off, had gathered the members of a noble and faithful brotherhood, to counsel, assist, and protect, the honored, the beloved, and talented citizen and lawyer.

Rose Cottage, January, 1853.

Who hath wo? Who hath sorrow? Who hath contentions?

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[ORIGINAL.]

Extracts from an Unpublished Poem entitled
"WHAT THE NEW YEAR SAW."

BY MRS. SARAH T. BOLTON.

HEARD ye the wild, mysterious chime
That pealed last night in the halls of Time?
Saw ye the spectres, grim and vast,
It summoned up from the dreamy past?
That shadowy throng of Titan peers
Were the deathless ghosts of departed years.
The gentle stars looked cold and pale—
The bright moon donned a somber vail,
The busy Frost-king turned aside—
The solemn sound of the wind-harp died;
The clouds hung down like funeral palls,
And angels leant from the azure walls,
As the phantom-band moved slowly by,
Through the battlements of eternity.
With their leaden eyes and measured tread,
They circled the bier of the Old Year dead,
And a voice that shook the ancient towers,
Proclaimed me king of the coming hours.
Then the stars grew bright in their homes above,
The moon looked down with a smile of love—
The ocean heaved an exultant roar—
The waves knelt down on the pebbly shore,
And the winds pealed anthem strains sublime,
To welcome the new-crowned heir of Time.
I held my scepter by right divine,
And the world, the whole wide world was mine

I stayed my wing in a palace hall,
Where a monarch held a festival.
There was softened light in gorgeous rooms
And censors breathing rich perfumes,
And marble wrought to beauty's mould,
And costly pictures rare and old,
And arras worked by skillful hands,
Antique bijoux from many lands,
And strains of soft, sweet melodie,
Like syren songs beneath the sea,
And gallent men and women fair,
In pomp and pride, were revelling there.

I entered a hovel low and old,
The earth was emberless and cold—
The thatch was moldering to decay;
The reeking walls were old and gray,
And through the crazy, creaking door
The white snow drifted on the floor.
There, by the dim, expiring lamp,
That feebly shone through gloom and damp,
I saw, beside a tattered bed,
A woman weeping o'er her dead.
O, she was weary, worn and weak,
I knew it by her pallid cheek—
But lip and cheek, and brow and eye
Were eloquent of agony,
As, in a hollow voice, she cried,
"O, God, it was for bread he died.
He was my only darling; day by day
He toiled to keep the want away;
But sickness came, I saw him fade—
I watched beside him, wept and prayed,
But all in vain, and when he plead,
In feeble, faltering tones, for bread,
It broke my heart and made me wild!
O, famine, death, my child, my child!"
I turned away and pondered o'er
The wealth I saw an hour before.
Joy, wanton waste and splendor there;
Here, cold and hunger and despair!
Thus strangely beat, not far apart,
Two pulses in a city's heart.

I stood within the fearful den,
Where Evil baits the souls of men—
It was, in sooth, a grand saloon,
Where lamplight made the glare of noon;
And velvet seats of rare designs,
And jeweled cups and rich, red wines,
And mirrors, framed in gold, were there,
To make that Hades bright and fair.
And there from many a cheerful hearth;
From womon's love and childhood's mirth,
Men met with jest and ribald word,
Around the accursed gambling board
Where madness piled the glittering gold
And humun hopes were bought and sold.
With muttered curse and withering glance,
They watched the mystic game of chance,
Which, like the strange kaleidoscope,
Had many a change;—fear, dread and hope
Grew every moment more intense,
Absorbing reason, soul and sense,
'Till fires were kindled on the brain
And every labored pulse was pain.
The spell dissolved—the game was done,
The crowd dispersed, but there was one
Who drank the wormwood and the gall
To madness, in that witching hall.
He shed no tear, he spoke no word—
In seeming not a pulse was stirred;
But ghastly cheek and lips surprest,
Told of his bleeding heart's unrest,
As through the early dawning gray,
A beggered wretch he stole away,
And sought a dark, deep river's brim—
The world nothing left for him;
His only refuge was the grave—
He found it in the wild, cold wave.
I went my way and turned aside,
Where toil, unceasing, pampers pride—
A score of sickly girls were there;
Sewing by the gas-light's glare,
Fitting corsage, sleeve and fold—
Stitching gems, in bands of gold,
Matching ribbons, laces, flowers,
Through the tardy midnight hours.
Little time to rest the eyes—
Little odds who lives or dies,
So the grand trosseau is done,

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By the morrow's rising sun.
Ah! never dreamed the gentle bride,
That weak and weary fingers plied,
While aching eyes, through blinding tears,
Looked on that regal robe of hers.
An hour before the dawn of day
The work was done and laid away,
And with a slow and feeble tread,
The pale girls stole apart to bed—
For all the midnight task was o'er,
But one would labor never more.
She sought her room, but not to sleep;
Her brain was hot, she could not weep—
She heard the night-wind wispering low;
The moonlight seemed to come and go—
The stars looked kindly from the sky;
The clouds, like angel-bands, went by,
And then her heavy eyelids closed,
And her poor, dizzy brain reposed.
Did she sleep, that weary one,
Happy that her task was done?
Did she wander, in sweet dreams,
By the dear old hills and streams,
Where, in childhood's blessed hours,
She had gathered shells and flowers?
Yes, that heart, too rudely riven,
Calmly slept to wake in heaven.

INDIANAPOLIS, January, 1853.

"BUTTER SAH I SAY!"

The following amusing colloquy is said to have taken place at the supper table upon one of our eastern steamers, between a Broadway dandy, reeking with hair oil, and Cologne, who was finding fault with the waiters, and otherwise assuming a consequential air, and a raw Jonathan, fresh from the rocks of "Vairmount," and clad in coarse homespun.

The dandy pointed with his jeweled finger to a plate of butter, and said to his "vulgah" friend:

"Butter, sah."

"I see it is," coolly replied the Yankee.

"*Butter*, sah, I say!" fiercely vociferated the dandy.

"I know it—very good—a first rate article," provokingly responded homespun, as he continued to feed his face.

"BUTTER I tell you!" thundered the now exasperated dandy, still pointing his "slow unmoving finger," like scorn's, and scowling upon Jonathan, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, Gosh-all-Jerusalem! *What of it*!" now yelled the downeaster, his "dander" getting up. "Yer didn't think I took it *for Lard*, did yer?"

"Keep your head cool and your feet dry and warm, and bid defiance to doctors."

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

THE RIVER JORDAN AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

BY PROF. THOS. H. SINEX, A. M.

THE next center of interesting associations which we have selected, is what is now called the Pilgrim's Ford, four or five miles from the mouth of the river.

Nearly three thousand years ago, in the plains of Moab, near the river's side, were encamped the hosts of Israel. For forty years they had been wandering in the wilderness, enduring fatigue, overcoming obstacles and suffering calamities, until, with hope deferred, their hearts had become sickened by the prolongation of their pilgrimage. With what transports of joy and exulation must they have gazed upon the glorious prospect which the promised land presented, as in crossing the mountains of Moab, their Canaan burst upon their view! But their joy was not yet full. Another cup of sadness awaited them. That ambassador of God, who had been the instrument of their deliverance from the oppressive hand of Pharaoh, who had led them through the seas, who had been their faithful guide through the wilderness, from whose hand they had received the Law, and who had so often plead with God in their behalf, did not attend them as they descended to the plain below. He was permitted only to view the promised land from afar. With "unabated force" he climbed to the top of Pisgah and with "undimmed eyes" gazed upon the glorious prospect. Doubtless, he, before whom the Lord had caused to pass creation's wondrous scenes, now saw with prophetic vision, far down the vista of coming ages, the glory of his nation and his race, and as if overpowered by the grandeur of the revelations, the tie that bound him to earth was severed, and his spirit crossed over to the Canaan of undying bliss, to join the worshippers on the Mt. Zion of the skies: "And the children of Israel WEPT for Moses, on the plains of Moab, thirty days."

The command now devolved upon Joshua, and the chosen people longed to take possession of their promised inheritance. It spreads out in most delightful prospect inviting them to advance, but before them roll the fearful waters of the swollen river:—"For all the time of harvest the Jordan overfloweth all his banks." But the Lord is about to magnify his servant. The commands of Joshua have been heralded throughout the camp and the hosts of Israel in their respective order and under their appropriate banners, commence their march.—The Ark of the Lord is borne in advance,

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and as the sacred feet of the Priests who bear it approach the water, the tide recedes; still they advance and it retires before them. When they gain the middle of the river, the refluent billows stand as pyramids of mountain firmness, as though their Creator had just said: "Hitherto shalt thou come and here shall thy proud waves be stayed." Onward pass with slow and stately tread, the successive tribes, silent with awe profound and oppressed with fearful suspense, till all are over. The Ark is then borne up out of the river and "the floods return to their place and overflow their banks as before."

This was also the scene of the baptism of the Savior. Four hundred years had passed away since God had communicated with his people by a Prophet, when there appeared in the wilderness of Judea a strange and mysterious personage. His raiment was of camel's hair, around his lions was a leathern girdle and his meat was locusts and wild honey. With conscious authority and commanding voice, he addressed the people saying: "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." The fame of his preaching spread far and wide, for there was at this time, anxious expectation of the promised Deliverer. The people thronged to hear him from Jerusalem and all Judea and from all the region of Jordan, and confessing their sins, they were baptized. Among those who came from Galilee was Jesus of Nazareth. With the rest he approaches to receive the holy rite. The Baptist, as if his attention is attracted by something peculiar in his appearance, gazes upon him with awe and admiration. As Jesus presents himself for baptism, he forbids him, as being unworthy to administer the rite to so holy a person. Finally, as almost overwhelmed at the divine condescention, he complies. But this mysterious transaction has rivetted the attention of the multitude, and as they gaze upon the form of the stranger kneeling at the the river's brink, the heavens are illuminated and the Holy Spirit, in the form of a dove, descends and alights upon him, and immediately a sound as the voice of Jehovah swells out from the impending cloud and falls upon their astonished ears. "This is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

In commemmoration of this event, thousands now resort to this place annually, to bathe where the Lord of life and glory was baptized. The scene is thus described by an eye-witness. "At dawn, the pilgrim hosts are in motion, and the columns advance in eager disorder to the margin of the river. The lusty swimmer leaps into the sacred flood; the timid female seizes the branches of a willow-tree and lets herself down three times beneath the water; the feeble old man's step is steadied by his brawny son, and as he comes up from the stream, he feels content, for the purpose of his life is accomplished. Suddenly, a faint shriek is heard, and a shiver, first of horror, then of joy, runs through the multitude. The rapid current has carried away a pilgrim, and she finds an enviable burial in the holy river."

It is now a generally received opinion, that anciently, the Jordan continued its course through the valley of Siddim, and found an outlet in the eastern arm of the Red sea, but its waters are now lost in the deep chasm occupied by the Dead sea, whose ponderous billows roll mournfully over the ruins of the doomed cities of the plain. Taking the scriptural account of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah in connection with the geological character of the sea and surrounding region, we may be allowed to fancy the terrific storm which has so materially affected the face of the country. In the overhanging cliffs, there are now found quantities of nitre and sulphur and phosphoric stones. There is also to be seen, floating on the surface of the water, bitumen, indicating its presence at the bottom of the sea. These facts have given rise to the conjecture that the cities of the plain were built upon a mine of bitumen, and also that the houses were built of the bituminous stones which abounded in the neighboring quaries. The scriptural account is that "the Lord rained upon them brimstone and fire from heaven." We may imagine the gathering storm approaching, the vivid lightnings darting from crag to crag, wrapping them in flames, the tempest whirling the burning fragments upon the plain below, the habitations of men becoming involved in a general conflagration, and billows of fire, swelling and heaving beneath them, until the strong foundations are melted away and all is devastation and direful ruin, leaving a lasting memorial of human wickedness, and of the indignation of a justly offended Deity.

By the poets, this river has been made emblematical of death. The successive generations of men are constantly gathering upon the margin of its darkly-rolling tide. Beyond it, the Canaan of eternal joy awaits the virtuous, and in its flood the wicked shall be overwhelmed forever.

NEW ALBANY, January, 1853.

IF you would do good, do not fold your hands, and wish for the funds and opportunity to emancipate a race, or give food to a starving nation, or you will die with the work undone; but relieve that poor widow near you; clothe that ragged and shoeless boy.

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[ORIGINAL.]

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. A. HACKLEMAN, G. REP., G. L. U. S.

LECTURE NO. III.

At the annual session of the G. L. U. S., held in April, 1826, the title of the presiding officer was changed from "M. W. G. Master" to "M. W. G. Sire," without any formal enactment, by "general consent." This title was incorporated into the Constitution in 1828, in the revision of that instrument.

For the benefit of those brethren who believe in the efficacy of fines as an inducement to the prompt attendance of officers at their Lodge meetings, I will state that they were frequently resorted to by the G. L. of Maryland before the separation of the G. L. U. S. from that body, and that at the session of the latter body now under review, "the G. Sire ordered the fine of five dollars to be entered" against an absent officer and an absent proxy Rep.; so that they have "ancient usage," at least, to sustain their view of the subject. The provision in the constitutions of these bodies was, that if the officer not attending failed to send in a sufficient excuse for his non-attendance, the fine was assessed without further ceremony. Perhaps, I ought to state, for the benefit of those wholly averse to the assessment of fines, that I have not been able to discover that the practice was productive of any difficulty in the Order, or that their payment was resisted.

G. M. Small and P. D. G. M. Richardson of Pa., visited the G. L. U. S. during the communication now under consideration, which was quite an event. They were received with the "honors of the Order," and every attention was shown them which the G. L. could bestow. The former took his seat as the Rep. of P., the Proxy giving way for the time being. They both delivered complimentary addresses on the state of the Order, and the flattering manner of their reception. After G. M. Small had asked and obtained leave of absence, and had retired, and the Proxy had resumed his seat, the following resolution was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this G. L. be presented to Representative Small for his visit and his attention to the duties of his office."

This action of the G. L. is introduced more for the purpose of showing the liberal feelings of the P. G's of Maryland and their solicitude for the harmony of the Order, than on account of its importance or intesest from any other consideration. It was the first time a *bona fide* Representative had appeared from any other State than Maryland, and they wished to demonstrate that, instead of regarding him as an intruder, or interloper, his attendance had afforded them real gratification and pleasure. Such action and sentiments were calculated to invite the attendance of actual Representatives from other State G. Lodges, to disarm faction, and to cement the bonds of union.

Two new articles were added to the Constitution, providing the mode of establishing new State Grand Lodges, at this communication. The reports showed that the number of Subordinate Lodges had increased to twelve, Pennsylvania having four, Maryland three, New York three and Massachusetts two; the "old Key Stone," thus early taking the lead, a position which she still occupies. Subordinate membership and amount of revenue not reported.

At a special meeting, held October 3rd, 1826, G. Sire Wildey made a report of his then recent visit to England, undertaken after the adjournment of the preceding annual Session; from which, it appears, he was received with "open arms" by the brethren in that country, and every attention shown him which heart could desire, and every honor conferred upon him within their power. He visited lodges, delivered addresses, partook of public dinners, and was addressed and the Order in this country toasted and complimented in return. He gives a glowing account of his reception, and of the uniform kindness extended to him, at the various places he visited in "merrie old England."

While at Manchester, he presented the committee with the Covenant, Remembrance and G. L. Degrees. A note to the Journal says—"the A. M. C. of 1827, though it sanctioned the Covenant and Remembrance, refused concurrence in the action of the committee relative to the G. L. Degree, and rejected it." It seems, therefore, that the G. L. Degree is a native of this country, though this is the first reference to it I have found in the Journal. Who devised it, or when it was first sanctioned, and by what authority, I have not been able to ascertain.

Among other things the G. Sire says in his report: "Before leaving Manchester the brethren being desirous of bestowing a mark of respect on the G. Sire, but considered the subject of a delicate nature, they resolved that the same should be intimated to him by the G. Treasurer, privately, which was accordingly done, by suggesting a gold medal as suitable.

"The G. Sire replied, that if it was their wish to present him with a token of their esteem, he would prefer, to anything else, a charter for the G. L. U. S., confirming the

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one granted by the Duke of York Lodge, Preston."

They instantly agreed to the proposal, and before he left England, presented him with a charter, "splendidly executed on parchment." This document fully confirmed the charter granted by the Duke of York's Lodge to Washington Lodge, No. 1, and by successive steps vested in the G. L. U. S.; and granted, authorized and empowered the G. Sire, D. G. Sire, Representatives and Proxies of the G. L. U. S. of America, to conduct the business of Odd Fellowship, *without the interference of any other country*, as long as the same should be administered according to the principles and purposes of Odd Fellowship. This charter and the one which it confirmed remain intact in the G. L. U. S. to the present day, and are the source of its power. The style I. O. O. F., does not date from this event, as many have supposed, nor has it any connection with it, that I have discovered. The parent stock in England, the Manchester Unity, or that branch of English Odd Fellowship represented in that Unity, was styled I. O. O. F., or Order of I. O. F., before the granting of any charter to this country; so was the Order styled here from the beginning, and this charter granted to the G. L. through G. Sire Wildey, is in the name of the I. O. O. F.

The G. Sire states in his report, that while visiting a lodge in London, "he observed an emblem representing the foundation stone laid by our fore-father Adam, and procured one," which he presented to the G. Lodge. There is no such emblem in use in this country, the members here very naturally doubting, I presume, the "tradition of the *English* elders" in regard to Adam's connection with the Order, though to his fall may be traced mainly the necessity of such an institution; for if men were not depraved, they would not have to band together in lodges and societies to promote brotherly love, elevate the human character and relieve distress.

After the G. Sire's report had been read, the G. L. resolved to accept the charter which is dated May 15th, 1826; to vote the thanks of the Lodge to the officers and brethren of the Manchester district, for the hospitable manner in which they received and treated G. Sire Wildey, to have the vote communicated by the G. Secretary, and to have the resolutions forwarded to the State G. Lodges.

The letter of G. Secretary Williams to the C. Secretary of the Manchester district, communicating the vote of thanks, and the letter of C. Sec. Wardle in reply, show that the sentiment of union and fraternity existing between the Order in the two countries, was very strong and cordial at that period, and it is a source of profound regret that it does not still exist. The letter of Bro. Williams recapitulates the circumstances attending the visit of G. Sire Wildey, and contains strong expressions of regard for our transatlantic brethren. "The heavens seemed to prosper our cause, for the good of our fellow-man, (says the Secretary,) and it gives me pleasure to be enabled to state that his [Grand Sire Wildey's] voyage home, though not as short as the one out, was agreeable; and though in the gale of the 8th and 9th, when so much havoc was made among the shipping generally on the ocean, they escapen miraculously uninjured, clearly evincing the hand of Providence in support of our cause." Here is one of the secrets of our success—an abiding confidence on the part of the fathers in Odd Fellowship in the justice of the cause, an implicit trust in the Ruler of the universe, and a firm belief that their labors, for the good of mankind, received the approving smiles of Heaven. So strong was this sentiment, it is not unusual to see in the older Lodges, over one of the chairs, "In God we trust," as a motto. The sentiment is still cherished and the motto emblazoned upon some of our emblems.

The answer to this letter was equally cordial. Secretary Wardle says, among other things, "In requesting you, sir, to present my most sincere congratulations to your worthy G. Sire on his arrival, I can safely affirm that I convey the feeling of the whole district. You could not have sent out a more proper pilgrim. His mild and ready though always manly answers, the general suavity of his manners, added to his simple and unaffected style of delivery, rendered him justly the admiration of all who saw him. In addition, I must say, that those who like myself had the pleasure of being the most frequently with him, respect him the most."

Both letters were somewhat lengthy, and I have given only a single extract from each for the purpose of showing the cordiality of feeling which then subsisted between the Order in the two countries, and the trust reposed by the fathers of the Order in America, in the Ruler of the universe. We shall see, as we proceed, how the union of the Order was severed, and all connection between Odd Fellowship in the two countries, destroyed.

At the Annual Communication held in May, 1827, Pennsylvania was again represented by a *bona fide* Representative. The G. L. resolved to have a vote of thanks prepared and presented to G. Sire Wildey "for his unwearied exertions in promoting the good of the Order generally, and particular-

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ly for the service rendered by his late voyage to England."

Rep. Pearce, of Pa., is presenting some documents from his State, delivered, says the Journal, "a neat and eloquent address, to which the G. Sire responded in grateful terms, on behalf of the G. L. U. S." This was the way to cement the bond of union, and to preserve the unity of the Order.

A series of resolutions was adopted disapproving of the alterations of the S's as an "innovation upon the ancient landmarks of the Order," and adhering to the E. S., C. S., P. W. and G.; directing all brothers to be instructed in the new as well as the old S's for the benefit of those visiting England, and requesting the Lodges in the Manchester district, and through them, all Lodges in England, to do the same to all brothers about to visit this country; requiring the G. M. and D. G. M. of each State to be put in possession of the A. T. P. W., and requesting action on the part of the State G. Lodges in reference to the Manchester Magazine, with a view to the resumption of its publication.

The G. L. of Maryland, through her Representative, gave notice of her intention to have a copper-plate engraving for travelling Certificates to suit any State or Lodge and to prevent imposition. Prior to that time, I apprehend, that Certificates were written by the Secretaries. The movement made at that time progressed at different periods, resulting finally in our present beautiful Cards, which are a credit to the institution.

The reports of the different State Grand Lodges represented the Order to be in a flourishing condition, but they neither gave the number of members, the amount of annual revenue, nor relief afforded. Massachusetts had chartered a new lodge during the past year, and so had Maryland, the latter being the first German lodge established in this country. The number of subordinate lodges, therefore, had increased to fourteen. The growth of the Order was not rapid, compared with later periods of its history; but we must bear in mind that it was "unknown, unhonored and unsung" by the great body of the people, that it had prejudices to encounter upon every hand, and that it had to find its way to public favor by the force of its quiet, unobtrusive, intrinsic merits.

Following the minutes of the communications just noticed, the Journal contains a long extract from the Odd Fellows' Manchester Magazine, giving an account of G. Sire Wildey's visit to that country, one of his speeches and the response of the C. Secretary Wardle on behalf of the Order assembled upon that occasion. It is quite refreshing to read this account and these speeches. They are calculated to remove prejudices which exist in the Order itself in this country, against our English brethren, and to show that the aims and objects of the Order there, as well as here, were even then high, ennobling and elevating in their tendency. Vague stories of conviviality and indecorum have led many to suppose that the institution in England had not those high moral objects in view which are among the chief glories of the institution in this country. If Corresponding Secretary Wardle's reply to the speech of G. S. Wildey does not breathe the true spirit of Odd Fellowship, a spirit at war with vice and immorality in all their forms, I confess I do not understand the subject. Let us take a single paragraph of the address of G. S. Wildey, and see if he talked like he thought he was addressing men whose practices were immoral and whose objects conviviality only:

"I now have nothing more to say, than that it is my sincere wish, that our brethren throughout the world, may so conduct themselves, as when they quit this world, and their mortal part is consigned to the narrow house, that their souls may take rapid flight to yon Eternal Lodge, reared by our heavenly Grand Sire, where we shall never part more."

Bro. Wardle in his reply, which is quite lengthy, compliments G. S. Wildey as the founder of the Order in this "truly great country," speaks of its "inestimable blessings;" of its being one of the "most social, moral and benevolent institutions ever formed by man;" of the power of Faith and Charity, and of the institution of the Order here opening up a new creation, "because no man can become a genuine Odd Fellow without at the same time becoming a better man." He gees on to say: "However good he may have been before, the duties of an Odd Fellow will point out to him many sources for the exercise of his goodness which were before unknown to him—he will necessarily become more useful—the facilities which our beloved Order afford, I may say makes, for the display of that first of virtues, CHARITY, (without which all pretensions to goodness are mere mummery)—these facilities, I say, will give him an opportunity of putting his goodness in *full* practice.

"I do not mean to confine myself, Sire, to that charity which giveth only—but to that principle of universal benevolence which embraces ALL the wants of ALL mankind. I do not mean alone their physical necessities—I mean to include their moral inabilities. A really charitable man will feel greater desire to remove the latter than to relieve the former; because he knows if a man be

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not morally right, he cannot be physically happy.

"Worthy Grand Master, a few words more on this subject. It is the principal pillar of our Order—we have high authority for the fact—"the first of these is Charity." I know of no delight equal to the luxury of doing good—but the first delight is to find out, succor and relieve the uncomplaining—the half-broken, yet proud spirit, that cannot dig and will not beg. Believe me, Sire,

Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Hides hearts where grief has little left to learn."

Pardon these lengthy extracts. The address is full of noble sentiments, and I wished to show, whatever of conviviality may have been practised in the English Lodges, sanctioned by the spirit of the times, the Order had the same benificent objects, the same high moral sentiments in view, in 1826, both in England and in America, which are the chief ornaments and corner stones in 1852.

A special meeting was held Nov. 12, 1827, when an application for a Subordinate Lodge at Washington City was presented, a charter granted, and G. Sire Wildey deputed to open the Lodge. Another, January 15, 1827, to consider an application for one at Georgetown, D. C., the charter granted and the G. Sire deputed to open the Lodge. For this last Lodge, I notice among the petitioners, the name of Francis King. *Query.* Was this not brother King, now of Indianopolis? I believe he formerly resided in the District.

At the called session, January 15, 1827, the G. L. of New York gave notice of the expulsion of Strangers' Refuge Lodge, No. 4, of that jurisdiction. It is stated in a note that the members of this Lodge had been accustomed to the mode of government which prevails under the Manchester Unity, and being unwilling to acknowledge any other than advisory powers in the G. L. of New York, and refusing obedience to its requirements, the Lodge had to be expelled. The G. L. U. S. approved of the expulsion.

At the Annual Communication of 1828, the Rep. of Md. reported that an Encampment of Patriarchs had been formed during the year, the establishment of which was considered a great improvement to the Order, as it would be the means of extending useful knowledge to brothers who had not become members of the G. L. Prior to that time the Patriarchal degrees were conferred in the body of a Grand Lodge, or by a District Committee, except the G. R., which was given as a token of confidence to Scarlet members in the Manchester Unity. This arrangement being considered unjust, in May, 1827, a number of the members of the Grand Lodge of Maryland held a meeting and determined to apply to their G. Lodge for a charter for an Encampment of Patriarchs, with power to confer the P. G. R. and R. P. degrees. The G. L. of Maryland granted the charter the 15th of the same month, on the payment of forty dollars, and the Encampment was instituted June 14th, 1827. It was subordinate to the G. L. until 1832.

This was the origin of the Patriarchal as a separate branch of the Order, the utility of which has excited so much discussion during the last two or three years, many brothers believing that its degrees ought to be merged in the Subordinate Lodges.

THE BIBLE.

How different the following sentiments! The first is an emanation from an intellect, wandering in its own darkness, devoid of true wisdom, trusting to blind, depraved and uncertain reason as the only guide for erring man in this world; the other viewing the Bible as the transcript of the divine mind—as the only sure and unfailing light which shall, as the polar star of heaven, enable man to "navigate the sea of life and gain the port of bliss securely:"

I do not believe in the miraculous inspiration of the Old Testament or the New Testament. I do not believe that the Old Testament was God's first word, nor the New Testament his last. I take not the Bible for my master, nor yet the church; nor even Jesus of Nazareth for my master. I feel not at all bound to believe what any writer in the Old or New Testament declares, true.

[*Theodore Parker.*

For ages, has this artless, loosely-piled little book been exposed to the fire of the keenest investigation—a fire which meanwhile has consumed the mythology of the Illiad, the husbandry of the Georgics, the historical truth of Livy, the fables of the Shaster, the Talmud, and the Koran, the artistic merit of many a popular poem, the authority of many a work of philosophy and science. And yet, *there the Bible lies*, unhurt, untouched, with not one of its pages singed—with not even the smell of fire having passed upon it. Many an attempt has been made to scare away this "Fiery pillar" of our wanderings, or to prove it a mere natural product of the wilderness; but still, night after night—like one of the sure and ever-shining stars—in the van-guard of the great march of man, rises the old column, gliding slowly, but guiding certainly to future lands of promise, both in the life that is, and in that which cometh hereafter.—*Geo. Gilfillan.*

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

TO A CHILD JUST LEARNING TO WALK.

Young traveler on life's broad path,
Thy footsteps feebly indicate
The strong man's march through danger's maze.
Thy going now is but in part
Result of thine own will. For thee
Another's hand must guard thy steps,
And choose thy way. In after years,
Forgetting present feebleness,
Thou wilt, relying on thy strength,
Face boldly all th' opposing will
Of man 'gainst thy designs arrayed.
Remember, babe—no, thou know'st not
Wherewith to fill thy mem'ry's page—
But in thy course thou'lt learn full well
That weakness 'tends life's voyager
At close his earthly pilgrimage.
The howling blast—November's child—
His music in low wail begins,
Soon loud and horse it swells till soul
Of man in its clay tenement
Shudders with very dread,—then lulls
Again in cadence soft and low.
So human like. At outset naught
Save the low wail of helplessness
Comes from the cradle's soft retreat;
In youth and middle life is heard
The fearless voice of conscious strength.
Anon in life's dull, evening hour,
The fearful voice of age trembles
Upon the ear, betokening well
That strength of manhood's pride is gone
And childhood's earliest friend assumed
His wonted place.

[New Albany, Feb., 1858.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

HINTS TO THE YOUNG.

I would, in this little chat, throw out a few hints to those younger than myself—hints suggested by the experience of long years of intercourse with the world.

Some one, perhaps Sir Matthew Hale, being asked to what he attributed the success of the greatest number of those English lawyers who attained great distinction in their profession, answered to this effect:—Some succeed from the force of circumstances, the influence of friends, &c.; some from the possession of wealth and consequent influence among the great talents, but the great mass from beginning without a shilling. This sentiment will apply in this country, not only to lawyers, but to men in all callings. Close, careful application to the duties of the station one occupies is more likely to secure success than probably any other one influence.

Honestly determine on your course of conduct and earnestly pursue it. Never sacrifice your true convictions to the opinions of the world, but steadily obey the dictates of conscience, carefully regard the rights of others and firmly maintain your own and success must almost inevitably crown your efforts.

I envy not the ephemeral applause gained by cunning pandering to the vices and follies of the masses; I covet not the fortune amassed in a few years by chicanery and falsehood. The crowd may admire the tinsel trappings of such an one; but the thinking part of community must ever hold aloof from close intimacy and contact with them.

A reputation gained by long and assiduous labor—based upon real merit, both intellectual and moral—is the only fame truly to be desired. Such a reputation may be gained by all who possess the right amount of correct moral principle and sufficient energy of character and earnestness of purpose to carry it out in their intercourse with their fellow-men.

The possession of wealth, which, to Sir M. Hales mind, formed so great a barrier to success, exerts its influence in this land as well as elsewhere, yet I conceive that such is not a necessary consequence. A man possessing wealth has at once without the choice of a profession an object on which to exercise the powers of his mind—the proper disposition and expenditure of his means. In this alone there is room for energy and earnestness. The man who possessing great wealth satisfies his own mind by merely procuring the means of gratifying his own selfish desires is unworthy the trust placed in his keeping. The man of wealth who satisfies himself with giving to all calls upon his benevolence without personal investigation into the wants of those who are placed around him and to the relief of whose wants he contributes acts unfaithfully in the performance of his trust. Habits of close mental application, then, to the duties of life let them be what they may, is a duty incumbent on all classes of society, the rich and the poor, the learned and the unlearned alike.

Were the attainment of wealth the only aim of men in life, then by those born to the possession of it, nothing remains to be attained. This, however, is not the chief aim which man has in view. It should be considered only as a means of attaining the higher aim of benefitting our follow-men and rendering them better, of improving the moral and mental condition of the race. Here is an aim attainable by us all. by some to a greater extent than others, it is true and yet not beyond the means of any. The simplest and weakest may find the means of alleviating the wants of those in lower cir-

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cumstances than themselves, and the fable of the lion and the mouse is but an allegorical teaching that the weak may by industry and honesty of purpose often aid those higher and stronger than themselves. Men are not born great nor are they made so by their friends, but only by their own untiring energy and industry. The great mass of English lawyers who commence without a shilling, have an all-powerful motive to work with untiring industry, and success comes as the reward of application. In our land this is emphatically true. No man need fail of success if he but put forth the proper efforts to sucure that success. To all the young readers of the Magazine let me repeat the instruction with which I set out: Go on untiringly in the discharge of duty, governed always by correct moral principle, and you will succeed. Z.

NEW ALBANY, Feb., 1853.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

STRUGGLE ON.

The misfortunes to which we are subject in this world, are sometimes so overwhelming, and involve us in such apparently inextricable difficulties, that we are tempted to despair and consider our lives a vain and useless conflict with adverse destiny. In youth, confident and hopeful for the future, we launched our barks upon the broad ocean of life, and longed for its stirring scenes and manly conflicts. To us, then, the voyage was one that promised fair winds and bright skies. Our ardent imaginations painted each prospective scene with the colors of unfading beauty. For a time all was prosperous. Fair winds drove our barks smoothly and swiftly onward over pleasant seas, while the singing of the parted waves beneath our prows was sweet music to our ears.—Friends and comfort were our companions—pleasure and joy came at our bidding, and hope whispered that our voyage through life would always be thus pleasant. But hope whispered falsely. The scene soon changed. Clouds gathered above us, storms howled around us and our fragile barks trembled from kelson to crosstree, as the huge billows tossed us in their furious rage, and ere life's voyage was half accomplished we seemed about to founder amid darkness and tempest. Hope now loses her siren power to charm; friends fail us; foes unite against us; wealth departs; fortune frowns, and all is lost save honor. With unsteady hand we hold the helm and gaze upon our dismantled barks laboring through the angry sea. We scan the heavens; all is darkness; not even one star shines through the gloom. We look out upon the sea, and a wild tempestuous ocean is all around us. We listen for some kind voice to cheer us on and bid us hope, and the wind brings to our ears the fearful sound of the breakers' roar. Whirlpools may be near us, half-sunken rocks may lie just ahead, for on the chart that hope furnished us as we began our voyage, our present position is not marked. But shall we let go the helm, and yield to the fate that threatens us? No. Light still burns in the binnacle; let us stand by the helm, and with our eye fixed upon the compass of honor to guide us, resolve to weather the storm. If our barks strike, let us grasp some fragment of the wreck, nerve ourselves to breast the foaming surge and make for the shore. We shall reach it!

There is moral sublimity in such a resolution—a resolution to conquer adverse fortune and live. It can be done. Thousands have done it. Resolve, and then struggle on. and on, and on! The determination to conquer is a prestige of success. The resolution to outlive the storm brings the land to view; and while thousands of the faint-hearted and fearful sink with their barks to rise no more—we shall make the shore, and with a hard-earned and useful experience soon be ready and eager to tempt the wave once more.

Would you have an example? Look at WALTER SCOTT. By one fell swoop he was made penniless. The publishing house in which he was a partner failed. Besides a mortgage of $49,000 on his family mansion, the failure left him in debt to the amount of $600,000. He resolved to meet the demands against him, and retrieve his fortunes. He sat not down in despair, he gave not up the struggle. He went to work, he called into action the powers of his giant intellect, he nerved himself with an iron will and an indomitable energy, and in less than *five* years he paid nearly $500,000 of his indebtedness.

"What man has done, man may do."—Then we will struggle on, knowing that success will crown our efforts.

B.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM HUMBUG.

Humbug, which is in universal use, is not classically admissable into an English dictionary, comes unquestionably from *Hume of the Bog*, a Scotch Laird, (so called from his estate,) who was celebrated in Edinburg society, during the reign of William and Anne, for the marvellous "tone of his stories in which he indulged so commonly, that they became proverbial," and thus a very long shot was designated "a regular Hume of the Bog." Hence by simple contraction, Humbug.

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DISCOVERIES OF THE LAST HALF CENTURY.

There has been no period since the commencement of the world in which so many important discoveries, tending to the benefit of mankind. were made as in the last half century. Some of the most wonderful results of human intellect have been witnessed in the last fifty years. Some of the grandest conceptions of genius have been perfected. It is remarkable how the mind of the world has run into scientific investigation, and what achievements it has effected in that short period. Before the year 1800, there was not a single steamboat in existence, and the application of steam to machinery was unknown. Fulton launched the first steamboat in 1807. Now there are three thousand steamboats traversing the waters of America, and the time saved in travel is equal to seventy per cent. The rivers of every country in the world nearly, are traversed by steamboats. In 1800 there was not a single railroad in the world. In the United States alone there are now 8,797 miles of railroad, costing $236,000,000 to build, and about 22,000 miles of railroad in England and America. The locomotive will now travel in as many hours, the distance, which in 1800 required as many days to accomplish. In 1800 it took weeks to convey intelligence between Philadelphia and New Orleans; now it can be accomplished in minutes by the electric telegraph, which only had its beginning in 1843. Voltaism was discovered in March, 1800, the electric magnet in 1821. Electrotyping was discovered only a few years ago.

Hoe's printing press, capable of making 10,000 impressions in an hour, is a very recent discovery. Gas light was unknown in 1800, now nearly every city or town of any pretensions is lighted with it, and we have the announcement of a still greater discovery, by which light, heat and motive power may be produced from water, with scarcely any cost. Daguerre communicated to the world his beautiful invention in 1839. Gun cotton and chloroform are discoveries but a few years old. Astronomy has added a number of new planets to the solar system. Agricultural chemistry has enlarged the domain of knowledge in that important branch of scientific research, and mechanism has increased the facilities for production, and the means of accomplishing an amount of labor which far transcends the ability of united effort to accomplish. What will the next half century witness? We may look for still greater discoveries; for the intellect of man is awake, exploring every mine of knowledge and searching for useful information in every department of art and industry.

THE SEA BOY'S FAREWELL.

Wait, wait, ye Winds! till I repeat
A parting signal to the fleet
Whose station is at home:
Then waft the sea boy's prayer,
And let it oft be whispered there.
While in far climes I roam.

Farewell to Father! reverend hulk,
In spite of metal, spite of bulk,
His cable soon may slip:
But while the parting tear is moist,
The flag of gratitude I'll hoist,
In duty to the ship.

Farewell to Mother! 'first class' she!
Who launched me on life's stormy sea,
And rigged me fore and aft;
May Providence her timbers spare,
And keep her hull in good repair,
To tow the smaller craft.

Farewell to sister! lovely yacht!
But whether she'll be 'manned' or not,
I cannot now foresee;
May some good ship a tender prove,
Well found in stores of truth and love,
And take her under lee.

Farewell to George! the jolly boat!
And all the little craft afloat
In homes delightful bay;
When they arrive at sailing age,
May wisdom give the weather guage,
And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all on life's rude main!
Perhaps we ne'er shall meet again,
Through stress of stormy weather;
But summoned by the Board above,
We'll harbor in the port of love,
And all be moored together.

GOLD.

It is stronger than arms; it is wiser than learning; its kingdom is wider than ever human ambition attained. There is not a great achievement planned on earth, to which it is not called, and in all the globe it is developing and changing not the face of society only, but the very face of the earth is carved anew by its wonderful power. It has no head, yet the wisdom of the earth belongs to it—it cannot think, yet causes more thought than all the schools,—it has no heart, yet about it are clustered all the human passions. It is a god to whom all realms of men do reverence, yet it hath not sense, nor sight, nor mind, nor motion! Without genius, yet it is the patron of art; learning leans upon it, though it be inanimate. It has no soul, yet it is the right hand of benevolence and religion; and the world is fired with enterprise, and stirred up to labors inexhaustible by that which is itself inert and dead.

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[The following lines were not intended for publication. They were penned by a female friend of ours shortly after the decease of her husband, merely to soothe the feelings of a heart almost breaking with grief—grief more keenly felt from the circumstances attending her bereavement. That most dire and dreaded scourge, Cholera, in a few hours, cut down her kind and devoted husband, with the glow of health and happiness upon his brow, and the smile of love upon his lips.

EDS. MAG:]

THE WIFE'S LAST LOOK.

O, let me longer, longer gaze,
I cannot, cannot turn away,
Here's all that's dear to me on earth,
And by his side still let me stay;
O, let me closer, nearer come
And fondly breathe his name again,
MY voice e'er woke a smile of love,
And now I shall not call in vain.

O, husband mine, awake once more,
I'm fondly watching still by thee,
O, speak, if only once again,
And smile, as thou wert wont, on me.
They tell me 'tis thy last long sleep,
That life from thee fore'er has fled!
That ne'er again thou'l't speak to me!
It *cannot* be that *thou art dead!*

They strive to tear me from thy side,
And say 'tis folly thus to weep;
But O, I cannot turn from thee,
And leave thee chained in this deep sleep.
THEY do not know the deathless love
That fills this aching, bleeding heart—
THEY do not feel the burning tears
That fresh with grief each moment start.

A placid smile sleeps on thy face—
The same which last thou gavest me—
And still thy brow is calm and fair
As e'er in life 'twas wont to be.
Those dark rich locks so dear to me
Still shade that noble brow of thine;
Thy lips that always woo'd the kiss,
Why fail they *now* to answer mine?

Dear husband, break this dreadful spell—
I cannot longer bear the pain—
And hear thy wife and helpless babes,
Or must they call in vain?
Alas! thy face is strangely cold—
(And yet it seems to beam with life—)
O, wake, dear husband, for *my* sake,
Thine own, thy fondly cherished wife.

And wake for these, thy darling boys—
For this, thy dearest, first-born son—
And this frail one, thou scarce hadst seen;
A tender nestling—helpless one.
Oh! God! he heareth not my call,
Nor feel my lips the slightest breath!
No human power could bind him thus—
It must be thine—yes, *thine*, O, DEATH!

Then, since stern Death, thou'st taken him,
The dearest tie I had in life,
O, leave me not in hopelessness,
But take with him his babes and wife;
Let one cold grave enclose us all,
The same green sod above us lie—
Together life has sweetly passed;
Why may we not together die?

NEWBURGH, IND. T.

FUNERAL OF P. G. M. MATTHEWS, OF KENTUCKY.

THE obsequies of Grand Representative WM. MATTHEWS, were performed at the Corinthian Room, Odd Fellows' Hall, on Sunday afternoon, by a numerous assembly of the Fraternity, and the male friends of the deceased, with whom he was associated in business in New York. P. G. M. Matthews was one of the earliest members of the Order in Kentucky, and at his decease was Grand Representative from the Grand Lodge of Kentucky. His disease was inflammatory rheumatism, which terminated fatally after a very brief and painful illness. The Corinthian Room was draped in mourning, and the corpse of the deceased placed in front of the Upper Chair covered by a pall, bearing the appropriate emblems of the Order. The regalia of a Grand Representative was also placed upon the coffin, and was the only regalia displayed during the service, an example, we trust, that will not be lost upon Subordinate occasions.

The Episcopal service for the Burial of the Dead, was read by Rev. Bro. Benjamin Evans, of St. George's—the deceased being a member of the Episcopal Church. At the close of the service, Bro. Evans made a brief address, calling the attention of the Fraternity very pointedly to the occasion, which he justly remarked, showed more than all others, the value of our affiliation, providing, as it did, for a stranger—care as tender as that of a brother during his illness, and the last sad rites when all was finished upon earth.

The Burial service of the Order was then performed, by Past Grand Master and Grand Re resentative Wilson Small, with a solemnity that gave additional and painful interest to the occasion. At the close, the remains were borne to the Marble Cemetery in Second Street.—*Golden Rule, Feb. 19th.*

ONE hour with thee my God! when softly night
Climbs the high heaven with solemn step and slow
When thy sweet stars unutterably bright,
Are telling forth thy praise to men below;
O! then, while far from earth my thoughts would flee
I'll spend in prayer one joyufl hour with thee.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows Magazine.]

FINANCES OF THE ORDER.

There is a disposition upon the part of some members of our Order to create what they are pleased to term "reform," or rather schemes for "progression." That all measures of reform are not progressive, is evident from some of the recent propositions brought before the National Legislative Department of our Order; among these is the reform in the "Finances of the Order." That its discussion will awaken an interest among the members of our Order, there can be no doubt, but that it will be fruitful of any other result than dissension and consequent dissatisfaction, I am fully satisfied.

In looking over the late Nos. of the *Golden Rule*, I find that there must be a great difference between the management of the financial affairs of subord nate Lodges in the eastern States, (where the complaints of probable failure are most common,) and that of the Lodges in the west.

My purpose in writing this communication was to call the attention of the brotherhood to the minimum rates for fees, dues and benefits fixed by the Grand Lodge of Indiana in the General Laws for the government of her subordinates. The rates for Initiation fees are fixed at not less than $10; for Degrees $15; for Dues $5 20, and weekly benefits $3. If the date from which I have drawn can be relied upon, and they are those furnished through the columns of the Golden Rule, these rates will meet the ordinary expenses of Lodges, and the weekly benefits prescribed by the General Laws. If Lodges desire a larger rate of weekly benefits there should be a corresponding increase in the rate of dues, and this, I believe, is the practice among the subordinates in Indiana. Should subordinates disregard the rates fixed by the Grand Lodge they must suffer the consequences, as the framers of our General Laws have given them a basis upon which they can rely in fixing the rates of dues and benefits. The experience of the last eight or ten years has fully demonstrated the practicability of our present law, in reference to our finances, to meet all the demands upon our Order, and I should be unwilling to see the system changed, as I am fully persuaded that the P. G.'s who framed it, based their calculations upon the *past practical* experience of the Order in this and other States. Under its workings the subordinate lodges have fully met their liabilities, and have accumulated a surplus sufficiently large to meet any ordinary prospective demand upon their treasuries. By reference to papers on file in the Grand Secretary's office it will be found that the surplus funds of the subordinate Lodges in this State amount to about $85,000, being an increase of over $20,000 within the last year, or about $4 to each member. These funds properly invested and managed will place the Order beyond the possibility of failure. It will be seen by these figures that our present system is amply sufficient to meet our liabilities.

In addition to the regular dues the Grand Lodge authorizes the assessment of a Funeral Tax of 50 cents upon the death of a brother, and 25 cents upon the death of the wife of a brother. This it will be seen is not a direct tax upon the treasury of the Order, as at the end of the last term, there had been 38 deaths, which made the subordinates responsible for $1,520 funeral benefits, (on an average of $40 for each death,) during the same term there was an average membership of 5,200, a tax of 50 cents upon each member would produce $2,600, thus leaving a balance of $1,180 in the general funds of the subordinates.

For one I cannot see how the investigations ordered by the Grand Lodge of the U. S. in reference to a system of benefits and dues can possibly change the position of our eastern brethren, unless that body fixes a uniform rate to be charged for Initiations, Degrees and Dues, and Weekly Benefits to be paid by Lodges, and require subordinates by force of law to adopt them. If such a course should be pursued by the G. L. of U. S. would the subordinate Lodges acquiesce in it? There are a great many members of the Order who would withdraw, and there are Lodges whose charters would be surrendered rather than be dictated to by that body. Would it be right for us to pursue the '*dollar and cent principle*" of our Order to such a point as would drive from our borders men who are Odd Fellows of the right stamp, who are ever ready with their purses to contribute to the relief of their brethren, and who are willing to perform those heaven-born duties enjoined by our ritual! I presume that one of the greatest drafts upon the treasuries of Lodges in some of the eastern cities is the extravagant manner of fitting up their halls, and their too frequent costly celebrations.—It is to this that some of the best men in the Order object. They are not willing to be taxed for the purpose of keeping up a fund from which the thoughtless would draw for these and other purposes as foreign to the design of the institution of Odd Fellowship. The reform in our finances must first commence in subordinate Lodges by "lopping off" *this* and *that* "extraordinary expense," until they shall have reduced them to the legitimate and ordinary expenses of a Lodge, and then it will be found, without doubt, that the majority of Lodges are fully able to meet their liabilities. I do not object to our halls be-

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ing fitted up in a neat and chaste style but on the contrary, believe it *necessary* for the cultivation of those truly social relations that are inculcated in our ceremonies, that upon this common platform, the Lodge room, there should be sufficient expended to make it alike enticing to the rich and the poor. It is here they are to meet weekly to promote the great ends of the Order, and here the rich must for a time forgo the pleasures of his own luxurious home, and here, around the same altar, the humbler brother will enjoy more of luxurious decorations than is to be found in his own humble cot. This is right, this is proper, but I object to costly and extravagant decorations.

The enquiries of the committee of the G. L. U. S. may furnish some data to the order upon which to base their calculations in the future, but I am fully persuaded that with an economical—not parsimonious—administration of affairs that a large number of the Lodges can reduce, instead of increase, their rate of weekly dues. Let the investigation result as it may, I think there is no possible reason to suppose that Odd Fellowship will explode, nowithstanding ihe figures of the Golden Rule. The manner in which the Rule attempts to enforce its opinions upon the order is, I think, too dictatorial, and it will redound but little to its credit if its figures should in the end prove that there is no cause of alarm in our *present* financial system.

In another number I may give you some statistical information drawn from the practical workings of Odd Fellowship.

NEW ALBANY, Feb., 1852. M.

Our old friend CLINT. ROBINSON, Editor of the new paper recently started in Vincennes, (success to you CLINT.,) is responsible for the following:

A "FUR" TRADE.—The following incident in the history of an old and well known citizen, (now deceased) for many years engaged in the fur trade in Vincennes, will be new to a majority of our readers, and is decidedly too good to be lost:

On a certain occasion he sold a gun to a customer, which was to be paid for in fur, within a certain time. The time passed by, and nothing was heard from the buyer of the gun. It was ascertained that he had left the country. Several months afterwards, the following letter was received from him:

"Mr. M. J.—Dear Sir: I am out here in Iowa, four hundred miles from Vincennes. If this is not *fur* enough to pay for that gun, I will go *fur*-ther.

Respectfully, &c.,

* *."

Of course that was considered *fur* enough, and a receipt in full sent.—*Ind. Patriot.*

The following extracts from the reports of the G. Representatives to the G. L. U. S. from Indiana, were crowded out of our Abstract in the February No. From G. Rep. Dufour's report we take the following:

STATISTICS

Of the Order under the jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S. for the year ending June 30, 1852.

No. of Lodges	2,729
No. of Initiations	25,776
No. of Suspensions	12,018
No. of Expulsions	1,554
No. of Contributing members (over)	200,000
No. of Past Grands	25,818
No. of Past Grand Masters	237
No. of Brothers relieved	26,330
No. of Widowed families relieved	3,058
No. of Brothers buried	1,642
Revenue for the year	$1,200,000
Am't paid for relief of brothers	372,384
" " " Widowed families	52,330
" " " Education of orphans	10,659
" " " Burying the dead	172,443
Total relief by Lodges	$614,720
No. of Encampments	508
No. of Suspensions	1,152
No. of Expulsions	86
No. of Contributing Patriarchs	21,462
Am't of Revenue for year	$92,823
Am't expended for relief of Patriarchs	36,669
Total relief by Lodges	614,720
Total relief in the Order	$651,389

It has been customary to grant leave of absence to elective officers of Lodges for an indefinite period, and still they were permitted to receive the honors to which they would have been entitled provided they had served the entire term. The decision of the Grand Lodge is in opposition to this custom, as also to the custom of Secretaries and Noble Grands giving visiting cards to members, without their having first obtained the consent of the Lodge. This dicision, it is hoped will be adhered to until every Odd Fellow in the U. S. will be aroused at the unjust and tyranical feature of this law, and will demand its repeal. With a view to this, I offered an amendment to the by-laws, which was laid on the table under the rule:—

Strike out Sec. 2 and 3, Division 2, and insert—

Sec. 2. Any brother in good standing may, by application)personal or otherwise) to the Sec. and N. G., Scribe and C. P., Lodge or Encampment, obtain a visiting card, to be valid for any reasonable length of time expressed on its face.

Sec. 3. Any brother in good standing, may, by application, (personal or otherwise,) to his Lodge or Encampment, obtain a withdrawal card, to be valid for any reasonable length of time expressed on its face.

This just and liberal amendment, in my judgment, should be adopted, and the odious feature of the present laws be stricken out.

Our Order depends for its continued pros-

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perity upon the conduct of its brotherhood. We can, if we will. elevate it to the highest standing in the opinions of community. We can disarm bigotry, we can conquer the bitterest prejudices, and before our advancing step the walls of opposition will crumble into dust. Or, on the contrary, if we forget the teachings of our ritual, prove false to our most solemn obligations, and neglect the sacred duties enjoined by our Order, we can arm our foes with weapons against ourselves and give additional strength to their attacks upon Odd Fellowship. Let us each one imprint on our hearts. and exhibit in our lives, the lessons of charity in judgment and in action; of mutual relief in seasons of adversity or distress; of friendship, self-sacrificing friendship, if necessary, that the world may see the strength of our fraternal bonds; of love for the brother, but beyond this and above this, love for our neighbors and fellowmen, with true wisdom from on high to guide us in the performance of the ever-pressing duties of life, and of truth, that crowning and imperial virtue which makes a man a *true man*, which adorns his character, elevates his influence, and leaves his name, when he has seen "the last of earth," embalmed in the memory of his brethren.

From G. Rep. HACKLEMAN's report we extract the following:

"It is a source of pleasure that, during the period of my service in the G. L. U. S., it has been my good fortune to agree in opinion and to vote with my colleagues on the great majority of the questions which have come up for consideration. In a few instances, however, I felt constrained, by the convictions of my judgment, to differ from them in opinion and to separate from them in voting. Our reports and the journal of 1851 will show these instances for the session of that year, and that they were "like angels' visits, few and far between." The same quotation is as applicable to the recent session. But we did occasionally differ. It was my misfortune to differ from both of my colleagues at the last session on the question of concurring in the report of the Committee on the State of the Order, on the proceedings of the G. L. of Texas, relative to the admission of Indians as members of the Order. The committee reported against the expediency of the application. After listening to the very able debate which the question of concurrence in the report elicited, and weighing the arguments adduced, I came to the conclusion that the report ought to be rejected. Representatives from New York, Wisconsin, and Texas spoke in the highest terms of the intelligence, respectability and trust-worthiness of the civilized Indians within the borders of their respective States, and of their desire to meet them around our altars as brothers of a "universal brotherhood." Believing in the unity of the human race—that "God has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth," I was willing to unseal the fountains of Odd Fellowship to my "red brethren," that they might drink of their limpid waters and be refreshed by the gentle droppings of their bounty. I was willing to trust them with the secrets of the Order, when Lodges should find them capable, and worthy of admittance to its mysteries. I therefore voted against concurrence in the report. The delegation had to act without instructions from their constituents, and they no doubt acted from the convictions of duty, though they differed in opinion.

I had also to separate from my valued colleague of the Grand Encampment, though acting in concert with my immediate colleague from this Grand Lodge, on the question of throwing open our installation ceremonies to the public, by allowing invited guests to be present on such occasions. The great fundamental principles of our institution are open to the inspection of all. Our periodicals, annuals, orators, constitutions and by-laws scatter these doctrines broadcast throughout the land, and no man who has a heart to appreciate their truthfulness, or a wish to practice their teachings, can plead ignorance of their applicability to the wants of mankind, or of their beauty in the abstract. To this I do not object; on the contrary I am ardently favorable to all those methods of diffusing knowledge in regard to our principles. But our mysteries and ceremonies are another affair. They are necessary to give efficiency to our work, unity and permanency to our Order and to guard against impostors. The public already know enough about these, unless they desire to learn more in the manner already provided by our laws, and which is open to all who ought to know anything more about them, if they will knock at our doors for admittance. If we destroy all mystery, we at once rob the structure of its columns, its porticoes, its colonade, its altars, its fonts and other ornaments, and render it so nude as not to attract the attention of any beholder. To throw open the ceremony of installation, I would regard as a step in this direction; and hence I voted against it, and I would do so again, should opportunity offer, unless specially instructed by you to vote to the contrary. I would have no objection to the admission of ladies who have taken the degree of Rebekak to witness the ceremony, the reasons which I have given against public installations not applying with the same force as far as they are concerned."

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LETTER FROM THE W. G. MASTER.

JEFFERSONVILLE, Feb. 21, 1853.

Messrs. Editors—Having a leisure moment, allow me to give you, according to promise, a brief sketch of my progress thus far.

On the 1st inst., I reached Vevay, and proceeded to institute, in ample form, INDIANA LODGE, No. 126. The following are the officers for the current term:

JOHN PATTON, N. G.;
JESSE TEATS, V. G.;
VICTOR KESLER, Sec.;
ISAAC STEVENS, Treas.

I trust that the institution of this Lodge will be the means of stimulating the brothers in that place to renewed exertions to relieve themselves from the debt incurred in building their fine hall. By invitation of P. G. M. DUFOUR, I had the pleasure of enjoying the society of his lady, one of your gifted contributors.

My next visit was to Quercus Grove Lodge, No. 98; but, unfortunately for me, the N. G., ROBERT HARRIS, was that evening united in holy wedlock to Miss ALVINA PALMER, and the Lodge was left, for the time being, to take care of itself.

[We trust that this will not be the last marriage notice forwarded to us for publication.—*Eds. Mag.*]

My next point was Rising Sun, which I reached in time to meet with the Lodge. Here I found the work of the Order in its purity.

After an uncomfortable ride through a pitiless storm, I reached Dillsborough, where I found the brethren fully alive to the work in hand. After spending the Sabbath with an old friend, I proceeded to Moore's Hill, and, assisted by the members of Miriam Lodge, No. 106, I instituted MOORE'S HILL LODGE, No. 127, with nine charter members and eleven by initiation. The officers are:

LEVI BOYD, N. G.;
JNO. W. EWIN, V. G.;
FRANKLIN DAUGHTERS, Sec.;
OLIVER WILSON, Treas.

I had the pleasure of conferring the beautiful Degree of Rebekah upon the wives of eight Scarlet members. This Lodge will, I think, do good service in our cause. Its meeting night is Tuesday.

I then visited Chosen Friends' Lodge, No. 8, at Aurora. The members are well posted in all matters pertaining to the Order.

At Lawrenceburgh, my next point, the indications are most favorable. The members are preparing to erect a Lodge hall, having already secured an enligible site in a central part of the city.

Accompanied by some of the brethren of Friendship Lodge, No. 4, I visited Guilford Lodge No. 90, in the hope of healing some difficulties that have, for a time, prevented an increase of membership there. The future alone can determine our success.

On Saturday night, I met Patriot Lodge, No. 9. There was a full attendance. The members, though somewhat antiquated in their work, were very desirous of being properly instructed therein.

After a dangerous trip on the Ben Franklin—dangerous on account of wind, fire and an exploded steampipe—I reached Madison, and was cordially received by the devoted brotherhood.

With the assistance of some of the brothers from Columbus and Rockford, I instituted, on Tuesday, the 15th inst., REDDINGTON LODGE, No. 128, with nine charter members and four by initiation. The officers are:

G. W. BAILEY, N. G.;
G. W. HAYS, V. G.;
W. S. TINDER, Sec.;
J. R. COPPIN, Treas.

This Lodge starts with flattering prospects. Its night of meeting is Wednesday.

In addition to the three Lodges I have instituted, R. W. D. G. Master HENDERSON instituted NOBLESVILLE LODGE, No. 125, at Noblesville, on January 24th, and a German Lodge, No. 129, at Indianapolis, on the 4th instant.

After leaving Reddington, I visited the two other Lodges in Jackson county—Adair, No. 86, at Brownstown, and Rockford, No. 68, at Rockford. From each of them I received a hearty welcome and, in return, imparted such instruction as I thought would best promote the good cause in which we are all engaged.

On Saturday, the 19th, I stopped at North Madison, and visited Angerona Lodge, No. 65. Here the enjoyment was marred by one of those direful explosions of steam that hurry man into the presence of his Maker, "unannealed and unannointed." In a factory near town, just being completed, steam was raised for the first time, and while the machinery was being examined, the boilers exploded, killing instantly, Mr. Chas. Smith, brother of P. G. Begjamin W. Smith, and scalding severely Bro. Williams, two of his sons, and several others.

It affords me great pleasure to state without hesitation, that the work, so far as I have witnessed it, is uniform. This fact, although seemingly of minor importance, indicates a healthy condition of the Order.

As ever yours,

JOSEPH L. SILCOX.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

HARMONY.

The great Architect of the universe, infinite in knowledge as in power, has, in his works of creation, given many examples of perfect harmony. The Solar system, rolling in awful majesty in infinite space, is so nicely adjusted that during the thousands of ages that have elapsed since its creation, no jarring influence has been allowed to mar the perfection of the whole. The animal frame, delicate in its structure, complicated in its design, fragile in material beyond any human invention, moves so smoothly that nothing in the system itself can by any possibility ever prevent its action. Man, the creature of Omnipotence, made originally in his image in knowledge, is now fallen so that his best works give evidence of imperfection. If, in complicated machinery, one pivot or bolt be wanting, or one wheel misplaced, instant confusion must ensue; and unless the action of the machine can be stopped, all will result in wreck and irreparable ruin. Hence the prudent inventor or constructor of any apparatus must with cautious scrutiny scan each separate part, calculate the relation of the parts to each other, and to the whole ere he applies the power by which it is to be moved.

This principle of harmony must also pervade those stuctures into which material objects do not enter. Combinations of men, for the attainment of any end not within the scope of individual effort, will find their success depend to a very great degree upon their attention to this principle. In the great political parties of earth, in the associations of men for charitable purposes, in literary institutions, want of harmony often leads to entire failure to attain the object aimed at. An unworthy member of a church becomes a stumbling block in the way of others. The inefficient professor in a literary institution gives wrong bias to the leading powers of the youthful mind. The busy-body in the community often sows the seeds of discord and strife. In each case of failure to succeed, imperfection in design and confusion in the out-working are attributable to want of harmony.

In the wide-spread Order to which a majority of our readers belong, though the founders of the system have used every precaution to prevent the existence of causes of difficulty, such causes do show themselves and not unfrequently to the entire destruction of all fraternal and kindly feeling. It is true we have the means of redressing grievances, or at least of feeling ourselves from the presence of those who may either by precept or by direct bad conduct bring reproach upon the Order. The harmony of an individual Lodge is destroyed by the act of an unworthy brother; his conduct becomes an infringement of some known law; he is charged with so doing, and, if found guilty, is very justly expelled the Order. Now, we insist, that in ninety-nine cases in one hundred, such a course of evident justice becomes itself an agent in disturbing the harmony of the Order. What then, we are asked, is to be done? First, let us determine what is included in harmony in its widest and most important sense.

We conceive that harmony, as applied to associations of men for the attainment of praise-worthy objects, differs materially from that principle when applied to machinery. In the latter case all contrivance and design exist only in the mind of the inventor, the material upon which he exerts his genius being entirely subject to his control. Perfection in plan and application of power must, therefore, produce perfect harmony in the operation. In the former case, the ingredients of the associations are endowed with judgment, will, &c. and cannot be so perfectly arranged as to avoid all jar and confusion. To avoid all confusion here, then, requires more than mere fitness of design in the plan. It would require that every individual member of the association should receive and appreciate the bearing and tendency of each principle precisely as it struck the mind of its original framer. Here, then, an insuperable barrier presents itself. To make honest men agree on all points is impossible. The peculiar structure of the human mind, the bias given by early habits and training render it necessary that such differences should exist. Hence arise the various denominational divisions in the church of Christ and party divisions in the political world.

Among Odd Fellows these causes must be expected to influence conduct as much as among any other class of men. There are probably circumstances which render that Order even more liable to these differences than others, and prominent among these we name a want of a just appreciation among the brotherhood of the true aims of the association. While many see and feel that the true object and aim of our institution is to improve the intellectual and elevate the moral condition of the race—extending its influence not merely to the members of the Fraternity but to their families and by them to communities and the race. Others, and not a few, we are constrained to believe, entertain a much lower conception of the Fraternity, its aims and ends. Such differences of opinion, as to the most vital interests of the Order, must produce a want of harmony in its outworkings.

Add to these the thousand little differences of opinion on points of minor importance, maintained with zeal disproportioned to their merits, and we discover sufficient internal causes of confusion.

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To find a remedy for *all* these faults, we believe would be imposible, yet much, we doubt not, might be done to diminish them. We may remark, just here, that in this, as in all other cases, prevention is better than cure. Guard well the portals of the Fraternity; see that none enter but tried men and true, and in future mucq of the internal difficulty will be removed. Yet existing evils must be remedied. How? One will urge that every offender be punished to the utmost extent of the law. Others, actuated more by natural kindness of heart than by sound judgment, are opposed to all exercise of ritributive justice and thus minor offences are overlooked. We believe that both of these methods are wrong. Cases of misconduct of a henious character should doubtless be met with prompt and condign punishment and in our remarks we do not refer to such cases, but to those where the conduct of members may not be in accordance with the true principles of our brotherhood and yet such as would not render them amenable to the laws of the land. We conceive that Odd Fellows do not propose to make their Order merely a crucible to try mens characters, retaining only those who come up to the standard of pure metal and rejecting those that possess any alloy. On the contrary their aim is to make men better by removing the alloy af baser material and leaving the metal purified and refined.

Let brothers *feel* the true fraternal relation existing between themselves and other members of the Order and act in obedience to that convitction and half the causes of confusion now constantly developing themselves would cease to exist. Let each member claim the privilege of watching over the conduct of his brother, not only in the Lodge room but in his intercourse with the world at large; let him kindly point out his errors, and whisper good counsel in his ear, and this great Fraternity will become an engine of incalculable power in elevating and improving our race.

ODD FELLOWS' BALLS.

There are, perhaps, few subjects upon which some of the members of the Order differ more widely than that of Odd Fellows' Balls; and as the difference is so nearly allied to freedom of opinion, it is one very difficult to write about without joining issue with some one. Notwithstanding this, we feel inclined to to say a few words for, we think, the "good of the Order."

About the propriety or impropriety of dancing we shall not here speak, as we do not deem this the proper place;—to the tendency of Balls we might allude, but we shall not even do that. We shall confine ourselves within the legitimate boundary of the Order, and judge of what is right and wrong in this matter by the teachings of the Order.

Odd Fellowship neither binds, nor attempts to bind the religious opinions of any man. It has no right to say unto us that we shall not indulge in this or that sport or amusement, unless it is contrary to the law of the land or the moral teachings of the Bible. With morals it deals in generals not in particulars; for while it requires an obedience to the christian system of ethics it does not attempt to decide those points of morality upon which some of the best of men have differed. In the embrace of the Order are gathered men of the most diverse faiths and sects, provided the existence of one all-wise, Supreme Ruler of the universe, and their obligation to obey the moral law, and their allegiance to the laws of the civil government under which they reside, are acknowledged by them. This forms a broad platform, and admits of the largest liberty consonant with an upright and virtuous life. Acknowledging by its ritual and ceremonies faith to God and the power and efficacy of prayer, it has no right to dictate to us how we shall pray or in what manner we shall worship God. Neither the Grand Lodge of the United States nor the Grand Lodge of any State has the right, by resolution or otherwise, to sanction or cause any Odd Fellow to sanction a Methodist class meeting or a Presbyterian anxious seat; nor have they the right to attach the name of "Odd Fellows" to any religious association whatever. This all admit, for were it otherwise where is the sacred tolerance we profess?

Many good Odd Fellows believe that Balls are sinful, others just as devoted in their attachment to the Order, cannot see any harm in them, and claim the privilege to have Balls in the name of the Order; and as the propriety or impropriety is deemed a matter of opinion, those of us who object, they say, have no right to complain. Let us see:

The law is this: All processions and balls or other ceremonies, at which the regalia and the jewels of the Order are to be used MUST be sanctised by the Grand Lodge or, in its recess, by the Grand Master. The *unauthorized use of the name of the Order is strictly prohibited by the Grand Lodge of the United States.* If then, "Odd Fellows' Balls" exist, they exist by the sanction, not of those only who are engaged in them, but of the highest authority known in the Order, thus making them a part and parcel of the public ceremonies of Odd Fellowship: Thus a portion of us who oppose Balls on conscientious grounds are made tacitly it is true, to sanction that which we believe to be sinful. But, say the upholds of Balls, if if your idea is carried out you compel us to refrain from an amusement which we consider not only harmless but healthy. Nay, you mistake us; we have no desire in the Lodge to intrude our individual opinions upon you. All we ask is, that when you dance you shall do it in *your own name*, not in *ours*, for "Odd Fellow" is our common title.

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of after any public celebration, you see fit to lay aside your regalia and jewels, and "amid the giddy mazes of the dance trip the light, fantastic toe," we have not, as Odd Fellows, any right to object. We abridge not your power to attend Balls, but only ask of you, that you do not, by having "Odd Fellows" attached to your dance, compel us to sanction that which we believe to be wrong.

Now is not this course in strict accordance with the principles of the Order? If not, we are free to confess that we do not comprehend the meaning of these words: We constrain no man's religious opinions; and we plead our inability to understand what "tolerance" signifies. While then as members of churches we attend our various meetings, without asking you as a portion of the Grand Lodge or the Order, to sanction our modes of worship, let those who deem the Ball room a place of innocent gaiety and harmless amusement, enjoy its hilarities, without demanding that we as another proportion of the Grand Lodge or the Order shall sanction them. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do you even so unto them."

THE BBOOKVILLE AMERICAN, AGAIN.

This work is yet an experiment, and from the history of secret orders in sustaining their periodicals, we doubt its stability. The fault is, however, mostly to be attributed to the character of the periodicals. They are most generally filled with high-wrought eulogies of the orders—of their benign, moral and religious influence—of their power to elevate and refine. This soon becomes tasteless and trash to the initiated, and disgusting to outside barbarians, who daily see their members reeling and swearing along the streets.—*Brookville American.*

The editor of the Brookville American in noticing our enterprize indulges in some strictures upon the character of the Order to whose interests our paper is devoted. Personally, we know nothing of the character of the persons against whom the charge of drunkenness is so boldly made by the editor, but we are inclined to think that he has been guilty of judgiug the character of a fraternity by the example of a small number of individual members. This is, at least, bad logic. If there are members of good standing in any Lodge of our Order in Brookville, who are in the habit of daily intoxication, they will certainly be thrown out of the Order so soon as their brothers find that all hope of reclaiming them is vain.

It is not safe to judge of any party or society by the character of individual members. In almost all societies religious and secular, are to be found men of bad character;—mere profession does not make the man, it may the member.—*Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.*

They [the editors of the Magazine] say if there are [any members who are in the habit of DAILY intoxication they will be thrown out of the Order. Can it be possible that it requires daily habits of this kind to exclude?—*Brookville Amercan.*

We have no disposition to get into any news-paper dispute upon a subject where no legitimate point of difference exists; we wish to say merely that the American has not used fairness in its last strictures. Our language will not bear the construction he gives it.

We did *not* say that the standard of moral excellence in our Order required that a man must be in the habit of "daily intoxication," before he could be dealt with by the Order. We only said that if (as the American asserted) members of the Fraternity were in the daily habit of drunkenness they would be thrown out. We did not say that the statement of the American was not true, because that would not have been treating that paper with due respect; we did not admit the statement as true, because we did not believe it to be true. We, therefore, said hypothetically what would be done, &c. We have formed our opinion of Odd Fellowship mainly from our knowledge of the Freternity in New Albany and here we know that Odd Fellows do not reel through the streets, and when drunkards are found, who being kindly reproved, do not gain forgiveness by repentance, hey are thrown out. The Fraternity looks upon drunkenness as upon other vices, and throws out the irreclaimable as certainly as it throws out the discovered theif. Yet we must here be understood as using the term drunkenness in its true sense and not in that used by the American.

We still maintain our position that it is not safe to judge of the intrinsic merits of any institution by the conduct of a few individual members. Unworthy members are to be found in all parties or sects and not unfrequently remain members notwithstanding the efforts of their fellow members to reform or remove them, and this is true of the church. Our Fraternity professes to draw its moral teachings from the Gospel and the we have many instances of mercy extended to offenders: Chirst told Peter to forgive an offence repeated till seventy times seven times, and his disciples: If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him. And if he trespass against thee seven times in a day, and seven times in a day turn again to thee, saying, I repent; thou shalt forgive him; and the Savior himself retained in his little band the son of perdition. If, as we have always maintened, the great aim of our Fraternity is to make men better, then our opinions are correct; or our undestanding of the Gospel teaching wrong.

We must insist that it is the duty of Odd Fellows to use every means of reforming the erring and in obedience to the instructions af the Great Teacher, to whose code of morals we believe the editor of the American professes to be subject, to receive and forgive the repenting and returning offender.

ERRATUM.

In the Grand Master's Report on page 360, of the February No. of the Magazine, in the 11th line from the bottom, read "rejection" instead of "jurisdiction."

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EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NOBLESVILLE, January 28th, 1853

By request of R. W. G. D. Master, WILLIAM HENDERSON, and in company with nine others, I had the pleasure of visiting this neat and thriving village, for the purpose of organizing a new lodge. Like all the rest of the adjacent towns it is connected to the Capital by Railroad. As we were detained on the way, waiting for the down train, it was so late when I reached here, that I had not time to "walk around the town"." It numbers about 1000 or 1200 inhabitants, and has the appearance of considerable business.

At 6½ P. M., of yesterday, the 24th, R. W. D. G. Master Henderson, assisted by P. G. Rep. G. BROWN and others, proceeded to institute in regular form NOBLESVILLE LODGE No. 125.

After the institution, nine petitions were received, and the applicants duly initiated. These nine together with six applicants by card, make a fine commencement for a new Lodge. I formed a personal acquaintance with all the members, and if one may judge from personal appearances, this Lodge will, I have no doubt, give a good account of itself in the great work of human benefaction.

The following are the officers for the current term:

GEO. F. WAINWRIGHT, N. G.,
——— ———, V. G.,
LEVI FARLEY, Sec'y,
H. W. CLARK, Treas.

RUSHVILLE, February 8th.

After having spent a very pleasant day at Shelbyville, I reached this town on the evening of the 3rd. As I hope to be present at the dedication of the new Hall lately erected there, I will reserve my 'notes' of that place until that time, the 17th of May.

Here, under the hospitable "tent" of Patriarch E. H. BARRY, I have been comfortably resting and enjoying myself. G. Rep. P. A. HACKLEMAN and G. Marshal M. SEXTON hail from the Lodge in this place. I was favorably impressed with every thing about the town, except the MUD; but on the 5th the Frost-king breathed upon it, and dropped his mattle of pure, white snow upon the streets, and, when the clouds dispersed, and the clear sun shone with more than mid-summer brilliancy, and the keen north wind, cold as the breath of an ice-berg blew upon me, the MUD was forgotten, and the warm welcome and comfortable cheer I received from the brethren and patriarchs, will ever remain a pleasant memory in my life. I visited BERNICE Encampment, and found the members correct and active. The Lodge numbers 100 good men and true, devoted in their attachment to the Order and faithful in the performance of its ennobling duties. The Order is very prosperous, and the members warm advocates of the Grand Lodge Hall.

Rushville is pleasantly situated in a level and fertile country, contains about 1200 inhabitants, and is connected by railroad to Jeffersonville on the Ohio.

KNIGHTSTOWN, February, 11th.

The Cars brought me about dark, on the 9th, to the outskirts of this village. In omopany with Bro. T. A. MCFARLAND, of Shelbyville, I proceeded to the Lodge room, where we had the pleasure of conferring the Degree of Rebekah upon eight ladies. They seemed delighted with the Degree and did not view it as a mere 'quietus' to their curiosity.

Knightstown is a pleasantly located village numbering about 800 inhabitants. There is a fine Lodge here composed of active. working men, and is exerting a healthy influence in the community.

On the evening of the 10th there was a called meeting of the Lodge and Daughters of Rebekah. The evening passed off delightfully, and so far as I could judge all went home highly gratified with the proceedings. Would it not add much to the interest and "good of the Order," to spend at least one evening in each month in a social interchange of thought and opinion in reference to the best way in which to promote " love and good-will among men?"

P. G. ABRAM CASE.

Died, at his residence in New Albany, on the night of February 22nd, 1853, Bro. ABRAM CASE, P. G. of New Albany Lodge, No. 1, I. O. O. F., in the 42nd year of his age.

Brother CASE had been a resident of New Albany for 20 years last preceding his death, for 13 years a consistent member of the M. E. Church and for 6 years a member of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. In this dispensation of Providence the city of New Albany has lost a citizen who was always ready to go forward in the discharge of every duty imposed upon him, the church a faithful member and the Fraternity of Odd Fellows an efficient and devoted brother.

The members of the Order assembled on the 24th to perform the last sad rights to their departed brother. His remains were taken to Wesley Chapel, where an appropriate funeral discourse was delivered by Rev. JAMES H. NOBLE, preacher in charge, from Hebrews xi, latter clause of the 4th verse, "*He, being dead, yet speaketh.*" After which the procession was re-formed and proceeded to the Northern Cemetry, where the funeral service of the Order was performed by Rev. Bro. THOS. H. SINEX.

The following eulogy was pronounced at the

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grave, after which the procession returned to the Hall;

HALL OF NEW ALBANY LODGE, No. 1,
NEW ALBANY, February 24th, 1852.

REV. P. G. GEO. B. JOCELYN:—*Sir and Bro:*—I have been directed to forward you a copy of the following resolution, which was passed by a unanimous vote of our Lodge:

Resolved, That P. G. Geo. B. Jocelyn be requested to furnish for publication in the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine, a copy of the remarks delivered by him at the grave of our departed brother, P. G. ABRAM CASE.

By complying with the above resolution, you will confer a favor not only upon the members of New Albany Lodge No. 1, but also upon the members of the Order generally, and the numerous friends of the deceased, who heard the remarks.

Yours, in F., L. and T.
B. F. DEVOL, Sec'y.

[It is with hesitancy that we attempt to comply with the above resolution, for the remarks alluded to were wholly extemporaneous. To us Brother CASE was a warm, devoted, and intimate friend, and we feel that it will be impossible for us to commit to writing that which was uttered out of a heart pulsating with the deepest grief and warmest sympathy. We furnish, however, as nearly as we can recollect them, our remarks at the grave, knowing that they are but a feeble tribute to the memory of one of the best of men.—JOCELYN.]

Brethren:—For the first time since the organization of NEW ALBANY LODGE, No. 1, has death entered its portals. Hitherto our circle has been a charmed one; but the charm is now broken, and we are called upon to-day, to pay the last sad tribute of respect to the earthly remains of one of our most active, devoted and consistent members, P. G. ABRAM CASE.

Of his character as a man and a Christian, I need say but little, for the Pastor of the church of which he was a member, has given you a faithful portraiture. The best eulogy upon his character was seen in the gloom that pervaded the community, and in the sorrow that filled his church, when it was announced that ABRAM CASE was no more. The moistened eye and quivering lip with which friend told to friend his decease bespoke the melancholy interest his death awakened in each heart and the last throng that crowded the Chapel and now surround this open tomb, proclaim in unmistakable language, that his death has made a void among us that will not soon be filled.

The church of which he had long been a faithful member, has, as you have already learned, lost one of its firmest pillars and brightest ornaments, one upon whom it leaned, in its various departments, for counsel, assistance, and support; and the anxious inquiry, Who is competent to wear his mantle? remains unanswered.

Of his character as an Odd Fellow I may more fully speak: He was initiated into New Albany Lodge No. 10, August 17th, 1847; was one of the petitioners for the organization of New Albany Lodge No. 1, of which he was first Noble Grand and received the Patriarchal Degree in Jerusalem Encampment No. 1, July 20th, 1852, only a short time prior to the commencement of the illness which terminated his earthly existence.

Since his initiation he has been an active and consistent member. He seemed fully to comprehend the various duties that devolved upon him, as an Odd Fellow, and his enlightened conscience did not permit him to view the solemn and binding obligations of the Order as mere ceremonies to be gone through with and then be forgotten. He did not look upon the lectures and charges of our ritual as specimens of correct and beautiful literature to please the ear and charm the mind, but as lessons whose power should sink deep into the heart and find a perfect embodiment in the outward life. Hence the lessons impressed by our solemn emblems and ritual were to him a quickening power, and he strove to fulfill all their high requirements.

Did he comprehend our ceremonies which teach that Evil is the bane of Society, the fountain of all wrong? Did he remember the import of that emblem which tells that the night of death, in which no man can work, is fast approaching us all? Let his active, untiring efforts to banish evil, the constant devotion of his time, his talents and his purse, to every cause that would enlighten, elevate or purify mankind, and his ardent zeal in every good word and work, be the answer to the inquiry.

Had he a just conception of the requirements of that heavenly grace, charity—charity in thought and in action? I appeal to a well known trait of his character—to think evil of no one;—I appeal to the abodes of suffering and poverty he so often visited; to the "widow's cruse of oil and barrel of meal" he permitted not to become empty; to the smile of gladness he caused to beam upon the tearful face of the orphan; to the wail of sorrow he turned into a song of joy. Who that knew him will hesitate to say, that his warm heart ever gushed with a pure and holy sympathy in behalf of the poor, the afflicted and the distressed.

Had he comprehended the story of Jonathan and David? When heard he of a brother in distress and difficulty, and his heart was not fully and actively aroused in his behalf? To such he was counsel, assistance and protection, as far as lay in his power. Was not his soul full of the warmest friendship? Who ever knew a firmer, truer or more devoted friend than P. G. CASE? His was a friendship of deeds, not words! His love to his brethren and his race was of the purest and holiest kind. Truth, truth in thought, truth in word, truth in action characterized the man.

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His word was his bond. His promises were made to be fulfilled, not broken. I speak not thus to flatter—nay, I tell nothing more than the plain, unadorned truth. That he had faults I admit, for he was human; but who among us all, my brethren, can look into our hearts, and feel that we have as few? In him we had an excellent defender of our beloved Order—ay, more, a living expose of its aims, its principles, its duties!

He was honorable as a man, pure as a christian, and "correct" as an Odd Fellow; but his honor, his purity and his "correctness" could not stay the hand of death. He now lies before us ready to be buried out of our sight. Never shall we see him again in all the duties of life. Never again shall his form enter our hall. Never again shall he "fill the chair" to instruct initiates in the mysteries and duties of Odd Fellowship. His voice shall no more fall upon our ears nor his pleasant smile gladden our sorrowing hearts. He is taken from us; but, thanks to OUR GOD, we are not left comfortless. Our ritual speaks to us of a glorious, "well-grounded hope." It whispers in our ears the words of immortality. It tells that

"The earth will pass
Like a wild dream away, the very heavens
Be rolled together as a scroll, but HE,
Beneath whose feet the sun and stars are dust,
Hath said that we shall never die."

Nay, it speaks of a yet higher hope. The evergreen that lifts its head above the grave of the departed, says: "*He is not dead, but sleepeth*; THY BROTHER SHALL RISE AGAIN!" We cannot now comprehend this soul-inspiring truth. These forest trees are stripped of their foliage; this earth is under the dreary reign of the death of winter, but Spring shall come and wake the earth to life and beauty again. These trees shall bloom in gorgeous dress, this world, ay, the little mound we shall heap above the remains of our departed brother, shall be clad in richest green. The winter of Death holds in its icy embrace the form of him whom we now mourn, the chill, damp vapors of the tomb are gathering about it, but the Spring of Heaven shall break upon the gloomy winter of the grave, and this form shall awake, in unfading beauty to the enjoyment of eternal life. *He* believed and felt the truth of this doctrine, and while his wasted and disease-worn frame lies here and we stand around it with tearful eyes and sorrowing hearts, his happy spirit bends from its bright abode, and sings

"God my Redeemer lives,
And ever from the skies,
Looks down and watches all my dust,
Till He shall bid it rise."

Patriarchs of Jerusalem Encampment No. 1.—He had knelt but once at our altar; he had not yet received our highest mysteries. He was toiling for the good of his race. He felt that earth had for him no abiding rest. He knew that once lanched upon life's broad wilderness, henceforward all is turmoil from the cradle to the grave;—that rest comes only to the man of faith when he bows himself before his God. That rest he has found. And while we have been left to travel life's rough road and press on through the dark and gloomy wilderness, stumbling at the pit-falls that lie in our path, he has passed more swiftly on. With him the dangers of the route are over. Him the world with its charms allures no more; his ears hear not the sound of strife nor the voice of dissension; storms gather not in darkness around his path. With him life's last conflict is over. He has descended its last declivity, threaded its last, dark ravine, and safely crossed the bridge of death. His ears, though deaf to our calls, have caught the cheerful music of the Patriarchs above, and already admitted to the society of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob he is enjoying everlasting rest beneath the pavilion of the New Jerusalem on high.

He has gone; but his widow and fatherless ones, whom he loved so well while here are left with us. As far as possible let us, under God, fill his place. Let the world see that our professions to "protect the widow and educate the orphan" are kindly and faithfully fulfilled. To them we must show the guiding, protecting and comforting power of the Order. Let us be faithful in all of our duties. Let us ever cherish the memory of our departed brother and imitate his worthy example even unto the end of life's rough pilgrimage. Let us all

"So live that when our summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent hall of death,
We go, not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust" in Christ on whom
Our brother's faith relied "approach our graves
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

AGENTS.

Bro. J. W. ROBINSON, of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed General Travelling Agent for the Magazine, and is authorized to receive subscriptions, and receipt for all money paid him on that account.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as Local Agents for the Magazine:

Mrs. E. A. STAILEY, Rochester, Ind.
ED. FISHELL, Logansport, Ind.
GEO. F. WAINWRIGHT, Noblesville, Ind.
C. WALKER, Connersville, Ind.
J. S. BALLARD, Knightstown, Ind.

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News of the Order.

IOWA.

We acknowledge, through the kindness of Grand Sec. WILLIAM GARRET, of Burlington, a copy of the proceedings of the Annual Communication of the R. W. G. Lodge of Iowa. From it we learn that there then existed forty-three Subordinate Lodges, all of which were in a flourishing condition. The M. W. G. Master, WILLIAM H. TUTHILL, in his report, says: "Odd Fellowship has now become deeply rooted in the rich soil of our fair and flourishing State, and has steadily kept pace with its rapidly increasing growth and undiminished prosperity. New Lodges have been planted, and new members added with that uniform and certain progress that betokens success and perpetuity. The benign and healthy influence of the Order is everywhere felt and acknowledged. It has disarmed prejudice and calmed the troubled waters of sectarian strife—has become most popular in those places where it is best known, and may now be considered firmly established as one of the truly benevolent institutions of the age."

The following are the officers for the current year:

ALEXANDER D. ANDERSON, M. W. G. M.,
STYLES S. CARPENTER, R. W. D. G. M.,
CHAS. C. VAN, R. W. G. W.,
WILLIAM GARRETT, R. W. G. Sec.,
RICHARD CADLE, R. W. G. Treas.,
WM. H. TUTHILL, G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Annual Communication of the R. W. G. Lodge of this State was held in Charleston, on the 19th January. From the reports of the Subordinate Lodges it appears that $7,109 have been received during the past term, and that in the same time $3,093 have been expended for relief. A letter to the Golden Rule has the following in reference to the new constitution of the G. L. U. S.:—"Under no circumstance is it desired to deprive the G. L. U. S. of any power—judicial or legislative—which she now has. The power now claimed by that body has never been abused; and on one occasion, when it did exercise it—the occasion of the division of New York—peace and prosperity were restored to a divided jurisdiction, and a vast increase of the Order and its usefulness has been the result. No one in this jurisdiction approves of the sweeping changes proposed by the G. Encampment of Ohio, submitted to the G. L. U. S., in a series of resolutions, at its last session."

The officers for the current year are:

LOUIS D. DESAUSURE, M. W. G. M.,
W. THAYER, R. W. D. G. M.,
W. L. DAGGETT, R. W. G. W.,
JOHN A. GYLES, R. W. G. Sec.,
Z. B. OAKES, R. W. G. Treas.,
PETER DELLA TORRE, G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.

OHIO.

We condense from the Feb'y No. of the Ark, the following in reference to the Order, in this State:

The Annual Session of the R. W. G. L. of Ohio met at Dayton on the 18th of January. There was a full attendance of Officers and Representatives, only one G. officer and one representative being absent.

The report of the Grand Master shows the Order to be in a truly prosperous condition The past year has been characterized by great harmony throughout the jurisdiction.

The finances of the Grand Lodge are shown to be in better condition than for several years past.

The time of the meeting of the Grand Lodge was changed from the third Tuesday in January to the third Tuesday in February. The next session will convene in Zanesville.

Charters were granted for 24 Sub. Lodges, (3 of them German,) and 1 Degree Lodge.

A resolution was adopted, requesting the Representatives in the G. L. U. S. to use their influence to have the installations of G. and Sub. officers in public.

The following are the officers elected:

Rev. JOHN HAMILTON, Grand Master,
C. W. COWAN, Deputy Grand Master,
JAMES S. MCGINNIS, Grand Warden,
A. E. GLENN, Grand Secretary,
WM. F. SLATER, Grand Treasurer,
CHAS. F. WILSTACH, G. Rep. to G. L. U. S.

The semi-annual session of the Grand Encampment was held at Dayton, on Thursday, the 20th of January; a very large number of Patriarchs in attendance. The proposed new constitution making the Grand Encampment a representative body—to be composed of Patriarchs elected by districts—was agreed to by a large majority; but the G. Patriarch decided that it required a two-thirds vote to adopt it. The G. Encampment sustained this decision, and an appeal was taken to the G. L. U. S.

A charter was granted for an Encampment at Zanesville.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The semi-annual Communication of the R. W. G. Lodge of this State was held on Feb. 2nd.

We learn from the Token, that the most gratifying prosperity attends the labors of the Order in this State. During the term 106 have been initiated, 32 admitted by card, and 40 have died.

RHODE ISLAND.

The R. W. G. Lodge of this State convened on Feb'y last.

In this State the Order is steadily progressing, not so rapidly as formerly, but more safely.

MARRIED

At Brookville, Ind., on the evening of February 24th, by Rev. Bro. T. M. Eddy, Bro. JOHN F. HAZZARD, J. W. of Brookville Encampment, No. 32, to Miss LOUISIANA, second daughter of Mr. Richard Tyner, Merchant of that place.

Shall the *links* that unite them be broken? No, never,
Though the world that surrounds them is cold and untrue;
With hearts ever open, not a passion to sever
The heaven-born union of hearts that are true.

F.

——, In New Albany, on the evening of February, 23rd, by Rev. C. B. Davidson, Bro. B. F. DEVOL, Sec. of New Albany Lodge, No. 1, to Miss JEANNIE, daughter of Capt. James Montgomery, of that place.

DEATHS.

DIED, of Pneumonia, in Paradise, Coles County, Illinois, Mrs. AMELIA, consort of Brother Charles H. Nabb, in the 31st year of her age.

—— At the residence of her husband, in Lawrence County, Illinois, Mrs. ELIZA, consort of P. G. Thomas C. Bailey, of Wabash Lodge, No. 20.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellow's Magazine.]

TO SISTER E. S. F. BOYLE.

My Dear Sister:—I see in the Feb. No. of the Magazine that you have kindly answered my letter in reference to the degree of Rebekah. I am sorry that after having thrown down the glove you so soon retire from the lists, for I suppose you mean when you say that you "shall not say any more about it," that you do not intend to continue the correspondence. Personally, I have no desire to carry it on, but I was in hopes, that what you and I might say, would cause others more able to discuss the matter, to take up the pen either in defense of, or against the degree. I have but little time now to devote to the pen; the cares of a mother are such as almost totally prohibit me from writing, and when I do write, I have to do it generally with a child in my lap. When I was young, Sister Boyle, (I mean before I was married,) it was a recreation to get hold of the pen and scribble away, but *now* it is quite another thing. But to the point.

You know that in my first letter to you, I admitted the want of an organization in our degree. I have been thinking that we might make an organization of our own. In the Lodge of which my husband is a member one night of each month is devoted to our degree, and I have resolved that I would suggest to the members the following plan; and I do not see that it will be contrary to any of the rules or regulations of the Order. I have conversed with my husband about it, and he seems to be very friendly disposed towards it. It is this:—

Those who have the degree of Rebekah, are already organized, for the obligation makes an organization of them. Thus organized we can appoint a committee in each ward, or neighborhood of our city, to whom any one taken sick in their ward shall be immediately reported and the committee shall thereupon visit the sick sister and ascertain whether she needs any assistance, or any one to sit up and watch with her, if she should, empower this committee to notify some two of the sisters of their ward to attend to that duty. This can be easily done, and by this means we can accomplish all that is required of us by our obligation. Should they need pecuniary assistance, the committee could soon raise it among the sisters, or a small monthly due could be paid by each one of us, to create a fund for that purpose. By the appointment of this committee to visit the sick, I do uot mean that they alone shall visit them, but that all the sisters who can shall do so, and see if they can not to a certain extent fulfill the duties required of them.

Request our husbands to inform us who among their number are sick, ahd let this committee, and the others visit their families and ascertain if any assistance moro than that rendered by the brethren is needed. Let these committees make a report at each meeting of what they have done, and I think in this way, my dear sister, we can do a vast amount of good. If an *organization* as simple as this was made by us, I do not think that "half the Odd Fellows' wives" in your city or any other city, "might die, and tne other half know nothing of it." This would be a "concerted plan of operations by which each Daughter" could, and would, "be made acquainted with cases demanding her attention."

I, for one, do not feel like complaining, that we have no organization. There is no time for complaint. Rather let us go to work, adopt some plan—some simple plan—that will be efficient—and then ask the Grand Lodge of the United States to sanction it. As I said before, these *men* do not know what we need—as yet we ourselves do not know what plan will be best. Experience, and that alone is to teach us what we want. You know this as well as I do.—For my part I intend to go to work, and see if with the assistance of some of the sisters some such plan as I have suggested in this hasty letter to you, cannot be adopted, and work well; and until I have tried it, I shall not consent to say that the degree is "of no avail."

But even without this organization, I must say that it works some better here than it does in your city. If a sister is sick, some of us generally find it out and visit her, and I assure you that few if any members of the Order are sick here without its being generally known.

But enough for the present. I trust that we shall be permitted to see each other "face to face," and have a long talk about this new degree. Ever thine,

KATE BEMIES.

Rose Cottage, Feb. 15, 1853.

Mr. G. was a most inveterate punster.—Lying very ill of the cholera, his nurse proposed to prepare a young, tender chicken. "Hadn't you better have an old hen?" said G., in a low whisper, for he was too ill to speak louder, "for she would be more apt to *lay* on my stomache." G. fell back exhausted, and the nurse fainted.

The best cough drop for young ladies is to drop the practice of dressing thin when they go out in the night air.

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOW'S MAGAZINE.

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Original.

P. G. ROB'T DALE OWEN'S LECTURE BEFORE THE GRAND LODGE OF INDIANA.

In our Abstract of the Proceedings of the Grand Lodge, we promised a more extended notice of, and some extracts from, the able lecture delivered before that body, by P. G. OWEN, on

"THE LAW OF PROGRESS, DEDUCED FROM HISTORY."

He commenced by saying that although the address was not originally prepared for the Order at whose request he now delivered it, it might not be unacceptable to its members. If he had not been an Odd Fellow it might never have been written, for circumstances that had transpired since his initiation, had caused him to write the articles that had appeared in the Western O. F. Magazine, "*The Too Much and Too Little*," and this address was but an amplification of those articles.

His review of Ancient History was rapid, but for the purpose designed, thorough and to the point. He looked upon History as an excellent teacher, not of facts and events alone, but of principles—principles more important than facts. It made but little difference to us the day and hero of any particular battle, if we could not comprehend the spirit of the age, and its influence upon the succeeding one.

War, he said, was the distinguishing feature of the Past. It alone was honorable, all other pursuits were ignoble. Intellectual refinement was at a discount, and muscular strength—brute force commanded the highest premium. Fear, Force, and Violence for ages, were the ruling spirits of the older world. To the student of History its pages exhibited little else than a continued scene of war—war between neighborhood and neighborhood—tribe and tribe—country and country—and sometimes between continent and continent. This leading pursuit gave character to the mind and spirit of the world for ages—a spirit so fierce that its desolating influence is expressed in the words of the warlike Hun: "That the grass never grew where his horse trod!" This era was the night of the world—a night across which, however, an occasional gleam of light would shoot, betokening the existence of a future that should shine resplendant with the beams of Peace and Happiness. The path of Progress was scarcely visible in this lengthened night of ages, but "in the fresh glow of the morning, we see by its dawning light, the road widened, and grasping with a thousand arms the Present."

He spoke against prating about the "good old times!" There never was such a time as the present. The times had not degenerated. The 'good old times!' were times of Darkness, of Barbarism, of violence, of the supremacy of Might over Right—'good old times' when in their palmiest days of Chivalry, Woman was the plaything of an hour, sold into perpetual slavery if she failed to satisfy every capricious whim of her tyrant, Man—'good old times!' when the Weak had no protection against the rapacity of the Strong—when the unfortunate Debtor forfeited his life or his liberty to appease the harsh demands of his inexorable Creditor—'good old times!' when the 'lex talionis'—the retaliating law,—was considered the highest justice. "An eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth; whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed," were the mottoes that indicated the spirit of the age! He contrasted with this Past, the Present so full of Christian love and kindness, when punishment is reformative, not retributive—the Present, when Woman is no longer the plaything of an hour, but the companion of Man, the light of his hours of joy, the solace of his hours of grief—the Present when neither the life nor the liberty of the unfortunate Debtor is at the mercy of his Creditor. He then explained the law of descent as passed last winter by our Legislature, and we regret that we have not room to give his remarks upon the subject. They were very satisfactory to those of us who had not heretofore understood that much-talked-of law.

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He viewed any change from severity and harshness to kindness and mildness as real Progress. He attributed this gradual reform in the laws and customs of the world to the introduction of the principles that pervade the system of Christian ethics,—principles that send forth a new spirit to rule the world. A spirit that "When it stills, in the individual or in the nation, the fierce impulses of combativeness, and bids discard brutal force and substitute the mild appliances of reason, it is called PEACE. When it softens the asperity of human codes, and tempers indignation against the wrong-doer, we name it MERCY. When it seeks in a neighbor's conduct, the good and not the evil; when it respects, in others, independence of thought and speech, and finds, in honest difference of opinion, no cause of offense, its name is CHARITY. When it attracts us to our fellow creatures, of every tribe and tongue, impelling us to to take them by the hand, and do them good, we call it LOVE. By whatever name, under all its phases, a gentle spirit; eminently civilizing, humanizing; the herald of true virtue, the dispenser of endu.ing happiness."

He viewed that Jesus, who appeared some 1800 years ago, in one of the provinces of Judea, teaching his own doctrine as the great embodiment of this spirit. He disclaimed any design of lecturing upon divinity as such, but wished to view "the Christian system of ethics simply as an element of civilization, and in its connection with human progress, and with public affairs."

"What," continued he, "is the master principle pervading the entire code of Christian morality, giving it life and peculiar character, distinguishing it broadly, conspicuously, from the Jewish and all other stern old systems of an ancient world? It is the substitution, in all the affairs of mankind, whether international, legislative, litigant, executive or social, of the spirit of mildness for the spirit of force. It is the replacement of war by peace, of severity by humanity; and by forgiving mercy of vindictive justice, for contention the enjoining of meekness; and for hatred of love." That which had been in other codes subordinate was "the soul and essence of the Christian system of ethics." It was the great civilizing element in the world—it should form the basis of every statesman's character, for he whose heart and mind is not imbued with it was unfit to make laws for any people.

This and the succeeding parts of his lecture were replete with some of the finest thoughts we ever heard uttered, and were listened to by the Past Grands with undivided attention. Occasionally, as P. G. OWEN, spoke of the power of Christianity to elevate and refine, to mould and govern the world, he would be interrupted by manifestations of well-merited applause. But while he eulogized the spirit and teachings and practice of true Christianity, he held up to scorn and ridicule that species of Phariseeism, that fawns upon the wealthy and courted criminal one, and visits its anathemas against the repentant guilty one.

He quoted these beautiful lines as an evidence that the world was progressing upon the subject of the erring and the repentant—that the spirit of true Christianity was "leavening" the mass of society:

Think gently of the erring!
  Oh do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
  He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage!
  Child of the self-same God!
He hath but stumbled in the path
  Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak kindly of the erring!
  For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
  Without the censure rough?
It sure must be a weary lot
  That sin crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
  Their chiding well may spare.

Speak kindly to the erring!
  Thou yet may'st lead them back,
With holy words and tones of love,
  From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, thou hast often sinned,
  And sinful yet must be:
Deal gently with the erring one,
  As God hath dealt with thee!

"Unforgiving severity towards the erring is not unjust only, its effect is immoral. If it does not create vice, it often confirms it; and that is as bad.

"The first error in a man or woman,—the first step in vice even,—is often taken under the influence of youthful impulse; to be blamed indeed, but yet not necessarily, nor even perhaps frequently, to be taken as indication of hardened wickedness. Unless early associations of evil have been of a very aggravated character, vice is only endured at first; and if our lack of charity does not render the first downward step irretraceable; if it is met with unassuming reproof, with gentle expostulation; in a thousand cases it *will* be retraced; in a thousand cases the prodigal will return to his father's house; rescued by charity, when he would have been ruined by cold, harsh condemnation.

"There are, doubtless, crimes of so inhuman a character, that the heart must be cold or corrupt, which is not stirred, by their very

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recital, to indignation and resentment, crimes against which that very indignation and resentment, is society's safeguard. But these are rare; and are scarcely ever *first* errors. They are usually committed by hardened offenders; made hardened by that exclusive spirit of self-righteousness, which hugs itself in its own merits, real or imagined, and forgets that the highest duty to humanity, is to humanity erring and misled."

After having spoken of some of the reforms of the age he alluded to some of the crying evils of society, and among them he ranked what is termed Pleasant Gossip, and Scandal—Gossip—the pastime of so many persons. These crimes he ranked as second to no offense recognized by law. The house destroyed by the midnight incendiary could be rebuilt more stately than before, but with what materials could a ruined reputation be reconstructed? The murderer was not worse than the cowardly assassin who takes from man his good name.

In concluding his able and interesting address, he said that there was one particular, in which the world had not progressed;—the relative position that it assigned to the erring man and woman, In this part of his lecture we must let him speak for himself, in his own language:

"The iniquity consists in this. There are two culprits, arraigned before the bar of Public Opinion, their offense mutual; their culpability unequal; still more unequal their power to endure the world's condemnation. The one, by nature the stronger and hardier, in almost every case the tempter; often the hypocrite, sometimes the forsworn: the other, of that sex sensitively alive to public reproach, usually more sinned against than sinning; perhaps deceived by a loyal unsuspicious nature; perhaps betrayed by a warm and lonely heart.

And now, how deals society, as between these two offenders? In what measures does she apportion to each respectively, the anathemas of her resentment? Does she indignantly banish from her presence, as degraded, if his deceit be proved or even if his perjury be laid bare, the basely guilty, the shameless transgressor? And if the deceived one, rudely awakened from a brief and feverish dream, return, contrite and in misery, to the home whence she strayed, does society, rejoicing over her repentance, receive her with glad jubilee, saying; "This, my daughter, was dead and is alive again: she was lost and is found?"

"Must I give the answer? A true-hearted poet, BARRY CORNWALL, shall give it for me, in some of the noblest lines the present century has produced. They are entitled "Within and Without;" the very title suggesting which the outcast, and which the favorite welcomed within the pale. The first picture is

WITHOUT.

The winds are bitter, the skies are wild, [rain;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning
Without in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth aloud her grief her pain.
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her,
But Hunger, her friend, with his bony hand,
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily,
"What dost thou, in a Christian land?"

WITHIN.

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold,
Yet riot and luxury brawl within;
Slaves are waiting in crimson and gold,
Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
Up in each glass, to its beaded brim,
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
"Happiness!" "Honor!" and all for him.

WITHOUT.

She who is slain in the winter weather,
Ah! she once had a village fame;
Listened to love on the moonlit heather,
Had gentleness, vanity, maiden shame.
Now here allies are the tempest howling,
Prodigal's curses, self disdain;
Poverty, misery. Well, no matter,
There is an end unto every pain.

The harlot's fame is her doom to-day;
Her thoughts despair, by to-morrow's light
The rugged boards and the pauper's pall,
And so she'll be given to dusty night,
Without a tear, or a human sigh
She's gone, poor life and its fever o'er!
So let her in calm oblivion lie,
While the world runs merry as heretofore.

WITHIN.

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
Under the feet of the trampling town.
Liar, betrayer; false as cruel;
What is the doom for this dastard sin?
His peers they scorn, high dames they shun him?
Unbar yon palace and gaze within!

There,—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,—
There upon the silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
Waiting him rise from the rosy wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters,
Men of high honor salute him "friend!"
Skies! oh where are your cleansing waters?
World! oh where do thy wonders end?

Is this justice? Is it morality? Is it Christianity?

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"In the olden time and on a memorable occasion, a question of somewhat similar import was once before asked.

"It was in the temple, at Jerusalem. She whose recent offense, proved beyond denial and treated by the sanguinary laws of that age with inhuman severity, was doubtless then the common talk of the day,—she was there in the midst. And there also were the great notables of the nation, who walked in long robes, and loved greeting in the markets to whom were assigned the highest seats in the synagogues and the chief rooms at feasts; representatives of all the wealth and rank and respectability of the Jewish metropolis; the Scribes, men of learning, doctors in the law, the Pharisees, exclusives of their day, seeking distinction by their strict manner of life; conformists in every outward observance, devotees to every formal ceremonial. They were all there to tempt Him, of whom their officers (sent a few days before, to take him, but returning overawed) had declared; "Never man spake like this man." They set out their case, and they asked him, "What sayest thou?"

"They were there to tempt him. He had preached to them the novel doctrine of mercy, unknown to Jewish law. He had inculcated forgiveness of a brother's sin, even to seventy times seven. He had spoken to them the parable of the lost sheep, of the missing piece of silver, and, more forcible yet, of the prodigal son. And they were there, tempting him to deny in practice, the great lessons he had taught, in theory.

"Cunningly was the case selected and the question put. Well did they know that the transgression of her who stood before them, shrinking from every eye, was punishable, by a code unchanged through fifteen hundred years, with lingering torture; with death by stoning: nay, that its very suspicion was visited by society with excommunication. Would he adhere to his integrity against law, against public opinion, like that? They had shrewdly calculated the dilemma, and the risk.

"For a time, Jesus, as if he had heard them not withheld his reply. Well might he hesitate! He spoke with his life in his hand. And his questioners, now secure, doubtless, of victory,—one can imagine their triumphant tones!—asked him again: "What sayest thou?"

"Ah moral courage! best test of uprightness and of manhood! Moral courage! virtue of all others most deficient in public men; yet of all others most needed by those who enact laws, and set up codes of morals, for mankind!

"Jesus knew the danger; but he knew also, in all its mysteries, the human heart. And from its inmost recesses he summoned an ally against legal cruelty and social wrong. They who tempted him looked, perhaps, for evasion, for apology: or they expected, it may be, to extort from him a condemnation of the trembling culprit. But that glance these soul-searching words, are not addressed to her. The lightening falls upon them! "HE THAT IS WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU, LET HIM CAST THE FIRST STONE."

"Few and simple are the words: but the discomfiture is complete. Conscience-routed, these goodly exemplars of learning and virtue slink away one by one, even to the last. The woman and her Christian judge are left together alone.

"How changed now the tones that carried dismay to the hearts of the proud self-righteous! "Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?'

"No man, Lord.'

"Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.'

"Ye who lay on other's shoulders heavy burdens, grievous to be borne, and take measure of your own purity, according to the fiery zeal with which you urge the crusade against frailty in your neighbors; ye who, for a pretence, make long prayers and pay frequent tythes, yet neglect the weightier matters of the law, justice and mercy: Scribes and Pharisees of our modern day! stand forth and tell us, have ye ever read that story? It may be; though one might doubt even that. But has its searching moral, its holy lesson of humanity ever come home a quickening monitor, to your hearts? Never! never! Else had ye therein read the withering protest against your own barbarity; the sentence of your own heathenism. Inflexible judges ye may be, inexorable censors, CHRISTIANS ye are not. Christ spake comfort, where ye persecute. Christ forgave, where ye destroy.

"Have ye aught to say, why judgment should not be rendered against you? Perhaps the voice of immaculate virtue within you is so clamorous, that it will be heard. Perhaps you feel, that you are subject of an especial mission,—champions, yourselves free from all stain, and called, by Heaven itself, to vindicate the cause of offended purity. Then show the chivalry of champions, the bravery of virtue. Let not your coward blows fall ostentatiously upon the weak incapable of defence. Assault the strong. Strike at him, who, in return, can defy and resent. Make war, not on unresisting repentance, but on brazen browed guilt; on the liar, who deceived; on the hypocrite, who betrayed, on the perjurer, who first swore fidelity and protection, and then, recreant to

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his oath, apostate to his manhood, flung aside his victim to misery and to scorn.

"While your daily practice is the reverse of all this, ye are but the aiders and abettors of vice, falsely claiming to be the guardians of virtue. By you, tolerators of perfidy! the villian, whose betters sleep in the penitentiary, is let loose on the world undenounced, scot free. By your agency, Anti-Christians that ye are! the returning wanderer, her heart chastened and purified by life's cruelest lesson, and seeking, with tearful earnestness, to enter, once again, wisdom's peaceful paths, is shut out, is thrust back. She, in soul and spirit, it may be, among the truest, gentlest, most faithful-hearted of her sex, and who might yet live, a grace and a blessing to society,—she, by your merciless influence and example, denied entrance at every door save that of the abandoned,—is driven forth to perdition. And you,—yes, you!—are art and part in that utter destruction of soul and body. Deny it not! In virtual league with her destroyer, it is you who hunt her down, until at last,—ah! the unspeakable secrets of that prison-house!—there is left to the lost one but the fearful choice—between infamy and starvation!"

Reputation.—It's no use, say some people, to set your heart upon anything in this uncertain world, for the monument which we build upon to-day is destroyed to-morrow. The fortune which we amassed by years of hard labor disappears in a moment severed. Every thing is uncertain. To a great degree this is true, yet there are some things which it is our duty to set our hearts upon, and ought to strive to attain. The accumulation of wealth, or the pursuit of knowledge, is but of minor importance when compared to a good character and a repution for honesty and integrity. These are what the world cannot rob us of, and wherever we are, they are a mine of wealth. A good name is better than much gold and to possess the confidence of our fellow-men, better than to be the holder of their notes of hand. The man who in the end becomes the most respected, is the one who is the most scrupulously honest, and it is a praise which every one is forced to pay, where it is deserved. An honest man is a greater ornament to society than he who controls his thousands.

Marriage.—No man ever knows when, where or whom he'll marry. It's all nonsense planning and speculating about it. You might as well look for spot to fall in a steeple chase. You come smash down in the very middle of your speculations.

[The following beautiful lines were written by our gifted contributor, upon thoughts suggested by our M. W. G. Master, Jos. L. Silcox, in some remarks upon this peculiar feature of our Order, during his official visit at Vevay.—Eds. Mag.]

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows Magazine.]

THE ORPHAN.

Respectfully inscribed to the I. O. O. F.

BY MRS. A. L. RUTER DUFOUR.

The orphan—write it on your hearts,
Dear Brothers of the mystic tie,
For oh, how many orphans turn,
To you for aid and sympathy.

Heaven could not grant a holier trust,
Than to protect the fatherless,
You are its deputies of Love,
To cheer and aid, protect and bless.

A dying Brother leaves his all
To you, his helpless children dear,
He feels that you will guard them well,
No longer his, but yours, while here.

Remember what a sacred vow,
Your souls have made before your God:
Let not your Brother's orphan mourn,
His parent kind beneath the sod.

Then rouse to action every power,
Search for the orphans, lone and sad,
Speak words of kind paternal love,
That make the weary spirit glad.

Heaven's mystic keys are in your hands,
Of Friendship, Truth, and holy Love.
A talisman of magic power,
That bears an impress from above.

Oh, many widowed hearts invoke
God's blessings on your Order kind,
And grateful tears keep bright the links,
Your royal Brotherhood, that bind.

Do well your duty—nobly well,
Oh, band of sacred *Truth* and *Love*,
Let every action sweetly tell
Its motives cometh from above.

Friends of the orphan God will bless
Your efforts to his little ones,
His seal does your commission stamp;
Ye are of earth his chosen sons.

Vevay, *March* 1*st*, 1858.

Fanny Fern says that when he who is striving to rise in the world begins to exhibit superior powers and the possession of true genius, he must either hide his light under a bushel, or else have all creation after him *trying to blow it out!*

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Original Story.

THE FASHIONABLE TIPPLER.

A Chapter from an unpublised work.

BY MRS. A. M. COLLINS.

"Close the door softly, Hannah," said a lady who was reclining on a sofa in all the luxurious indolence of a fashionable woman, "I have a violent head ache, this morning,—I am very feeble, I wish I knew what produces this abominable feeling."

"Perhaps it was going to the theater last night?" said Hannah.

"Then I should have it very frequently."

"But it was very chilly last evening, I trembled like an aspen all the time I was at the Tabernacle."

"What was doing there child?"

"Mr. L—— was delivering a lecture on Temperance."

"*On what?*"

"Temperance ma'am."

"A Temperance lecture! This world is getting very wise, who was your orator Hannah?"

"I did'nt hear his name but he knows how to talk an' has a powerful voice."

"You foolish thing to waste your time in listening to such nonsense. How could it benefit you?"

"Oh ma'am every one ought to be interested and benefitted by hearing the truth."

"Take my word for it child there was not one word of truth in the whole discourse. Come do up my hair in the most becoming manner. Braid it behind in three braids, and curl it in front. Let's see—yes in five curls on each side, I have a very uncomfortable headache this morning."

A sinister smile curled the lips of the attendant as she untied the full dark tresses of her mistress and laid them out one by one, on her shoulder.

"So your man of sober habits made a great impression."

"I did not say so ma'am, I said every body ought to *have* been benefitted."

"Depend upon it Hannah it was all humbug."

"But I know better, asking your pardon ma'am for gainsaying your word," and she gave the dark mass of hair a prodigious twitch.

"How do you know? How could you know? There! I declare you will leave me as bald as an eagle, you are very heedless."

"How do I know?" cried the girl, the blood rushing to her face and her lips quivering with emotion, "If I could not feel it and know it, who could? I should like to know who could?"

"Why dear bless me Hannah how violent you are."

"Yes ma'am and you would be violent too if you were in my place. Oh ma'am if you could go with me to my dreary, loathsome, desolate looking home, of Saturday nights, and witness what I do you would not wonder if I was violent. If you would take a look and see my brothers and sisters benumbed with cold. Their naked bosoms exposed to the winter wind and to the summer sun, with feet blistered by the frost. To see their beautiful hair all matted with filth, and vermin. Their faces begrimmed with phlegm and dirt and their poor little meagre features distorted by hunger, and pain. My poor deluded mother singing her hellish song like a maniac, lying on an old mildewed bed with her wailing skeleton of a baby hugged up to her withered, dried up breast, the little dying angel tugging to extract a drop to cool its parched tongue, one drop of that nourishment which the brute mother never refuses its young. I should like to know if that is not entering into the merits of the case!"

"Your father, Hannah, what is he about all this time?"

"What is he about?" replied Hannah, giving her mistress another nervous grip. "I'll tell you what he is about, stumbling home with a loaf of bread under one arm and a black jug in the other hand. His eyes bunged up with blood and dust, his face disfigured with coal black, his clothes covered with the nauseous mixture of gutter filth, I should not know him if it was not for that eternal jug, that *accursed* jug. Oh, ma'am, why should I not know? But this it not all!"

"It is enough in all conscience child; mercy! mercy! I declare you are getting furious."

"You would be furious too, ma'am if you were in my place, but you don't know, indeed you don't, how could you? Sitting here on the fashionable side of Broadway, in your beautiful room, with curtains of gold and damask, with your piano and guitar, your nice toilet, your books and engravings, treading on a velvet carpet, lying on a soft warm sofa, with a bright fire that sends comfort and joy to every corner of the room. But above all your nice lunch, coming up on a silver tray, with ice water and champaigne. Then you dress and wrap up in your furs and go abroad, to see and be seen. Ah, ma'am it very little you know of misery."

"Easy, Hannah, easy, for heaven's sake be careful."

"I tell you, ma'am it is bad enough to have a drunken father, a *beast* of *father*, but it is nothing in comparison with a drunken mother."

The lady's face flushed crimson and she moved nervously on her seat.

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"Only to think," continued the girl as she twisted the long dark curls around her finger "that I have wished a thousand and a thousand times that I had never been born, or that my mother had strangled me when I was an infant."

"Oh you wicked creature," cried Mrs. Temple trying to laugh.

"No ma'am it is not wicked. It would have been kinder in her, and she would have only murdered me at once, instead of by piece-meals. Who can love a mother who prefers the bottle to her children, her honor, all that is sacred to womanhood."

"There child that will do. Turn the glass round, my hair curls beautifully to-day, it always does when the air is humid. Stop, you must not give another pull, I can't stand it. Did your mother always drink."

"Always drink," replied the girl, "no ma'am, I can remember when my mother was a gentle lady-like woman, as much so as yourself, ma'am, only she was poor, always poor, ma'am."

"What tempted her to become so fond of her cups?" asked Mrs. Temyle.

"Who tempts every body ma'am? Who tempted Eve. The same one, the devil, ma'am."

"How was she led to it?" asked the lady as if irresistably forced to hear truths which she had seldom heard, and which she hardly dared to hear.

"Why you see ma'am it was a very sickly season, my father took the cholera, and was very near dying; however, he recovered, but very slowly and was very much reduced. The doctor advised him to take a little brandy every day before his meals to strengthen his system. He commenced by taking a little with peppermint, sometimes with ginger, then toddy with sugar and nutmeg, before dinner. He then went on, from one thing to another, until he became a perfect sot, that's the degrees of most drunkards. The same way with my poor mother, she begged, she entreated my poor father to refrain, to pause before it got too late, but he only drank the oftener. It was impossible to make him reasonable. After awhile he got to staying out of nights and became quite worthless, so that my poor mother's heart was entirely broken, and instead of seeking comfort in her Bible and her God, and her ever blessed Redeemer, she went to the old black bottle. You see, madam, when her eyes were swollen and she looked hurried and flurried, like you do sometimes, I thought it was grief for my fathers ill doings, but not a bit of it! She had lost all consciousness of right and wrong, she had sold her soul for what?"

The lady looked very earnestly in the girl's face, who was standing directly in front of her with her arms a-kim-bo, and the tears falling slowly from her eyes.

"Yes, yes," continued Hannah, "she became a rum drinker, she first took violent headaches, especially in the morning, just such as you have ma'am, only——"

"Only what?" cried the lady trembling in every limb.

"It is champaigne gives it to you, as her's was caused by diluted, sour rum."

The lady's face quivered with suppressed emotion, turning the things carelessly over on the dressing table she tried to say calmly, "why, champaigne never disagrees one."

"Yes ma'am the gentleman that lectured last night said that the upper-crust who drank champaigne, would never give up that it would make folks boozy. That rum, whisky, ale and beer got all the credit of turning people topsy turvy."

"Foreigners must and will drink," said Mrs. Temple. "Your mother, child, I suppose was from the Emerald Isle."

"No ma'am," said Hannah, drawing herself up with supreme dignity, "my mother is a native American; she was born in a land of peace and plenty, more is the shame to her."

"Well, Hannah, I have had temperance enough for one day, I will finish dressing; but first bring me a pitcher of water."

While Hannah was procuring the ice water, Mrs. Temple stepped into her dressing closet and drawing forth a very beautiful flask of precious china with a silver stopper, poured out a wine glass of hlear amber liquor and drank it down with great precipitation, and quickly returned to the dressing table ready to receive the ice water, when Hannah returned to the room.

"I expect a charming visitor, this evening" said Mrs. Temple, as Hannah placed the pitcher on the table, "my own sweet little daughter whom I have not seen for nearly eight years."

"Oh ma'am you will be very happy I am sure"

"Not so very; it takes a great deal to make some people happy. I suppose I am one of that class."

"Oh ma'am you ought to be happy."

"Ought to be! How do you know what I ought to be!" and her voice thickening almost to a lisp and saliva oozing from the corner of her mouth, "I forget myself sometimes when talking to you and if it was not vulgar to use proverbs I would tell you one, but I can't just get hold of it,—'Too much familiarity'—oh hang it—"

"I beg pardon ma'am," said Hannah, as the lady was vainly endeavoring to fasten her bracelet, "but every body can be happy in some way or other, God never made man or woman without giving them a chance to

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be happy and I know he has showered blessings upon you as thick as May blossoms. You have no right to be anything but happy."

"You have a right, I suppose to be insolent," cried Mrs. Temple, turning fiercely towards the girl, who stood holding her breast-pin and collar.

"I have the right to speak the truth," said Hannah, in a firm democratic way.

" I'll let you know I am—know—I'll let you *shee* I can do as I *pleashe*," said the lady almost choking with passion, "do you hear me, *shay*, do you hear me?"

"I should be deaf as a door-nail if I didn't," said Hannah.

"I *shay* I have a right to do as I *pleashe*, I dare you to *shay* otherwise, will you not s-speak, *shay*."

"I will not say another word, ma'am, I am very sorry I said so much. You have spoiled me by talking so much to me. I do not wish to forget my place."

"You forgot your place when you *shaid* I got d-drunk:"

"Indeed I did not say so."

"What did you *shay?*"

"I said the champaigne disagreed with you.'

"But you meant as much."

"Dear me, ma'am, how could it enter my head that a rich lady like *you* one of the upper-crust too, that had every comfort of life, could fall so low?"

"You did s-shay it—you did mean it," interrupted the lady in a hurried and passionate tone, "you know you did you low creature you."

"I did not ma'am say so," said Hannah, deliberately laying down the collar and breast-pin, which she had been holding so long, but saw so little prospect of disposing of them in their usual way. "No ma'am I *did not* say you were '*you-know-how*,' but I say so now, and its a crying sin and I tell you so if I have to die for it. You are sinning against light and knowledge, for a drunkard cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. Now ma'am when you get *sober* and need my assistance ma'am, you can just ring the bell ma'am," Hannah closed the door behind her with a tremendous jerk.

Mrs' Temple moved towards the door as Hannah had closed it *sans ceremonie*, but fell back on the sofa, overcame by a variety of emotions, a topsy-turvy commotion of the brain and an unequ vocal unwillingness of her feet to perform their usual functions.

What a tableau! A superb subject for a Vandyke or a Claud Lorrain. The chamber with its lofty ceilings, its rich curtains and draperies; its mirrors and chandeliers. In fine all those exquisite appliances of ease and comfort so consonant to the taste and use of a fashionable lady.

Mrs. Temple was unconscious of all around her; extended upon the sofa unable to change her position. Her form was magnificent; tall and graceful; time had, with dissipation destroyed the timidity and modesty of youth; these gave place to a business-like stateliness and power. Her modishly arranged head had fallen over the cushions and her dark hair in long curls drooped from her high brow, and rested on her shoulders. The contour of her face presented a perfect development of every intellectual beauty; the exquisitely arched brows and the long silken lashes added matchless symetry to her features, so fully appreciated by the eye of an artist; but the contraction of the muscles and the deep crimson of the cheek were painful to the sight. The half opened mouth, with lips relaxed, smiling in conto. tion and disgust, were almost hideous. An itinerant spasm twitching first one side of her face and then the other, eliciting a corresponding sympathy from the corners of her left eye gave her the agonized look of a fallen angel and seemed to say

"And I forgot my home, my birth,
Profaned my spirit, sunk my brow,
And revelled in gross joys of earth,
Till I became—what I am now?"

She continued in a state between sleep and lethargy. Sometimes she would throw her arms up, clasp her hands wildly, or strike her foot against the ottoman which was within reach. Her head so uneasily placed bobbed up and down like a cork on the water. Love, friendship and honor were all forgotten. The hope of Heaven and christian faith were expelled from her *cankerous* heart. No joy, no pleasure, no consolation, but the soul destroying, the deadening influence of the inebriating draught found entrance there. She was lost in the wild extacies of delirium, proving the inexpressible and undisputed delights of a drunkard's paradise.

While Mrs. Temple is recovering from her *extraordinary* excitement, I will give you an outline of her history down to the present time.

She was the youngest daughter of a very fashionable and light-minded mother. Mrs. Johnston had married in very early life an aged but aristocratic merchant who was the father of a very amiable and interesting child. Mr. Johnstou died leaving his young wife the guardian of his two children. The step-daughter was reared at home by her mother's relations and Mrs. Temple, the youngest child, was sent to a fashionable boarding school.

Her education was limited. The frivolous accomplishments of the day were the only points in which she excelled. Unfortunately

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for her and those with whom her lot fell in after days, she was neglected in all the most important point s of female tuition. The essential duties of religion and moral rectitude were to her memory but.the myths of the nursery. She was taught to love and admire virtue as some bright and beautiful vision, mixed up with the mysteries of a future life, but the whole purpose of woman's being was to secure the praises and flatteries of the world. To attain the goal of ambition by a flourishing debut into *the* fashionable circle of society and by tact and judicious management obtain the hand of some distinguished character; a man whose position in life was unquestionably above mediocrity and whose name was a passport to the aristocratical sphere so ardently desired as the characteristic of all earthly aspirations.

Miss Johnson, unlike most young ladies, was not in the least romantic. The sentiments of her heart concentrated in self. She knew she was handsome and her only study was how to turn her good looks to some account, how to win by her graces and accomplishments a *wealthy husband.*

When chance threw Mr. Temple in her way, every art was called into requisition to accomplish her designs. She admired him and loved him as devotedly as *she could* love. He the soul of honor and truth saw only the surface and dreamed of nothing unfair,—thought not of hidden breaches, ambushes, or counter-plots, but felt extremely happy in sharing his name and fortune with one so worthy, so beautiful and so innocent. *They were married.*

* * * * *

Three weeks,—three little weeks,—on wings of love had o'er them flown, when Mr. Temple discovered he had married a little too hastily and for once in his life had committed a blunder. His wife was not just exactly what he had supposed a wife ought to be.—They were not congenial. She was frivolous and gay, but then she was young and would soon loose some of the superabundance of youth's elasticity. She was inconsistent and fitful, but she was petted and spoiled and no doubt she would soon imbibe a more placid temperament. His love he thought would, in course of time, remedy all her little peculiarities. They were so trivial He wished he had not noticed them. He had faults himself, he was too fastidious, he had raised the standard of feminine worth too high. He knew so little about the sex, perhaps it was true to their natures to be mysterious and inexplicable. They were all wilful and impetuous, for Scott the great Genius of romance had said—

"Oh woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When care and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

"A ministering angel!" Yes, no doubt, and he would willingly have contracted the dyspepsia or consumption, so that he might realize her worth, but all the diseases in the catalogue of death seemed to shun him, and he was forced to exercise that priceless pearl, *patience.* He bore with manly fortitude his accumulating perplexities until, in despair he concluded he had married a *sprite.*

As time tolled on, Mr. Temple made but slow progress in the study of female nature. His wife was a perfect enigma. He found he had been grieviously deceived, but he bore it like a philosopher. Like a christian he sat about to see how all the evils could be remedied, but like a *quack* doctor, he commenced the applications before he had discovered the cause; of course his progression was slow and uncertain.

She was always on extremes—when gay, volatile—when serious, gloomy. Yet what distressed him most of all was, her unwillingness to visit with him his mountain home, and that she always recovered from her dark fits sooner if he were absent than when by kindness and affection he tried to win her smiles. He would leave her sometimes the picture of despair and gloom; and upon his return find her as smiling as a spring morning or gay as a light-winged lark.

This was painful in the extreme, but he was so gentle in his nature, so truthful and unselfish in his love, that to see her happy was sufficient; at least he made up his mind that it should be so.

* * * * *

Time, however, by one of those strange casualities, over which human ingenuity has no control, terminated Mr. Temple's perplexities and misgivings, respecting the conduct of his wife. The denouement was clear and satisfactory beyond the shadow of a doubt.

Mr. Temple was thrown from his horse, which accident resulted in the dislocation of his ankle. He was taken home nearly insensible. His young wife was frantic with grief. When he recovered his consciousness and found her so wild with anguish, on his account, he consoled himself in hopes that his painful disaster would reveal the latent good qualities of his wife. She lingered about him whispering sweet words of consolation and sympathy while the surgeon was binding up the injured member, "A ministering angel thou," thought he and his eye rested on her young face in calm repose.

The next morning early, she left her husband to make some necessary purchases.—He appeared quite easy and perfectly at rest. She promised to return in one hour, "in one

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short hour, dear," she said looking back at him as she left the room. An hour soon passed off; the invalid was drowsy and the moments glided dreamily away.

Another hour still Mrs. Temple did not appear. The doctor came and found him much excited, and in great fever. He had been so long listening for his wife's step along the hall, and fancying a thousand evils had worked himself into a fever. Better reflections came one after another. He thought of his home among the hills where the winds came in gentle whispers; the fragrance of the wood-bine that dropped upon the white window sill; the chant of the birds. making their nests in the piazza roof, the soothing hum of the busy bees among the clover blossoms mingling with the distant, and low tinkling of the cow-bells in the meadows; the form of his beloved sister whose presence always brought a spell for every anguish, a charm for every pain.

* * * * *

The clock struck six, no appearance of Mrs. Temple! The poor sufferer groaned with agony and pain, at last when night closed in and the gas was lighted in his room, his uneasiness was vented in groans and bitter invectives. In the midst of the excitement the servant opened the door, and announced Mr. Fairmount.

"How are you getting along, Temple, knocked up! hey?"

"I am in great pain."

"Ah, well, every body will sympathise with you, Harry, but if it was your humble servant, why! I might go to the devil, the intemperate dog. But where is Mary?"

"I have not seen her since morning."

"Not since morning? How you talk!"

"I thought" said Temple faintly, "that she might be at your house."

"So she was at dinner time, and seemed quite lively and said she must hurry home to nurse your foot. So she has been gone *all* day?"

"And left me alone in pain," said he bitterly.

Here Mr. Fairmount was interrupted by a confusion of voices in the hall, a loud unnatural laugh started them. There was then a bustle, a mingling of sobs and mysterious whisperings.

Fairmount hastily opened the door and Mr. Temple heard him say, "for heaven sake don't bring her in here in that condition."

"What is it? Speak!" grasped the poor husband trying in vain to raise himself from the lounge.

"Be still, Temple, you will injure yourself, lie still my man."

"Have pity, Fairmount," cried Temple in an agony of pain and apprehension "tell me what accident has befallen my wife."

"It is not much. Mrs. Temple has been taken suddenly sick, a little fainting spell."

"Oh, do help me up, Fairmount."

"Lie still, you can't help *her* that's certain, and you will ruin your foot, it's only hystericky; women always have so many queer spells and odd fits. My wife used to have them, but they have left her. I tell her if any one has fits about my house it must be me; *if* there is any fitting to do why I'll do it myself."

"Oh, she is ill, I know she is, she could not have left me so long," and Temple covered his face with his hands. "Nothing but a palpitation of the heart, she ran up stairs too rapidly. She will get better directly.—They have taken her to her room; be easy Harry, a little ice water, a spoonful of hartshorn will bring all right again. Women are queer creatures at best, hard to manage, you'll find it so."

* * * * *

Days and months passed before Mr. Temple went forth into the world again. He went among his associates a different man, crushed and humiliated. Reader you have his secret, an intemperate wife. A lovely young woman with all the social ties of life trodden under foot; love, hope, and joy dispersed and forgotten, yielding herself a willing victim to a master more tyrannical than Nero, more terrible and exciting than a heathenish idol. Drunkard! this fiend is the spirit that you worship, he demands your life, your wealth, your reputation, and eternal welfare, he draws you to every crime and degradation, he rewards you with excruciating tortures and the most horrible despair. Stamping upon your brow the indelible stigma of disgrace.

THE Lily, dilating on the prospects of the "dress reform," says that "there is hope for our faint-hearted, fashion-led women; for we see it stated that the new French Emperor has directed a change in court custom, and that the ladies are to wear short skirts, coats and vests, but no pantaloons. This fashion will doubtless take, as the pantaloons have been the great scare-crow with both men and women in adopting our style of dress. This garment being dispensed with by the Parisian ladies, there can be no objections raised against the fashion introduced by the Emperor. So we shall expect in a short time, to see all our ladies adopting this style. We prefer, however, to retain our dress as it is, 'pantaloons' and all."

Once launched on life's broad ocean all is turmoil, even from the cradle to the grave.

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[ORIGINAL.]

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. A. HACKLEMAN, G. REP., G. L. U. S.

LECTURE NO. IV.

We referred in the conclusion of our last lecture to the origin of the Patriarchal branch of our Order. The first Encampment was variously styled in the beginning. The minutes of the G. L. of Maryland show that it was called in that body, "the Encampment Lodge," while the dispensation styled it the "Encampment of Patriarchs." After calling itself "Encampment No. 1," for a time, it finally assumed the name of "Jerusalem Encampment, No. 1"

The annual session of 1828 was an important communication. In addition to recognizing the legality of Encampments under State G. Lodges, various other subjects were acted upon. Rep. Small, of Pa., reported that two new Lodges had been instituted by the G. L. of that State during the year, and that the number of contributing members in Pennsylvania was five hundred and sixty-eight. A new constitution was submitted and referred to the several State G. Lodges. Quite a number of resolutions was adopted, among others, the following, in substance—that the old as well as the new S's be given out to initiated brothers,—that the new always be given in Lodges.—that in the expulsion or suspension of a lodge, the name and number not to be given to any other lodge, reserving the privilege of their resumption to a sufficient number of the members of the defunct lodges,—that a Grand Movable Committee be formed, to move once in four years through the States where G. Lodges had been organized,—that the Committee be composed of two, the G. S. to be at all times one of the number,—that the G. S. have power to appoint a Proxy Representative to move with him on said Committee,—that the subordinate lodge degrees be revised,—that the thanks of the G. L. U. S. be tendered to certain officers and members of the Manchester Unity, for adopting and promoting all improvemenrs for the good of the Order,—that the establishment of Patriarchal Encampments throughout the different States be strenuously recommended,—that a certain custom in conferring the degrees be abolished,—that the S. G. Lodges should be assessed with the expenses of the G. L. U. S., and again returning the thanks of G. L. to Rep. Small for his "zeal in promoting the good of the Order." The number of subordinate lodges had increased to nineteen, Maryland having four, Massachusetts four, New York four, Pennsylvania five, and the District of Columbia two under the immediate jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S.

A special meeting was held September 28, 1828, when a charter was granted for a G. L. in the D. Columbia, which was opened Nov. 24th, 1828. Another was held March 30, 1829, when a charter was granted for a subordinate lodge to be located at Camden, N. J. Another was held April 10, 1829, and a charter granted for a subordinate lodge to be located at Patterson in the same State. Long before this inquiry had been made with a view to the institution of a lodge in Rhode Island, and also one in Louisiana; but up to the date now reached they had not been chartered or established.

At the annual communication held in May, 1829, Maryland, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia were represented by *bona fide* Representatives, and New York and Massachusetts by Proxies. The reports showed that the Order was in a flourishing condition under all the State jurisdictions, except that of Massachusetts. There the G. L. was without officers, and contention, discord and jealousy characterized the proceedings of the Order. The new Constitution was adopted; G. S. Wileey was re-elected G. S. for four years; Thos. Scotchburn was appointed D. G. Sire, and Augustus Mathoit elected G. Secretary; the G. L. of N. Y. was authorized to re-instate Strangers Refuge Lodge; the thanks of the G. L. U. S. was voted to the G. M., D. G. M., officers and brothers of the Manchester Unity A. M. C. for their unweared exertions, tried fidelity and unremitting industry in advancing the interest and promoting the prosperity of the Independent Order; requesting the G. S. to use his utmost endeavors to resuscitate and revive the Order in Massachusetts when he should visit the State in Moveable Committee, and returning the thanks of the G. L. U. S. to G. S. Wildey for his indefatigable exertions in promoting the interest of the Order, and for his general conduct during the past year. G. S. Wildey responded to the resolution, and his address was ordered to be printed with the minutes of the session. The number of subordinate lodges had increased to thirty-one, Pennsylvania having thirteen with a thousand and nine contributing members. Membership and revenue of other States not reported.

G. S. Wildey in his address states that he would not have suffered his name to be used as a candidate for re-election but for the solicitude for the establishment of Encampments on correct principles, gives a brief history of the rise and progress of the Order, detailing many of the difficulties which it had to overcome, the part he had taken in its affairs, and concluding as follows:

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"But ten years have elapsed since first Odd Fellowship planted its standard on this soil of freedom. Forty lodges are now enrolled under its banner, and more than five thousand have been initiated into its mysteries Curiosity has been excited, and an enlarged investigation has been invited to the principles and conduct characterizing Odd Fellowship. The result has been a great increase of numbers; the S. and G. may be exchanged in almost every town and city of the Union, and its genial influence is rapidly travelling throughout those States; where, ere long regular lodges will be established, and must flourish by the unremitting attention of the faithful; and every difficulty which ignorance and prejudice may throw in its path will be overcome, and the sacred flames of friendship will burn upon the altar of the human heart, unquenched by the waters of adversity, ever fed by the oil of affection, and supported by the noble and unappalled front of truth and honor."

This address shows that the fathers of the Order endeavored to fashion its government as closely after that of the United States as circumstances would permit.

Special sessions were held in 1830 and charters granted for subordinate lodges, one to be located at Providence, Rhode Island, and the other at Wilmington, Delaware.

At the annual session of 1830, the Rep. from the G. L. of Pennsylvania reported that the Order in that State had working under the G. L. there were three subordinate lodges, G. Encampnent, a subordinate Encampment, and four degree Lodges. It will be observed that while subordinate Encampments originated in Maryland and were subordinate to the G. L. of that State, Grand Encampments originated in Pennsylvania, and that the G. E. of that State was subordinate to the G. L. of Pennsylvania. Degree Lodges also originated in that State. All these new organizations were established without any direct authority from the G. L. U. S. In reference to degree lodges, a note to the Journal contains the following information.

"This is the first institution, by regular organization, of a body in the Order for the exclusive purpose of conferring the degrees. Formerly it was the practice for the members to assemble at their 'lodge house' on the Sabbath day, and for the N. G. of the lodge, or such person as he might select for the purpose, to 'deliver lecture,' as it was termed. It was then changed to meeting on some convenient evening of the week, but without organization, or any certainty of being provided with competent assistance to perform the ceremony with proper effect.—This practice obtains under many of the G. Lodges at the present time. The G. L. of Pennsylvania was the first to discover the means by which the N. G.'s of the subordinate lodges could be relieved from the duties ostensibly theirs, and to transfer the same to those who had gradually acquired experience, and whose attention would not necessarily be diverted from improving on their qualifications by the cares and responsibilities incident to the charge of the lodge while in session, and of the sick and distressed during its vacation. The example has been followed by other G. Lodges with signal advantage to the efficiency of the administration of the degrees, and to the uniformity of the work."

I am by no means certain that this compliment to the genius of the G. L. of Pennsylvania in discovering and instituting degree lodges, is deserved. As degree lodges can only be of service in large cities, and as there is no positive regulation in regard to the manner in which they shall be officered, emerating from the G. L. U. S., and as every State has followed its own caprice or inclination, so far as this matter is concerned, I think it would have been much better to have provided for regular meetings of the subordinate lodges, say one in each month, for working in and conferring the degrees. There are but two or three degree lodges in this State, and each subordinate lodge has the power to adopt its own by-laws, provided they do not conflict with the Constitution and General Laws of the G. L., I hope the time is not far distant when each subordinate lodge where there is no degree lodge, will have its regular monthly meeting for working in the degrees.

At the same session several resolutions of more or less importance were adopted, 1st to cause traveling certificates to be endorsed in the proper hand-writing of the brother applying for the same. 2d, approving the expulsion of Pennsylvania Lodge No. 1 by the G. L. of that State, for contumacy in pertinaciously resisting the order of the G. L. on an appeal to extend the weekly benefits of the lodge to a sick member. 3d, recommending the several G. Lodges to hold and keep a direct correspondence with their Proxies. 4th, "that the powers of the G. Sire of the G. L. U. S. are contained in the Constitution of said G. Lodge," and two other resolutions relating to the spurious organization of a G. L. in Pennsylvania. The fourth resolution, above referred to, contains the true doctrine of the Order, and if it had always been adhered to, much difficulty and contention might have been avoided.

The report of the Moveable Committee was made at this session, and is an interesting document. It shows that the Order was

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prosperous in the States of Pennsylvania and New York, and in a state of confusion in Massachusetts. G. S. Wildley, and G. Rep. Small, who composed the Committee, instituted in their tour a subordinate Encampment in Pennsylvania, one in New York and one in Massachusetts, a subordinate lodge in Rhode Island and two in New Jersey.—They report that they found the G. L. of Massachusetts without officers and without money. "Every regulation of the Order had been neglected, and nothing enforced." The report shows that the Committee labored to infuse life and energy into the lodges and to inspire the membership with fresh zeal and activity. They found one or two lodges in the interior of the State in a thriving condition. After enumerating the confusion, want of harmony, and general apathy which prevailed, the committee gave it as their opinion that no State presents a more ample field for the cultivation of Odd Fellowship than Massachusetts, and by proper exertions an abundant harvest might be gathered in. The evils existing may be attributed entirely to neglect, no State having more excellent members or better men."

The reports of the several State G. Lodges were very imperfect. They showed that the number of subordinate lodges had increased to fifty-eight. Membership of Pennsylvania 2,247, of Maryland 709, of the District of Columbia 80, total 3,036. New York and Massachusetts, and three subordinates under the immediate jurisdiction of the G. L. U. S., not reported. Total amount of revenue reported, $15,747 48. It is safe to say that the entire membership at that time did not exceed five thousand. When it is recollected that this was only twenty-two years ago last autumn, the remarkable growth of the Order and its marvellous prosperity may be more readily appreciated.

On the 26th of September, 1830, a special meeting was held to consider an application for a charter for a subordinate lodge at Cincinnati. As the petitioners were all from Pennsylvania, certain inquiries were directed to be made at a special meeting held the 21st of October of the same year the charter was granted for Ohio Lodge No. 1. It is fair to presume that prior to the institution of this pioneer lodge of the West, there were no Odd Fellows in Ohio, where, June 30th, 1853, there were 202 lodges, 14,330 contributing members, $92,091 59 annual revenue, and annual relief to the amount of $33,469 36!

A special meeting was held February 20, 1831, and a charter granted for a subordinate lodge at New Orleans, to be hailed as "Louisiana Lodge, No. 1." As has already been intimated, ineffectual effort had been made long prior to this, with a view to the establishment of a lodge at New Orleans; but the success of the Order there proves that all things were ready when it was established.

The G. L. of Delaware was charted at a special meeting held Febuary 22nd, 1831.

At the Annual Communication held September 5th, 1831, Representatives and Proxies appeared from six G. Lodges. James L. Ridgely, who has so long held the position of G. C. and R. Secretary, first made his appearance in the G. L. U. S. at this session, as the Representative from Maryland. Prior to this time, the G. L. seems to have had no service for a G. Treasurer, as none had been elected or appointed, the G. Sire having performed the duties of such an officer. At this communication, P. G. William Hall was elected G. Treasurer. A resolution was adopted requiring all communications to the G. Lodge to be sent through the medium of the G. Secretary instead of the G. Sire, as heretofore.

Resolntions were adopted making the R. P. degree a necessary qualification for Representatives in the G. L. U. S.—that the G. Lodge was the only legitimate depository for granting charters to open Lodges and Encampments in foreign States, districts or territories of America,—that a committee be appointed to remodel the funeral ceremonies, &c.

Up to this time the G. L. U. S. seems to have had no standing committees, nor do the proceedings contain the reports of any standing committees. At this communication a committee made a report on the matter of difference between the G. L. of Delaware and Lodge No. 1, of that State, in which the committee decided that the G. L. of Delaware did not conta n a sufficient number of P. G.'s to entitle it to work as a G. Lodge, which report was concurred in, and the G. L. of Delaware ceased to live for the time being. A petition was presented praying for a charter for a G, L. in Ohio, which was gran ed. It was instituted January 28, 1832. A charter was granted for another subordinate Lodge in Delaware, and a charter for the G. E. of Maryland. The G. L. of Pennsylvania, as already stated, had previously granted a charter to a G. E. in that State. The whole Encampment organization was without any regularity and without any uniform law, or indeed, any law at all, on the subject. Owing to this fact some incongruities appeared in our governmental system, all which have not as yet been eradicated. For instance Representatives from State G. Lodges who have not the G. E. degree may be irregularly put in possession of it on entering the G. L. U. S. by virtue of their position.

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After the granting of a charter for a G. E. in Maryland, the G. L. of that State, who was the mother of "Encampment lodges," surrendered by resolution all jurisdiction over them to the G. Encampment, to avoid conflict in the powers of the two bodies and confirm, I presume, in the G. L. U. S. the powers which it was gradually assuming over that branches of our Order.

Rep. Birkey, of Pennsylvania, presented P. G. John Boyd with a silver medal for his services as former Proxy Representative of that State, prefacing the presentation "with an able and eloquent address."

The report showed the Order in most of the States where it had been established, to be in a prosperous condition. The number of subordinate lodges had increased to sixty-nine, and the number of members reported 4,451. No reports from New York, Massachusetts, or the subordinates at Wilmington, Camden and Providence. There were then twenty-eight Odd Fellows in Ohio, and thirty-five in Louisiana! Revenue of the whole Order, as far as reported, $26,454 52, of which $15,822 42 belonged to Pennsylvania. The initiations during the preceding year, which were reported, amounted to 2,166. There had been twenty suspensions, and seven expulsions. It is a source of regret that all the State G. Lodges did not make reports, that we could by comparison show the exact yearly increase in membership and revenue, as well as lodges. Pennsylvania took the lead in furnishing these statistics, through reports made by her Representatives, and to her I have no doubt, we are mainly indebted for our present admirable system.

THE MATRIMONIAL RELATION.

Matrimony is first a sentiment, then a matter of fact, and finally a union or a revulsion of interests, obligations, and affections.

The last sums up the problem which must soon be solved, when the parties come to discover whether the elective affinities were rightly chosen or not, and if they are matched as well as paired. This exploration of tastes, tempers, and characters, is the *cruz* of matrimony. After this ordeal may come endurance, reconciliation, submission harmony, and ending where it should have begun, in love. Divorces seldom or never occur with the old sojourners, and it is more in ancient couples than in new that must be witnessed the peace, constancy, joy, and triumphs of matrimony, when the effervesence is over, and the wine of life has been left clearer, purer, and sweeter.

RETURN not evil for evil.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

ESTRANGEMENT.

BY EARNESTINE.

And once again we're met!
Once more I've gazed upon that noble brow—
Have caught the beaming of those soul-lit eyes,
And in their dreamy depths, have traced the thoughts
That wake such strains of wild, sad melody
Among the chords of my forsaken heart,
That stealing from thy presence, I have poured
My wearied soul's deep, voiceless agony
Forth in a torrent of unbidden tears.
Tears! yes such scalding, bitter tears that flow
From the deep fountains of the heart when first
The trusting spirit learns to doubt the truth
Of one beloved.
I've met thee—and thy voice,
So winning in its sweet enchantment stole
Upon my listening ear, like the sad, low
And wildly plaintive echoings of some
Low-toned Æolian harp, whose silken chords
Are swept by the soft mournful breathings of
The midnight wind. I listened and my soul
Drank in each sweetly varying the tone, until
I seemed to feel I could not live without
Thee. The low rich cadence of that cherished
Voice, will steal into my heart, at the lone
Midnight hour, and in my nightly slumbers
I will hear thee still repeat words—"thine,
Thine forever!" Then "reality's cold
Finger" rends the veil—the softly mystic
Veil that shrouds thy name, and I behold thee
Cold and stern, relentless in thine anger,
Then slow, reluctant turn with bleeding, aching
Heart, from the sad scene, and, in my silent
Chamber, mourn in dreary solitude the
Happy hours that once I spent with thee.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 14th, 1853.

SIMPLICITY OF NATURE.

Nature accomplishes her marvellous operations of production, at the common ordinary temperature of the air, and by simple elective affinity. But science can only analyze, or separate invisible atoms, or reunite them, by means of powerful electrical or caloric agency, at some elevated temperature.

Warmth and light are indispensable to the perfect life of the plant, and so are they also to the full and perfect life of man. And, like plants, human beings fade in the shade, die in the dark, but unfold all their beauty under the benign and creative influence of Light.

KEEP thine own counsel. Suffer no man to pry into the secrets of thy heart, lest he betray thy faults to the world.

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE CLAIMS OF THE MYSTIC BROTHERHOODS ON SOCIETY.

BY JAMES G. MAY.

The seal that gives the deepest impression to the noble, imperishable grace of true, unaffected friendship—the purest gem that sparkles in the crown of spotless virtue—the richest gift that adorn and beautifies the heart of the eminently great and good man—is fervent, undisguised gratitude. Destitute of this transcendent qualification, every other beauty, every other grace sinks into utter insignificance, and becomes nothing short of repulsive deformity, hideous in aspect and hateful in contemplation. Gratitude, deep, lasting, eternal, undying gratitude is the peerless grace of the redeemed soul—the sanctified saint in the presence of the immaculate host surrounding the throne of the Everlasting Father. It is this sentiment, this emotion unsullied that gives life and vigor to all associated effort. It creates, vivifies and strengthens the spirit of disinterested benevolence. Hence it is that to labor for one, to strive to promote his welfare in whose bosom beat grateful emotions, whose throbbing heart heaves at the fond recollection of good received at the hands of others, becomes a labor of love, a delightful recreation, rather than an onerous duty or burthensome task. Who could, with heart and soul enlisted in the work, embark in any great benevolent enterprise, under the certain conviction that the kindness shown, the gifts bestowed, the good proposed, the relief intended, would be repaid by a blow from the ungrateful hand of the heartless recipient, by the maledictions of profane lips?

Gratitude is the heart-stirring spirit that suggests and sustains the distinguishing charitable feature in the operations of all the prominent mystic associations. Hence the appropriate inference that there can arise no obligation devolving upon one contracting party without a corresponding reciprocal attaching to the other. Now, if society may, as has been shown in another series, justly prefer large and constantly accumulating claims against the different mystic fraternities in their varied organizations, it follows according to the laws of reciprocity, that the latter may, with equal plausibility, entertain demands upon society, claims that hitherto have been undergoing a very slow process of liquidation.

By way of better introducing the proposition offered for consideration, it is but fair to insist that every pretension or profession, whether uttered by individuals distinctively, or associations regarded in their collective capacity, is rightfully entitled to the benefit of those meritorious tests, involving unprejudiced investigation properly adapted to the deduction. But all declarations that give *form* to opinion or judgment, incompatible with truth, or inconsistent with justice, are in the highest degree sinful. Hence no person can have the slightest shadow of authority to maintain or adopt any inference or conclusion affecting moral or social questions, moral or social relations, that do not fairly proceed from legitimate premises. Deductions made upon any other principles than the unbiased examination of the questions involved, of all the facts and features pertaining to the subject matter, are entitled to no more credit or consideration than the frantic nocturnal revellings of maddened, enthusiastic bacchanalians, or the idolatrous incantations and wild superstititious mysticism of Paganism.

But wonderful to tell! in this great day of the sunlight of Bible Truth, amid the glowing beams of Science triumphant, of Literature resplendent with beauty and grandeur, breaking forth upon the civilized world with much more than ordinary meridian splendor, when the beacon fires of American Liberty are blazing from the altars of more than twenty-millions of devoted hearts, on some subjects and on some questions darkness so thick that it may be felt, so gross that it may be weighed in a balance, pervades thousands and thousands of minds—minds that, upon other subjects and other questions, are entirely rational.

In presenting the claims of the "Mystic Brotherhoods on Society," an earnest effort will be made to cast beams of true *light* amid these clouds of thick darkness, and to aid, if possible, in removing the mountain load of prejudice that burdens the shoulders of so many well meaning persons.

Multitudes are deeply, bitterly hostile, not only to all brotherhoods bound together by mystic ties, but they carry their hostility so far as to make it bear as heavily as possible against the individual membership in all the public and private relations of life. Such prejudice is at war, directly, with the simplest teachings of the sacred volume, and calls for prompt and permanent eradication from every well meaning mind. Still there are those laying high claims to the principles of Christian charity, who have, time and again, undertaken to feast their darkness and fatten their prejudices upon deductions falsely drawn, distorting and misinterpreting Bible authority, notwithstanding the tables of divine law contain the awfully sublime declaration, —"*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.*"

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Now, he who charges what he knows not, condemns what he understands not, and censures, not only where there is no blame, but an abundance of genuine merit, bears false witness, is a traducer of the brethren, and justly exposes himself to the imputation of slanderer.

Society owes it to the Mystic Brotherhoods to bear against them no false witness, to traduce them not. This is the first and great claim, the one that should be most promptly paid.

Again each Mystic Brotherhood appears before the world making, as the basis of operations, certain prfessions, setting forth specific objects, and avowing important principles, purposes and designs in written constitutions and by-laws. If these professions, objects and purposes are worthy and commendable in the abstract, they deserve and evidently they should meet with approbation, and a support corresponding with the conceded abstract merit. Every one of these prominent orders professes to teach and guard the leading cardinal virtues that tend to promote and perpetuate good order and elevate morals in society. Each avows unflinching devotion to a common country, and determination unwavering to live and act for the security and advancement of the common welfare of society.

To award to these institutions honesty of purpose, and to attribute to them no sinister design, so long as none of them manifest, either by word or deed, any evil intent, constitute a second great claim due these orders from society. To pay this debt to the uttermost farthing is the solemn duty of every man, woman and intelligent child in the great American Republic.

All these orders inculcate, both by precept and example, the doctrine of universal toleration in matters of conscience. No man's religious opinions are constrained; and the idea of individual responsibility is forcibly impressed upon the mind. From their halls and their altars the rigid austerities and intolerant exclusiveness of bitter, unaccommodating sectarianism is forever shut out; and in their sanctuaries and lodge rooms men are taught that charity "that suffereth long and is kind, that vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, that doth not behave itself unseemly, that seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth." The noblest elements in the American constitution are to be found in the very spirit of these teachings; and that instrument is almost a literal transcript of the ancient charter of one of these mystic families. On the single point of universal toleration, it is a matter of much doubt whether the great body of the American people will ever fully appreciate the real extent to which the common country is indebted to the Mystic Brotherhoods. Nevertheless, the claim is equitable, the debt due, and ought to be promptly liquidated.

But what further claims any of these institutions presume to array against society, some one under the influence of passion-wrought prejudice may be ready to demand! The suggestion gives plea for an explicit response. The inquiry opens a wide field—a prolific field for prolific investigation, presenting some of the richest truths and finest pictures connected with the history of English and American liberty. A thousand consecutive years of English history, portrayed in as many different volumes, could not faithfully record all that one of these institutions has done for the cultivation of science and literature, and the diffusion of Bible taught Christianity. Long, long years ago, when the gloom of worse than Egyytian darkness shrouded the larger portion of Europe and Western Asia, when narrow minded, spirit destroying bigotry, and soul enslaving fanaticism wielded the sceptre of empire and moulded the decretal of princes and the decisions of the council chamber, when none dared publicly dispute the hereditary right divine of emperors and kings to rule, then it was that a chosen band of an ancient fraternal family, scattered up and down through the earth, ever silently diffusing the true leaven of Republican truth—that great doctrine in politics which proclaims prince and potentate, by nature and the laws of God, all standing upon a common *level*—that between man and man there can be no legitimate supremacy of the one above the other, independent of individual personal merit. More than thirteen centuries have fled away since the same institution taught this then unsavory doctrine of universal equality among men in the British Isles. Then it was that a noble band of brethren planted Christainity with one hand and Masonry with the other in Old England. But ere long the relentless hand of the heartless persecutor drove, with violence, the entire fraternity to seek refuge in the caverns and mountain fastnesses of Wales, the seclusions of Anglesia and Ireland, and the hills and dales of Scotland. But amid every trial and persecution, every suffering and discouragement, the beautiful arts and mysteries of the Order were preserved in their pristine simplicity and purity. Year after year rolled away, till at last their merit reached the Great Alfred, under whose auspices, protection and ample encouragement were afforded. These deductions are made from facts stated by Usher, Ledwich, Grose, and others,

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and the same facts go to show that a body of Christian Masons established a church in England long before the Saxon conquest, which was subsequently broken up by the Picts and Saxons, and that A. D. 597, a cruel and bloody persecution was waged against the same people. History further details that in the secclusion and solitude already mentioned they maintained the spirit of Christianity and kept up the *oriental usages*, until as already intimated they gained access to Alfred and Althelstan whom they instructed in their *secret arts* and *mysteries*. The direct influence of this teaching is plainly manifest in much of Alfred's policy. Gradually through a long succession of reigning Monarchs the principles and teachings of this family became more and more extended among Englishmen till the days of Henry the Sixth who summoned several prominent Masons to appear before him in order that he might become better acquainted with their teachings and practice. This interview is well worth the attention of the intelligent. The responses to the questions put by the king show very clearly to what extent English and American liberty is indebted to the principles and teachings of Masonry. One of the King's questions is as follows:

What arts have Masons taught mankind?

Answer—The arts of Agriculture, Architecture, Astronomy, Geometry, Numbers, Music, Poetry, Chemistry, Government, and Religion.

This response evinces the claims and pretensions of Masonry in the days of Henry VI. All the liberal arts and sciences are embraced in the catalogue.

Another question and answer will illustrate more fully the spirit of noble boldness that predominated in the minds of the fraternity at that day. Henry inquired if they would teach him the secret arts and mysteries of the fraternity. The reply is strikingly characteristic of the true excellency of the Order. "You shall be taught if you be found worthy and able to learn," was the magnanimous reply. The monarch by this response, was significantly taught that merit and talent, only, can, rightfully, gain admission through the portals of Masonry to the Sacred Altars, that though a King proudly seated upon his lofty throne, unless found *worthy* and showing the ability to learn, the door of the temple would be closed against him. Such have ever been, and, they still are, the doctrines and sublime teachings of Masonry. Every king, every prince, and potentate that ever gained a right to the privileges and mysteries of the order, passed to the inner temple in the same way, and learned the lessons of the institution as meekly as ever did the humblest artisan. To be Masons, kings and emperors must stand upon the same level with the simplest mechanic. In this respect the same is equally true of Odd Fellowship. There is no multiplicity of roads—one for the wealthy and high born, and another for the poor and humble. In these institutions exalted stations are open alike to the rich and poor. Neither wealth nor exalted birth can purchase peculiar privileges. Talent and genuine moral worth alone are the stepping stones to honorable distinction.

The direct republican tendency of such teachings upon any intelligent people, is too palpable to demand further illustrations. Blind indeed must he be who will allow himself to examine the leading doctrines maintained in all their teachings, who cannot discover the weighty obligations due from all true republican hearts to the Mystic Brotherhoods.

Lastly, society owes t to these familes to examine carefully what are the real claims of each institution upon the public. Every good man should, by no means, be delinquent on this point. Let the question be handed round. Let it be agitated and agitated, until the Truth shall appear as prominent as error and defamation are now bold and presumptuous.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows Magazine.]

ODD FELLOWS' TRUST.

Watching by the couch of pain,
Till the light of day shall wane;
Till the evening star is high,
Till the midnight shadows fly;
Silent, wakeful vigils keeping,
O'er the restless sufferer sleeping.

Weeping unregarded tears,
Striving with unuttered fears,
Soothing with a gentle tone,
When the wearied bird has flown,
Casting spices and perfume,
Earliest on his hallowed tomb

Seeking out the humble home,
When the widow weeps alone;
Raising with a lenient hand,
That forsaken orphan band;
Pouring forth the oil of gladness,
On the heart oppressed with sadness.

This thy Trust, Odd Fellow, this,
This the sign that seals thy bliss,
This the purest brightest gem,
Sparkling in thy diadem;
This the power, thy God has given,
This thy pathway up to Heaven.

Moore's Hill, March 1st, 1858. A. G. M.

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IMPOSTERS.

It is a matter to which we have given no little consideration, that with all the guards and checks placed around our Order, we are liable to imposition, and are often made the dupes of bad men; and, not unfrequently, of bad women too. It may be the result of the large benevolence and charity, which our principles and ritual imbue into the members, from the time they cross the threshold of the Lodge room, until they receive the highest Degrees and honors of the Order.

We are taught to extend the open hand of Charity, at all times, and never send a deserving Brother empty away; and we will venture what may appear a bold assertion to some who do not know the facts—that in no institution, we care not what its character, nor what its name—is this injunction more literally, and more cheerfully fulfilled, than by the Independent Order of Odd Fellows.

The teachings of our Order are such that no good man can understand how a fellow being can make the pledges he does, and take upon himself voluntary, such responsibilities, at the Odd Fellow, and become a bad man, by violating them. Hence, when a person presents himself, claiming to be an Odd-Fellow, and in distress, there are doubtless many, too many, who listen to the well-told tale, never for a moment suspecting that he may be listening to an imposter. We know this is often the case; and we have been surprised that Brothers suffered themselves to be imposed upon without requiring more evidence than the mere word of the applicant.

Our Order has provided the means, simple but yet sufficient, by which all Brothers may at any moment establish their good standing in a Lodge, and which will secure them the attention and aid of the Brotherhood, in sickness or distress, no matter where it may be, if there are Lodges or Brothers to be found. It is the Travelling Card, and A. T. P. W. No brother should ever leave his home for any length of time, or for any great distance, without having a card with him. Nor should a Brother's wife be without a Card. Every member in good standing is entitled to it, and it is obtained for the asking. Then he is secure let him present his Card, prove himself in the P. W., and if required in the Work, and he receives all that human aid can bestow. No Odd Fellow, who thus proves himself, was ever denied aid and relief in sickness or distress. We defy an instance of that kind to be shown.

If Brothers, or their wives, travel without Cards, they run great risks. If aid is denied them, no one is to blame, and they must suffer for their own neglect. A lodge, or relief or charity committee, is perfectly justifiable im declining to extend relief, where the applicant does not show that he is a member in good standing. This is necessary in order to prevent imposition. If there were no such tests, how could we tell who were Odd Fellows, and who not? Some one may answer prove him in the Work. Very true; but he may be expert in the Work, and yet an expelled member. No—the only sure way is to require the Card, and the P. W. Again, some one may answer, these cannot always be obtained. We cannot understand why. A Brother may be called from home suddenly. He can leave word to have his Card follow, with an order for the P. W. It will soon follow. If taken sick—if he meets with an accident, he can find some one to write to his Lodge, or to a friend; and in a very few days he will have his Card, no matter how great the distance.

We have reflected much about these things and we must confess we have never yet been able to make out a *reasonable* excuse for an Odd Fellow travelling without a Card, or the P. W.

We have had some little experience in the matter of impositions. We could cite some cases to show the necessity of great caution. We have known persons to represent themselves as Odd Fellows, and in need of assistance, who told sorrowful tales of distress. The first thing is a salutation which should not be given, and perhaps a sign uncalled for, and out of place. When we asked for the Card, the reply was it had been lost, or stolen, or expired, or a new one sent for, or it had never reached him, or perhaps some other reason. When asked for the P. W., it had been forgotten or had not been obtained. All such excuses or reasons are frivolous and unsatisfactory; for if a Card is lost, or stolen, or has expired, the Lodge will grant a new one immediately. If the P. W. has been forgotten, or not obtained, an order can be sent to obtain it. All this is as easily done as writing a letter or a half dozen lines; and then the Brother shows he is an Odd Fellow, in good standing, and how cheerfully aid is extended! how cheerfully Brothers come to the assistance of the sick and distressed!

The Card and the P. W. go together. The former is of no use without the latter. One is as easily obtained as the other. If a person presents a Card, and has no P. W., what evidence have we that he is the person he represents himself to be? or that he did not obtain it by wrong means? We know an instance of a person—perhaps an expelled Odd Fellow—obtaining a Card from an Odd Fellow by fraud, and travelling through the West, obtaining considerable sums of money on the Card. He had no P. W, and had lit-

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tle sympathy for the Lodges for listening to the imposter.

We say there can be no reasonable excuse for an Odd Fellow travelling without a Card. May it not imply suspicion if he asks for relief and cannot prove himself as our laws and usages require? No one should find fault for being sent away, in such cases, without assistance; and yet these are the ones to complain; they are certain to denounce the Lodge and Brothers, and say all manner of hard things because they themselves had not filled the requirements of the Order.

We have often wondered that Lodges and relief committees are not more guarded against imposters than they are. Frequently we hear of impositions being practiced; and we expect to hear of them until the rule of requiring the Card and P. W. is rigidly enforced. Let these be produced, and then the applicant can give his "signs and tokens," but not before.

This has been our rule, and we shall continue to practice it. Some may smile at our declaration, and say we have not always practiced it. If a woman is in the case, we may admit "the soft impeachment," for we have a distinct recollection of the notorious "Mrs. Belden"—a woman who applied for aid. and who exhibited in her manners and appearance, all that could grace a lady—with the names of Odd Fellows whom we knew, and a Lodge seal attached, and was yet a great imposter! She enlisted our aid and sympathy, and was thus better enabled to practice her impositions. It taught us a lesson which we would wish to impress upon others.

As our Order increases and Lodges multiply, we may expect to have calls upon us multiply; and we can only repeat the caution in regard to Cards—the only true way for a stranger Brother to prove himself, and the only real evidence he can have of a claim upon the aid and sympathy of Odd Fellows. And let all remember, that with these he never fails to secure his rights—his just rights—the aid and sympathy of his Brothers in sickness and distress.—*Ark.*

WOMEN WITHOUT RELIGION.—A man without religion is, at best, a poor reprobate, the foot ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and to the wonderous eternity that is begun within him; but a woman without it is even worse, a flame without heat, a rainbow without color; a flower without perfume. A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors with weak, shifting, ground tackle, to business or to the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call Faith, is a drift and a wreck!

OUR ORDER IN CALIFORNIA.

We have received the following communication from an old friend and correspondent, P. G. C. C. Hayden, formerly of this city, but now a resident of Sacremento city, California.

This account of the prosperity of our Order on the golden shores of the Pacific will be read with interest by every one.

"Probably you would like to know something about Odd Fellowship in the placer diggings. In Sacremento city we have three Lodges. The names of the officers are as follows:

Sacremento Lodge, No. 2, meets on Saturday evening.

James R. Zolles, N. G.; Wm. Shoemaker V. G.; John A. Wadsworth, Sec.; Thomas Paden, Treas.

Eureka Lodge, No. 4, meets on Saturday evening.

Asa P. Andrews, N. G.; W. C. Felch, V. G.; G. W. Wallace, Sec.; A. J. Lucas, Treasurer.

Eldorado Lodge No. 8, meets on Friday evening.

Jos. F. Cloutman, N. G.; Geo. W. Chedie, V. G.; L. D. Kelley, Sec.; Walter Prassen, Treasurer.

Sacremento Lodge No. 2, was instituted by P. G. James Smiley, deputised for that purpose, on the 28th of January, 1851, and now numbers 105 members.

Eureka Lodge, No. 4, was instituted by P. G. C. C. Hayden specially deputised, on the 7th of January, 1852, and now numbers 68 members.

El Dorado Lodge, No. 8, was instituted by P. G. John F. Morse, a special deputy, on the 28th of September, 1852, and now numbers 32 members.

Odd Fellowship is prospering here wonderfully, considering the troubles she has gone through with. If the Grand Lodge of the United States had looked out for the interest of the Order here, and appointed a Deputy for California, who had the interest of our Order at heart, then would Lodges have been spread through California, in every place of note. But she had almost been cut down in the bud. Cold water has been thrown upon all her movements. And petition after petition has been laid aside and apparently unnoticed and uncared for. Yet in some instances, (by importuning those who had our Order here in charge, yes, almost praying and begging,) we have had our prayers granted in a measure; and that measure so small, we know of nothing to compare it with. The darkness and clouds that have overshadowed us for a few years past, are now breaking away. The Grand Lodge of the United States has seen fit to appoint

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a new Deputy. The news we hailed with joy. And when we had the pleasure the first of this month, of hailing him who is preside over our Order for the time being, our hearts were gladdened, for we perceived one whom we know has the interest of our Order at heart. The appointment of P. G. Samuel N. Parker, has awakened a new interest in our Order hero,—and right welcome was he received among us. Finer, more glorious, and happier feelings are manifested among the brethren here; and soon we shall be numbering to astonish those beyond the mountains. At present we have seven Lodges. Several petition are now being forwarded for additional lodges, in various portions of the State; and two petitions for Encampments—one at San Francisco, the other here, are already forwarded and soon will be instituted. A petition for a Grand Lodge here, is on its way to head quarters; and we harbor a thought that it will be favorably received and forthwith granted.

A great field California is for Odd Fellowship,—meeting with those from all parts of the United States, creates an interest beyond language to express. Many of the Brethren emigrating to this country, take visiting cards. They should take withdrawal cards, which will enable them to be connected with Lodges here. Many neglect to take either card, and very often we have calls of distress from such. Our charities would be more cheerfully bestowed, if they had cards, to show their good standing in the Order. We turn none away, be he Odd Fellow or not. But there is a pleasure, in case of need, of relieving the distress of those we are more confident are not imposing upon us. For initiation the Lodges charge $20,00, and $5,00 each for the Five Degrees. By deposits of card $5.00, a card out of date, $10,00. The benefits in case of sickness, &c., are $10.00 per week. We have transient relief funds, and oftentimes take up voluntary subscription for the relief of those who have not cards; thereby all their wants are supplied. We are liable to great imposition from the unworthy, and hereafter, a still greater caution will be taken. The formation of a relief Committee frum the several Lodges will prevent much fraud, and frequent application from the unworthy.—*Boston Odd Fellow.*

"The hardest thing to hold, in all this world, is an unruly tongue." And he who has learned when to speak, and when to be silent, has certainly made a most valuable acquisition.

Too much caution cannot be exercised in choosing our associates.

DEDICATION OF THE ODD FELLOWS' HALL AT CHICAGO.

We condense the following account of the dedication of the Odd Fellows' Hall at Chicago, from the *Chicago Weekly Tribune* of February 25th, 1853:

The ceremony of Dedicating the elegant and commodious Hall recently erected on Randolph street, for the accommodation of the several Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellow in this city, took place last evening before a large and highly respectable audience of ladies and members of the Order—many of the latter from Lodges in neighboring towns. The ceremony of Dedication, which was very appropriate and imposing, was conducted by D. D. Grand Master, C. Runyon, assisted by other officers of the State. The Dedicatory Address was delivered by Grand Representative Schuyler Colfax, of South Bend, Indiana, which was one exceedingly well conceived and comprehensive, and occupied about an hour in the delivery. We subjoin a running sketch of it for the gratification of those who had not the greater pleasure of hearing it entire:

In the introduction the lecturer alluded to the eventful era of the earth in which we live—in inventions, "improving a thousand fold upon that cradle of the arts and sciences whose Nile is an eternal memento." Of startling discoveries there is no end. An Englishman uncovers from the dust of ages the mable pavement on which Esther knelt for her race, before Ahasuerus. On the banks of the Tigris another of the restless Anglo Saxon race discovers the long buried remains of Ninevah, the laping of whose foundation Noah's sons may have witnessed, and which, preached unto by Jonah, denounced by Nahum, was referred to by Ezekiel as an extinct city of the Past. We see also the Telescope of Rosse, unfolded to us the mysteries of that satellite which for sixty centuries has turned towards this earth her pale and varying face—the discovery of new planets of which Chaldean Shepherds never dreamed—the theory of Maedler that the whole created Universe is revolving around the far distant Pleiades, and that there is the great centre of all the mighty worlds that came from a Creator's hand. The civilized world clapped their hands when England demonstrated that a rail road car could safely run a mile a minute. But in yonder room is the real conqueror of time and space. Those slight wires are the conductors of Jove's thunder-bolts, tamed down and harnessed for the use of man. They do your errands as quick as angel wings could cleave the space, and the question which God asked of the man of Uz, "Can'st thou send light-

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nings that they may go and say, Here we are," is answered.

Ours is an era of revolution,—revolution in the old world as well as the new,—revolution in the arts and in the sciences—revolution in all things. Distinguished as this era is, yet the pen of the philanthropic histotorian will write down hereafter as its crowning excellence, that it was the ere in which Odd Fellowship rose, flourished, and blessed mankind.

The Order claims no venerable antiquity. But it springs up before us as the offspring of the present, leaping at one bound like the fabled Minerva or the truer prototype Adam, into its sphere of usefulness.

The lecturer then went at some length into an explanation of the principles inculcated by Odd Fellows. They look to an extirpation of selfishness, which when it engrosses a man's soul, makes him less valuable for all good ends and noble achievements, than the dogs of St. Bernard. Odd Fellowship teaches us that we must share each others burdens; that we are all, from the king to the beggar, creatures of the same dust, brethren of the same country, pilgrims on the same journey, travellers to the same tomb; and it teaches the right answer to the question. Am I my brother's keeper, helper, guide and friend? Another teaching in Peace, in opposition to Rage, Malice and Envy, and that every sacrifice we make towards universal Peace and good will, brings us one step nearer the true millenium.

The almost miraculous progress of the Order was attributed to the purity of these inculcations. From Victoria's Isle, it had been transplanted to the shores of the Chesapeake, but not to wither or die. Thence to the rugged climes of New England on the north, and the Orange groves of Florida on the south.—Thence scaling the Alleghanies, its banners waved throughout the Valley of the Mississippi, from the crystal Lakes of Minnesota, to the cane fields of the Creole State. Thence it marched still onward, it scaled the watch-towers of our western plains to reach the Golden State. And yet still onward, its fires have been lit on the lovely islands which stud the bosom of the calm Pacific, by the Missionary Lodge of Honolulu.

The Order was then defended from the objections urged against it, by bigoted opponents. The danger that it might be used for political purposes—its alledged selfishness—its secrecy—its Regalia, were all touched upon, and the objections replied to, in nearly every case, with citations from Holy Writ.

Passing from this subject, the dedication of this beautiful Temple, to the purposes of Odd Fellowship, was next alluded to. "The foundations of your City may rock with the storms of faction; but here all will be Peace." "Falsehood and slander may have their devotees without, but at these altars the Supreme High Priest, is Truth." But still a word of warning was uttered to the brethren. Your country brethren look with wonder at the gigantic strides your City is taking, in its onward march to power and wealth. Massive blocks and costly structures rise from the slumbering earth, as if by magic. Your Banks, Terrestrial and Celestial abound.—Your Store-Keepers of a few years ago, are Merchant Princes to-day, and you stretch out your iron arms in every direction, for still more business and wealth. Let not the engrossing love of wealth, the burning fever of speculation, the cankering curse of Commerce, cause you to forget the Samaritan duties of Odd Fellowship, and imitate not the Priest and Levite, who, dwellers in walled Cities as they were, passed by on the other side.

The celebration of Washington's birth day, was spoken of as peculiarly appropriate, not because he was an Odd Fellow, for the Order did not exist in his time: but because he lived in his life the principles we teach.

The closing paragraph was an injunction to the Patriarchs to the war against the Iron Rule which teaches, "Do as you are done by," and to elevate in its stead the Golden Rule from Heaven, which would almost make a Heaven of Earth. "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you." And he enjoined upon each the lesson to

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent hall of death,
Thou go, not like the quarry slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust approach thy grave
Like one who draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

End of the World.—To-day, to-morrow, every day, to thousands, the end of the world is close at hand. And why should we fear it? We walk here as it were in the crypts of life: at times from th great cathredal above us, we can hear the organ and chanting choir: we see the light stream though the open door, when some friend goes up before us; and shall we fear to mount the narrow stair case of the grave. that leads us out of his uncertain twilight into t.e serene mansions of life eternal!

Be just and fear not.

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COMPETENCY OF OFFICERS.

If there is any subject connected with our Order which demands the most serious consideration of the brethren, it is this we have just mentioned. It lies very near the root of all our prosperity. Nothing will invest our Order with so much dignity—nothing will so secure the respect of new members, and win their reverence and love—and nothing, we are certain, will make the ritual of Odd Fellowship so attracting to ourselves, as a dignified, decorous, and correct administration.

Whereas, on the contrary, no one can conceive the injury which is inflicted upon us by inefficient officers; of whom, we are sorry to say, there are far too many. We have sometimes been infinitely pained, to say the least when it has been our lot to witness the dreadful havoc which is made of our work by officers who can scarcely read.

A lodge in selecting individuals to fill the various offices, should have no other desire than to find the men who will best discharge the respective duties of each. The Charges and Lectures of the Order are exceedingly elegant and refined, and no one, therefore, should venture to lay sacrilegious hands upon them, or to attempt to deliver them, unless he can do so with a corresponding elegance and grace. That miserable mumbling, unintelligible manner of performing these duties, which is even now the bane of many of our Lodges, should be denounced everywhere, till the evil disappears. A gentlemanly address, a ready speech, and an impressive manner of delivery, are indispensible qualifications; without them, no brother, it seems to us, ought to be considered eligible to office.

We speak with great plainness on this subject because it is of momentous importance. It is a fact, which we are obliged to confess, that there are hundreds of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of the United States, who have become Odd Fellows, but who never attended any meetings, having been disgusted at their initiation by the undignified administratien of the rites.

It is a happiness, however, to know that the Order is everywhere waking up to a consciousness of this evil, and all the brethren are anxious for its removal. The members of the fraternity have so deep a love for it, they will readily sacrifice all private feeling for the general good. Those who have the requisite qualifications for office will not shrink from its duties, labors and responsibilities; and those who have them not, will apply themselves diligently to the business and science of Odd Fellowship, that they may become proficient therein, not only to their own honor but to the credit to the Order.

We would not for a moment, be understood to favor the notion of an aristocrocy in the Order of Odd Fellows. We do not mean to say that none but literary and educated men should hold offices in our Lodges. We only mean, that all who aspire to these honors shall, by previous study and practice, qualify themselves. And this we must most strenuously insist upon. There is no Odd Fellow, of good common sense, who may not in a very short time, by proper study, make a good officer. We would not debar any one, whatever his condition in life, from the honors of the Order; but we would rather inspire all with the desire of becoming worthy of them by their qualification. We care not what a man's profession may be—be he only honest, intelligent and *qualified.*

We hope our brethren will think more of this matter, for great is the need of it. It would be a very useful practice to examine brothers before installation, to ascertain whether their qualifications are equal to the respective duties of the offices they expect to fill. This would have other most salutary results. It would create among the brethren a desire for literary cultivation, and a taste for literary pursuits for, as all Odd Fellows expect soon or later to fill the offices, so all would labor for the requisite qualifications. For ourselves, we love Odd Fellowship with an increasing attachment; we see its beauties and appreciate all its worth, and are therefore anxious, above all things else, to see it working without any hindrance, and accomplishing, with unfettered energies, its ministry of beneficence and love.

THE SNEERER.—There is a large class of people who employ themselves almost constantly by sneering at the efforts of others. Nothing done by a neighbor suits them. If you perform an act of charity, they question your motives; if you exhibit skill in your profession, they pretend to regard you an overrated man; if you produce something decidedly meritorious, they ridicule and depreciate its worth; and if you originate a thought or machine, they declare you a plagarist. In their estimation your writings are stupid, and full of tautology; your conversation unprofitable; the work of your hands valueless. And yet ask them to do what you aimed at, and failed in, according to them, and they have not even the ability to try. They are of the race of Diogenes, without his ability; Cynics, without the merit of honesty of purpose.—*Com. Record.*

Let all men serve God fervently.

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OUR YOUNG LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

NOTHING has a more powerful influence over the feelings of the human soul than musical sounds. Nature seems to have decreed that when all else shall have failed to exercise any influence over the hearts of her children, that harmony shall touch a chord which cannot fail to vibrate to the touch. He who has forgotten virtue, and plunged wildly and heedlessly into the abyss of vice, has been recalled to the paths of rectitude by the enchanting power of music. The curtain of time seems to be withdrawn by the hand of magic; years that have been buried beneath the dark waters of oblivion, rush vividly before the mind. Again, in imagination he sports in all the innocence of childhood. Again a fond mother imprints the warm love kiss upon his brow, and murmurs a fervent prayer for the welfare of her child. But alas, that prayer has availed him nought, that kind and gentle mother has been forsaken by the child of her love. And he beholds his wickedness in its true character, he now distinctly sees the broad and boundless expanse of the ocean of guilt, upon which he has launched his life-bark freighted with immortal prospects. That bewitching strain of music reminds him of the soft, sweet tones of a loving parent's voice, and he then determines to return to the path of duty from which he acknowledges he has so long wandered. Those thrilling tones have passed like a whilwind over his heart, and swept with its power all the unholy feelings and passions. One tone of melody can recall scenes long past, it steals into the soul and bears it wrapped in a mantle of delight. It speeds its flight through the regions of time, and views with pleasure the incidents of past life, as it is borne onward by the enchanting melody. Everything in nature seems to have partaken of the spirit of music. The gay birds warble their hymns of joy, the murmur of some pleasant stream, winding its course over its pebbly bed, and the summer winds breathing softly amidst the gentle flowers, speak the very soul of music, and have power to soothe the most troubled breast of earth's weary children. M.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

MOTHER, HOME AND HEAVEN.

No other three words in the English language convey so many thrilling yet sweet emotions to us as these—Mother, Home and Heaven. In *Mother* we have embodied all the recollections of childhood's early days, those days of innocence, when life seemed very pleasant to us, and when all the anticipations then formed were tinged with the sunshine of the soul. The sound of this word carries us back to times long past, when first we knelt in prayer beside a mother's knee, and, when this duty was done, were hushed to sleep by one of those sweet old songs she loved so much to sing. Or, when weary, how often did she beguile the long and tedious hours by some amusing story. When we had done wrong, how sorrowful and gentle were her chidings, and how earnestly did she strive to lead us in the right way. Perhaps our mother is yet spared to us—how tenderly then should we cherish her, and how earnestly should we strive to render the remainder of her journey through life pleasant; for we should remember that she will not always be spared to us, and our recollections hereafter will be sweet or sorrowful, according as we have acted to her through life.

Home. This spot is held most sacred to us through life, by the remembrance of bygone hours. At home were passed the sunlit hours of infancy and childhood, and it is endeared to us by ties of affection which cannot be sundered even by absence. There our parents reside—our brothers and sisters, the companions of our youth, live there. No place on earth possesses the same attraction that our home does. We always think the skies are brighter, the flowers more beautiful, the song of the birds sweeter at home than at any other spot; and although it may not be a handsome one, still around it clings all our youthful recollections, and these render it the centre of all our love. In life, however, we are often obliged to leave home, and it is only then that we realize how dear it is to us, and how hard it is to be obliged to part from it and its beloved inmates.

Heaven. Here are centered all our hopes and joys. Here we shall find repose from the troubles and cares of life; here we shall meet those from whom we had been separated on earth, and dwell with them forever. When leaving our friends on earth, that soon we shall meet them in the land above. And when left alone in life, without friends to love or care for us, if we obey His word, He will take us to himself hereafter. If we will listen to the kind advice given by our loving *Mother*, and heed the instructions pressed upon us by the recollections of *Home*, we may then hope at least to reach that happy place, *Heaven*. M.

NEVER BE IDLE.—Life is but a day, and we will have more than enough work to perform. The river of time rolls by without ceasing, and on its bosom we are hastening to the great ocean of eternity.

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LETTER FROM THE M. W. GRAND MASTER.

SHELBYVILLE, March 15, 1853.

MESSRS. EDITORS: — In my former brief sketch of travel I unintentionally overlooked MT. IDA LODGE at Vernon. In justice to them I would say, the general character of the Lodge is commendable.

At JEFFERSONVILLE the Order is highly flourishing, having secured a commodious hall in a central part of the city, though the question of fitting up a hall for each Lodge involves something more than dollars and cents, and should be carefully revised.

At UTICA I trust my labor was not in vain. At CHARLESTOWN they have a well furnished Lodge, and appear to move in harmony. SALEM LODGE is doing good service in the cause. ORANGE LODGE, at Orleans, will compare favorably with others that I might name, in all that constitute Odd Fellowship. They are husbanding their means to secure a more comfortable Lodge room.

This brings me to your city, in which I was too much interested in looking at the evidences of her growth and prosperity to scan the work as in duty bound. While in this place I issued a dispensation for a Lodge at Paoli, the county seat of Orange, No. 130.

CANNELTON was the next place of my attention, which I reached in time to see the Lions, for such the cotton mills and coal mines were to me; and having the passport that is ever known where enterprise and industry flourish most, I received every attention that courteous hospitality could extend.

I also had the pleasure of meeting here P. G. M. and G. Rep. BALLARD SMITH, whose fame is yet to appear by the "*illustrations*" that he has given to Odd Fellowship. The members of JAMES LODGE, No. 100, need no commendation; like their numeral they are a UNITY. Leaving Cannelton I floated to Evansville, where I met brothers on the stated meetings of CRESCENT LODGE. This Lodge, acting on the suggestion that the present system of dues and benefits is not sound, have doubled the rates and are increasing in a greater ratio than MORNING STAR and EVANSVILLE Lodges. Unanimity prevails among the brotherhood here. At NEWBURGH, some twelve miles above, the Lodge is in a healthly condition, having proceeded with caution. At MOUNT VERNON I learned but little of the Order, having reached there late in the day. I here take occasion to remark, before leaving the Ohio border, that in several of the Lodges on the river I discovered a want of conformity in regalia.

Passing from thence to New Harmony, I learned that several of the efficient members were absent, but a careful examination of the books satisfied me that all was in proper keeping. After a short Lodge session I had the pleasure of paying my respects to the elite of the place at the residence of brother ROBERT DALE OWEN, but being fatigued with journeying and more oppressed with grave considerations, I could not enter into the enjoyment of the passing hour.

The Brothers at PRINCETON enjoy the advantages of a flourishing town, and by observing the wholesome regulations of the Order may yet have a good Lodge.

At VINCENNES the Brothers understand the teachings of Odd Fellowship fully; even prejudice is disarmed in their midst. LIVERPOOL LODGE, at Washington, is young and has much to learn in order to secure her proper rank. CARLISLE LODGE works well, though somewhat disturbed by a legal question that has occupied the Lodge.

"Speaking of roads" — never delay in the delusive hope of "coming to the sand," or you may be until nightfall in reaching it; for failing to make Terre Haute in time I passed to Greencastle the next morning, thus leaving the extreme of mud for the best, the very best rail-road I ever traveled on. PUTNAM LODGE, I am pleased to say, carries out Odd Fellowship in the true spirit. From this place, on Saturday, I wished, after my tedious journeyings, to reach home, but had to return to Terre Haute in no very pleasant mood; but No. 51 will revive the drooping energies of any Odd Fellow. Knowing the estimation in which the members of this Lodge hold themselves, induced a closer scrutiny into their affairs; yet I am compelled to place their accuracy, as a Lodge, on the same high parallel with their known hospitality.

At Brother STEWART'S, who is a HOST indeed, I for the first time met the whole list of periodicals of the Order, and was refreshed by a perusal of your March number. Commend me to such publicans, sinners though they be.

Tarrying with the Brothers of Terre Haute on Sunday, I took the Monday's train for home to enjoy a short respite before visiting the Eastern cities.

As ever, yours,

JOS. L. SILCOX.

THERE is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractable fools, deliver us from an overwise man. You may make idiots philosophers; but don't think of driving common sense into the heads of conceited people.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

THE ABILITY OF OUR ORDER TO DO GOOD.

A few short years ago and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows in the United States consisted of a few persons accidentally met in the city of Baltimore. To their mind was suggested the idea of organizing a fraternity similar to that to which they had been attached in England. This they effected. That organization we doubt not was entered into, more for the purpose of having a means of passing an occasional hour in friendly intercourse, than with a view of giving being to the vast brotherhood that is spread so numerously over this vast Continent from sea to sea. That men who give rise to great enterprize, frequently do so without any adequate knowledge of what lies beyond the mere threshhold is abundantly evident. The rise of water in an empty wine flask from which the air had been expelled by vapour of wine, suggested to an enquiring mind the thought that water might be lifted out of coal mines by a similar means. The idea was successfully applied—but little thought the miner that accident had thus presented to his mind the agent by which the teeming commerce of a world should be carried proudly o'er old ocean's breast. The fall of the apple which caused the inquisitive mind of Newton to ask to what cause the thing was attributable, insignificant in itself, was yet sufficient to develop the great law of God's stupendous work. And in its application filled the mind of the Philosopher with emotions overpowering as one by one the great difficulties of nature crumbled before the touch of the new discovered agent—attraction. The spectacle maker's boy, who attempting to look through two glasses at once, without any fixed intention, developed the principle of the telescope by which the veil of superstition and ignorance was drawn from the visible heavens, so that the school boy even, is at home amid the stars, and talks intelligently of their motions, times, and distances. The idler who having carved his name upon the bark of a tree, carefully enveloped in a piece of cloth the result, had before his mind no vision of the printing press as it now exists wielding the destinies and forming the characters of nations. The Italian student, who carelessly touched with his knife the legs of a recently killed frog thought not of absolutely annihilating distance and time by the magnetic telegraph. And yet from such accidental circumstances have sprung very many of the greatest enterprises of this day of great advancement in science.

The little handful of men who met for an evening social intercourse have multiplied into one vast army of associated mind, governed by the same principles—aiming at the attainment of the same great end, are exerting upon the destinies of our country no mean influence. But this society is but human like all societies of similar origin, is liable to corruption and failure. Indeed if we judge of it by the past history of societies and nations, we may say it is destined to reach its zenith, and then decline more or less rapidly, to its final ruin. Can this be prevented? We fear not. Can it be delayed? Fearlessly we say yes. Receive into the Order those only who by their stern integrity of character and purpose are little likely to be led into wrong doing—instil into their minds by precept and example a thorough knowledge of the capabilities of the Order to benefit the race. Give them clear conceptions of their individual duties as members of the fraternity and under God, our Order will stand second only to the Church of Christ in civilizing, elevating, purifying and enlightening the world. To attempt to mould and influence this great association, composed as it is of men of all nations and minds would now be impossible. To influence and direct an individual mind, easy and practicable. Let this fraternity, then, by the action of the highest judicatory recommend to all subordinate associations, the vital importance of scrutinizing with cautious vigilance the character of every one knocking for admittance at the portal, to shake off every unprincipled and mercenary one who may have gained admittance, keep in the offices men of pure mind, who are willing to sacrifice self to the general good. Guard against temptation to fraud and treachery, by keeping clear of large funds, and our society will long continue to shed its benign influence over the face of the community at large. The opposite course will as certainly result in disaster and ruin. Let members begin to seek preferment, to look after the spoils, to regard self interest as more important than to do good to the needy and deserving, and our downfall will be even more rapid than has been our growth. This can be prevented. We have now in our Order in many parts of our land the leading minds of community, and as we verily believe uninfluenced, by sectional, political, and denominational preferences. And we candidly trust that in all parts of the land every thing like attempts to gain, either for ourselves individually, or for friends distinction in the Order, will be promptly frowned down. So that the great aim of our Order may be kept prominently in view, unclouded by the distorting media of ambition and sectional feeling.

The fraternity has the power of doing good. First in elevating the standard of moral and mental training among the members. By attention to the sublime teachings of the rituals of the Order, by personal attention to the wants of the sick and

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distressed, by aiding fellow members in appreciating and fully carrying out the precepts of the Order By these means a high standard of purity and morality will be attained which can by no possible power be confined to the limits of the fraternity. Every member of community leaves his impress upon society, that impress will be of good or ill, dependent entirely upon the manner of thinking and feeling upon the part of the one so making the impress. Let the minds of members be pure and elevated, and they will purify and elevate all with whom they associate. Commencing first with their own families and thence extending in constantly diverging rays to society at large. Let the minds of the members be narrowed down by a constant attention to self-interest and disregard to the wants of others—let them be degraded by association with the vile and vicious, and just so certainly will the impress they leave on society be of the same type.

DAGUERREAN GALLERY.

Bro. Geo. W. Bartlett has, we are pleased to see, fitted up in a chaste and beautiful style, a suit of rooms, over Alexander's Bookstore, on State street, where he is making some of the finest specimens of the Daguerrean art we ever beheld. Acquainted with all the late improvements in this beautiful art, courteous and polite in his deportment, careless of the labor or time it consumes to please those who call upon him, he has secured a constantly increasing throng of visitors and customers, and is winning "golden opinions" in a most tangible form. Go visit his comfortable gallery, examine his specimens, and see if what we have said is not literally true.

It will be seen from the M. G. W. Master's letter, on another page, that he is still visiting the various Lodges in the State. Our readers will be kept advised of his progress. Read his letter; it is concise, practical, to the point—characteristic of the man.

We had the pleasure of attending at Woodward Hall, on the 15th ult., the Grand Concert, given by "*Reisinger's Saxe Horn Band*," and *Nutting's Orchestra*." The house was well filled. The large and fashionable audience were highly delighted at the rich and beautiful music they there heard; and we venture the assertion, that an audience never went from a concert of Jenny Lind better pleased with the performances of the evening, than was the throng at Woodward Hall. We trust that our citizens will soon be permitted to again hear these two excellent Bands.

We will continue to send back Nos. unless otherwise ordered.

GENERAL RELIEF COMMITTEE, I. O. O. F. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Through the kindness of Bro. James Furneaux, Cor. Sec. of the General Relief Committee, we have been furnished with a circular containing an account of the "work" of the Committee for the term ending Dec. 31, 1852, from which we make the following extracts:

"The members of this Committee, for the term 'ending as above stated, have the satisfaction of 'knowing that their efforts to ameliorate the con-'dition of our Brother Odd Fellows, when in dis-'tress, and far from their homes, have been attend-'ed with gratifying success. Worthy and deserv-'ing brothers, who by misfortune have been placed 'in a condition to need assistance and relief, have 'found embodied in the workings of our Commit-'tee, the actual practice of the true and genuine 'principles of our beloved Order; and from the ac-'tive and unceasing working of this principle, as 'exemplified by the result of our labors, have re-'alized, that benefit and assistance in their distress, 'which has not failed to elicit from them, and fre-'quently from their Lodges also, their blessings, 'and the kindest acknowledgments and thanks. 'It is a source of extreme gratification to the under-'signed, to be able to report to you this pleasing 'result, in this his first regular Semi-Annual Re-'port:

"By the accompanying papers, you will perceive there has been expended in relief to brothers of other jurisdictions during the past term:	$472 35
And for Incidental expenses, Sec. Salary, Adv'ts, &c. - - - - - -	61 00
Making a total paid out of - -	$583 35

The resources of the Committee have been as follows:

Cash in the Treasury July 1st, 1852, -	$200 60
Amount received from Assess't on city Lodges during the term - - -	309 45
Amount returned from Lodges of other jurisdictions, - - - - - -	142 09
Making the total receipts, - -	$652 14
Which after deducting the Amount expended, viz: - - - - - -	533 35
Leaves $118 20 with which to commence the new term, - - - -	$118 29

"It is probable that a portion of the amount, 'still to the debit of the Lodges whose members 'have received the benefit of this expenditure, 'will be returned, but we cannot, with certainty, 'calculate on any considerable amount from that 'source, as those Lodges that are willing to refund 'the amount thus expended for the benefit of their 'members in distress, generally do so immediately 'on receiving the communication from your Secre-'tary, and some of the Lodges thus indebted, have 'been addressed twice, and in one instance three

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'times, without having received any acknowledg-'ment whatsoever. It seems likely therefore, that 'the Lodges of our City will again have to be so-'licited for a pro rata appropriation, to enable this 'highly useful and interesting branch of our Order, 'to be continued with its accustomed usefulness."

From the Chairman's report we take the following:—

"From the report it will be seen that the num-'ber and urgency of the calls made on the Commit-'tee. and the relief extended in accordance with 'the "Beautiful Teachings of our Order, has caus-'ed an expenditure of nearly Five Hundred and 'Fifty Dollars, only a small portion of which has 'been returned by other Lodges to whom the Broth-'ers *relieved*, *buried*, or *sent home* belonged.

"We fear that the new Committee will be com-'pelled as soon as organized to call on the Lodges 'for funds. The call in the present condition of 'the Treasury of some of the Lodges will, no doubt, 'be severely felt, but duty calls and we know our 'Brethren will respond."

From the above extracts it will be seen that the Order in New Orleans *do* fully and faithfully fulfil the promises that they make. They deserve and receive the hearty commendation of every true Odd Fellow for their labor of love; and they have in their own bosoms the consolation that the knowledge of having done their duty in a prompt and cheerful manner always brings—a consolation that is of more value to the truly virtuous man than silver and gold.

But this report shows one fact to which we must again allude, and that is the *failure* of some of the Lodges whose members were assisted to refund the amount advanced by the Relief Committee. In the September No. of the Magazine, we spoke our minds pretty freely as to what we thought the duty of each lodge in these cases and can only reiterate it now, and it is this; that it is the bounden duty of each Lodge to refund to the last farthing the amount expended by this Committee or any other for the relief of any of its members, and we believe that any Lodge failing to do this is direlict in its duty.

That Committee has expended for the relief of stranger brethren the sum of $472 85; of that amount only $142 00 have been returned, leaving a balance of $330 85, to be paid by the brethren in New Orleans. A portion of this $330 84, may yet be received, but it very uncertain; for "those Lodges that are willing to refund the amount thus expended for the benefit of their members in distress, generally do so immediatelp on receiving the communication from the Secretary, and some of the Lodges thus indebted have been addressed *twice*, *and in some instances three times*, WITHOUT HAVING RECEIVED ANY ACKNOWLEDGMENT WHATEVER."

Is this right? Is it justice? Is it Odd Fellowship? Must the Order in New Orleans—a city to which so many are constantly thronging from all parts of the country—be taxed beyond measure to meet the command "relieve the distressed?" We appeal to each individual member who may read this article to reflect upon it; and if he belongs to one of the delinquent Lodges let him go to work and see that his Lodge meets the demand—if it has to be met by a tax upon each member. That course would be much more like Odd Fellowship, than to permit the burden to fall upon the Order in New Orleans.

If the delinquent Lodges do not meet the demand, the noble brotherhood of the "Crescent City," will be compelled to do it as the Committee suggests, by "a pro rata appropriation" from each Lodge in the city.

We trust that the Committee will send us an exhibit of their expenditures every term, and we promise as the editors of one journal to "keep the subject before the people," and do all in our power to scatter light and knowledge upon this subject until the Lodges feel it to be their duty to meet the demands made against them by this excellent Committee.

The expenses incurred by this Committee for the relief of brethren, are as light as could be expected, as will be seen from the following proposition which we clip from the report of the Chairman of the Committee.

"At the suggestion of your Committee, P. G. 'Doct. BENSADON has laid a proposition before us, 'in the following terms: "I propose to receive into 'my infirmary all members of the Order, when ap-'plied to, for the sum of *one dollar* per day; that 'charge includes *board*, *medical attendance*, *medi-'cine*, *&c.*;" and closing his proposition he truly states, "that the Lodges of New Orleans allow a-'bout one dollar per day for benefits, to a Brother 'in good standing"—the Brother who has no fami-'ly and too often *no friends*, save his Brethren of the Order, you place him in my Infirmary, where 'you have access to him at all times, and instead 'of paying board bill, medicines, nurse, and often 'physicians, you merely, or his Lodge, are called on to pay the amount of his benefits only, saving thereby at least 50 per cent.

It seems to us that it is unnecessary for us to add more here; the facts we have given are sufficient to to convince every thinking Odd Fellow of his duty, and of the duty of the Lodge to which he may be attached. Let him ponder it well and seriously meditate upon the admonition it affords.

To the Committee who have thus far endeavored to perform their duties notwithstanding the various obstacles they have had to surmount, we would simply say fail not—falter not—weary not in well doing. In due season you shall reap if you faint not. And though some Lodges may fail to meet the obligations against them the wife and children and relatives of the relieved brother will

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ask of God, morn and noon and night for blessings on your heads, and God will smile upon and bless you, in your self sacrificing labors to do good.

ADMISSION BY CARD.

A Brother asks us can any one be *admitted by Card* whose age exceeds sixty, when the By-Laws say no one shall be *initiated* whose age exceeds sixty years.

Of course not. The By-Laws means that no persons shall be admitted over sixty years of age, whether by card or initiation. The limit of age is only intended to protect the funds of the Lodge, and to prevent old men from absorbing funds they did not create, and to which they have no claim.

Every fraternal obligation of the Order can be performed unaided by money, and we are the last to keep a brother out of the Order. Our aim is, to convince, the Order that fraternal obligations are one thing, and life and health insurance, elements now as inseparable from our Order as our fraternal obligations, quite another.—*Golden Rule.*

We cannot agree with our honored contemporaries of the *Rule* in the doctrines announced in the article quoted. We have always supposed, that a member had more claims upon the Order than one who assumed none of our obligations, but if the position of the *Rule* be true, there is no difference between the *holder* of a legal card, and an unitiated person. We admit that a man of sixty years is much more liable to die than the one of thirty; and while we would not consent to his initiation without an increased fee for the privilege. we would think that we were acting wrong to black ball him if he held a legal card and his age was the only obstruction. We view Odd Fellowship as a unit, that an Odd Fellow is an Odd Fellow whatever his name, position, locality or age; and that we have no right to debar a *brother in good standing* from any privilege to which he is entitled from the Order by the assumption of its obligation. The old man may have joined the Order in the days of his prime, when the Order was in its infancy,. For its success he may have labored, and spent his time and his money. His business may compel him to change his location, and he desires to change his membership. As has been taught, and always believed that so long as he fulfilled the requirements of the order he was entitled to all its benefits, social, moral, and pecuniary; but now in his old age, he finds that its teachings are false. He offers in his new residence, his card, bearing the seal of his own Lodge, and the broad seal of the Grand Lodge of the United States, recommending him to the friendship and protection of the Order, and is refused admittance to a Lodge, and told that the funds of that Lodge he did not help to create, and has therefore "*no claim* upon them." He cannot enter the Lodge where he resides, and, in one year, his card expires, and he is then denied the social and fraternal privileges of the Order. Common humanity—bad as it is—teaches better doctrine than this. The horse that has served us faithfully for years, we would not turn out upon the commons to die, because he can serve no longer. And yet this doctrine of the *Rule* would turn out the *old man* from the immunities of the Order, close its doors upon him, lock up its funds from the widow and his orphans, and tell him if he or they needed assistance to go back to the Lodge that initiated him, and into whose treasury he had paid his dues, for upon that Lodge, *and that Lodge only, had he any claim.* Is this the teaching of Odd Fellowship? Must we never change our membership for fear that the Lodge to which we may offer our card may say we are *old and will die too soon*, for them to receive us? Are we members of the *Order*, or only of the Lodge in which we are initiated, and do our privileges die, when we pass beyond the geographical limits of the territory over which our Lodge has control?

But, says the *Rule*, "every fraternal obligation of the Order can be performed *unaided by money*, and we are the last to keep a brother out of the Order. Our aim is to convince the Order that fraternal obligations are one thing, and the life and health insurance, *elements now as inseparable from our Order as our fraternal obligations*, quite another."

Does the *Rule*, by this language mean to narrow down the "fraternal obligations of the Order," to *words* of condolence and *feelings* of sympathy! Can that Odd Fellow who depends upon his labor for the support of himself and family, and whose funds a week's sickness would entirely exhaust, receive the "fraternal" ministration of Odd Fellowship without some pecuniary assistance? Will the words "be ye warmed, be ye clothed, and be ye fed," meet the "fraternal" demands of the Order? Talking is good in its place, but a *brother* must do something besides talking when food and fuel and raiment and medical attendance are needed. "*Fraternal*" sympathy has something more tangible than words for the sick and distressed, and yet, says the Rule, "*every* fraternal obligations of the Order can be performed unaided by money."

According to the *Rule's* own showing the "element of life and health insurance are now as inseparable from our Order, as our fraternal obligations," and yet it tells us that by a change of residence from one city to another, the Lodge to which we apply for membership has the right if we are *old*, nay it is her duty, to refuse to us one yart of "these elements," and only give unto us those "fraternal" duties, that can be performed *without* the aid of money! And this it says is law —is justice—is Odd Fellowship? We assume the obligations of the Order, and in them promise to

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the afflicted and destitute brother something more than sympathy,—our obligations change not, our duties are not lessened, as we grow older, but should we wish to change our membership we find that to us and ours in distress, the mutual relief, and the self sacrificing friendship of Odd Fellowship has dwindled to a system of sympathy as heartless as it is unjust!

That there are in some parts of our wide spread Order errors in the financial system, we admit. Lodges have promised more than they can perform for a long series of years. But shall the remedy be to cast off the old and feeble? Shall the pecuniary resources of Odd Fellowship be kept up by a violation of obligations? Correct these errors, by removing the cause. Increase your initiation degree, and weekly fees, and lessen all of your benefits, and establish a funeral tax to be levied, no matter what the condition of the treasury. Let the unsound system these Lodges have be corrected, or, sooner than act as the *Rule* says, let the whole crumble into one common ruin, and perhaps our children who will be wiser than we are will be able to gather from the mass of ruins thus created a sufficient amount of *imperishable materials* to re-construct a sound and permanent fabric, that shall bid defiance to the assaults of opposition from without and of decay from within.

"THE FASHIONABLE TIPPLER."

We this month present our readers with a chapter from the MSS. of a new work on *Temperance* by the gifted Mrs. COLLINS of New Albany, authoress of "*Donald Adair*" and other works. The chapter was furnished at our request, and our only regret is that we had not room for more of it. The work will go to press sometime in the month of May, and as its scenes are all drawn from real life, and are well and beautifully portrayed, we predict for the forth-coming volume an extensive circulation. From what we have seen of the work, we think that the design of the authoress,—to assist in elevating public opinion upon this vital question—will soon be accomplished.

WE are indebted to G. Sec. GLENN, of Ohio, for a copy of the proceedings of the G. L. of that State. It is far the neatest and best arranged in its matter we have yet seen, and Bro. GLENN deserves great credit for the manner in which the work is done.

We have already given a short abstract of the proceedings of the G. L. of Ohio.

Our Senior is at present on a tour to the Lodges in the Northern part of the State. We ask for him while engaged in presenting the claims of our enterprise to the Order the kind aid of our brethren.

Fraternal Correspondence.

CHIT CHAT BY MAIL.

BROOKVILLE, March, 2. 1853.

BROS:—I met, the other day, a friend who told me that way out somewhere in Indiana, he met you, (that is the Senior,) going about as a roaring li—editor, and you said you wondered why I had "stopped off," and desired a renewal. Well—I've been busy lately—and as, since October, the Magazine had ceased to find me, I supposed I had sufficient cause for divorce "on the ground of abandonment." [You neglected to notify the publishers of your removal from Madison. This accounts for your failing to recieve the Magazine—EDS.] "But let by-gones be by-gones." I will not apologise for conferring a favor on you and your readers by holding on. And now, if your editorial dignity is not too much SOT UP, I will have a free and easy social write with you.

And I will premise (as the preachers say) by saying, I have seen the "Magazine." I occasionally stray into the office of our mutual friend, C. F. Clarkson, and he has it on his "table," and permits me to read. I am glad to see its evidence of prosperity. You have some very good contributors—some of them are most too stilted in their style, to suit my ideas of simplicity and beauty. But no doubt many of your readers are fond of *some* "hyfalutin" and therefore all's right.

There is frequently too much sameness in the matter appearing in periodicals devoted to Masonry, Odd Fellowship and Temperance. Writers for such, imagine they must be most distressingly orthodox, or the editor will taboo their articles. Ah they have "no idea" how often the poor —— fellow of an editor is so hard up for "matter," that he would almost publish a merciless butchery of himself—reserving the right to salve the butchered parts. Write, man, as *you* think—don't stop to ask if his mightiness the editor thinks the same way or not. Hav'nt you as much right to think as he has? If not, what under the sun do you write for?

The next blunder is, writers take so much pains to write *finely*. They sit down to the table, and at once ostracize all common sense and common words. Cloud-land, dream-land and non-sense land are all laid under contribution; and an "article" is got off. Now that is vastly fine, there is no doubt. But, like a lady with her Sunday silk, who can't work, nor take the baby until she dons her "bit calico wrapper;" too fine to use. Give us the style that has teeth. Commend us to the man who has nerve enough to write as he talks and as he thinks,—the man who plunges at once into his subject, with no long legged introduction; and who has no "transcendently great and incomparatively glorious" expres-

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sions. I have a nervous shudder when a book is handed me with the assurance that "it is written in very fine style." I look at once for a duodecimo of turgid bombast, and inflated silliness.

Sometime ago Louis Gaylord Clark—"Old Knick"—annaunced his intention of taking a patent for the exclusive use of certain phrases in common use. Availing myself of his examyle. I set up my claim to the "exclusive use" of the following, together "with divers and sundry others" not yet specified

"Truth crush'd to the earth shall rise again
The eternal years of God are hers,"

for nearly every scribbler has been using that of late. I am not disposed to allow it. Nor do I allow any other person to quote

"We should count time by heart throbs," &c. That is very fine, and I can't spare it. "As it were"—"Feelings too deep for utterance"—"Gushing sympathy." "Permit me to call your attention"—Says I" &c., have been "pirated" long enough by the "unreflecting public," and I henceforth claim them altogether. If any one of your readers shall, after this warning, use any of them, or "feloniously, wickedly or burglariously take or steal or carry any of them away" let them beware! I will make them experience the sensations of a whilome distinguished lawyer of this State.

He was engaged for a plaintiff in a slander case, Boggs had sued Stoggs for saying something naughty about him. The eminent counsel appealed to the jury. "Roamed with Romulus, canted with Cantharides, and ripped with Euripides"—but he reserved the *demonstration* for the close. Wiping his eyes with *his nose*, and throwing himself in an attitude he said—

"Gentlemen of the jury—I cannot find language to express my feelings. Look upon my client. In the language of Shakspeare

"Who steals my purse steals trash!
'Tis something, nothing, 'twas mine 'tis his;
And has been slave to thousands!
But he who filches from me my good name,
Takes that which naught enriches him,
And makes me"—ah—makes me—ah—ah *feel very bad!*"

"The Order" is prospering well here. There is a good Lodge. and the new encampment works fine. When do you intend to explore this country? The latch string is as it used to be. I must quit—You can tell your readers you have at least one article not finely written." T. M. E.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, March 13, 1853.

BROTHERS—Our Lodge is doing well. Bethesda Encampment No 15, has taken a *start* since the last communication, and now bids fair to make *the* Encampment of the State. I hope you will redeem your promise, and make us a visit before the next communication. The few that have seen your paper are well pleased with it, and all should prefer it to any other, because it is a *Home Journal.* Yours Fraternally,

M. H.

CONNERSVILLE, March, 1853.

MESSRS. EDITORS—The Tent of the Patriarch is pitched in this place. On the 17th inst M. W. Grand Patriarch Daniel Moss, assisted by Patriarchs from Cambridge city and Brookville, instituted White Water Encampment, No. 33. Six Brothers were elevated to the R. P. Degree, and one admitted on card. The officers elect for the ensuing term are,

Brothers S. M. YOSH, C. P.; WM. P. APALGATE, H. P.; H. M. HART, S. W.; J. F. YOUSE, J. W.; H. H. HOTCHKISS, Scribe; CONRAD WOLFE, Treasurer.

We have commenced under very auspicious prospects for a successful future. So mote it be.

Yours, in F. L. and T.

H.

A LETTER FROM OUR M. W. GRAND PATRIARCH.

RISING SUN, March 26, 1853.

Editors Western O. F. Magazine:

BRETHREN:—I have just arrived at home, after an absence of about fifteen days in instituting Encampments.

[We had received from a Brother at Connersville, a notice of the institution of White Water Encampment, No. 33.—EDS. MAG.]

On the 22d, I instituted Colfax Encampment, No. 34, at Ladoga; JOSHUA RIDGE, C. P.; H. LABAREE, H. P; F. G. IMEL, S. W.; JAMES DAUGHERTY, J. W. T. W. WEBSTER, Scribe, and JOSEPH NOFHINGER, Treasurer.

Colfax Encampment has 15 Patriarchs to start with.

On my route home I instituted Marion Encampment, No. 35, at Indianapolis, (on the 24th.) They have also 15 Patriarchs to commence their work. Officers for the term. OBED FOOTE, C. P.; JOSEPH R. ENGLISH, H. P.; DANIEL YANDES, S. W.; W. C. LUPTON, J. W.; ANTHONY DEFREFS, Scribe, and GEO. G. HOLMAN, Treasurer.

So far as I can judge by appearances the Encampment branch of our loved Order in this jurisdiction is in a healthy and flourishing condition. I found in my travels a goodly number of the "Western Odd Fellows' Magazine, and wherever I found them the members were "posted in the work.

With my best wishes for the success of your enterprise. I remain, yours,

DANIEL MOSS.

To Bro. RUSSELL of the *Token*, the excellent Odd Fellow publication at Pittsburg, we return our thanks for a copy of the large lithograph of the "*Castle of Perote*," presented to the patrons of his paper.

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Editorial Correspondence.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 23, 1853.

KIND reader, a long tour is before me; and I trust that the places I shall visit, the faces I shall meet, the facts I shall learn, and the incidents I shall gather, will enable me to present to you a pleasing budget every month. As my tour will embrace the eastern and northern portions of our beloved "Hoosierdom," I may have the pleasure of meeting you personally, and spend an hour's social converse to our mutual enjoyment,

Since I last wrote from this place a German Lodge has been organized here, which I am told is doing well.

The prospects for a Grand Lodge Hall are good. I am told that the person of whom the lot was brought has accepted the bonds of the Grand Lodge.

Several of those whose contributions enrich the columns of the Magazine reside here. From the portfolio of one of them I purloin the following extract, about

A FASHIONABLE LADY.

She rises at *ten*, with a very bad grace
  And *lounges* from that until three!
Then decks her fine figure in ribbons and lace
  To attract all the beaux she may see.
Her hair—all morning in papers—now flows
  In beautiful curls around her white brow,
And the bloom of her cheek rivals that of the *rose*,
  (Though it is not quite so *natural*, I trow.)
Her little white hand—all the morning in *gloves*—
  Toys so prettily now with her fan;
And a heavenly smile o'er her fair features moves,
  Whenever she meets a nice *young man*
Her *foot* looks so lovingly dainty and neat,
  But the truth is—altho' tis shocking—
If you pull off that nice little shoe, you will greet;
  Shall I say it?—a *hole* in her *stocking!*
She attends all the dances, the concerts and plays,
  Imitates all the singers she hears;
Has a thousand and one little bright winning ways.
  She can smile or melt into tears.
She has read all the popular works of the day
  That were written by Bulwer or Sue,
But is ignorant, wholly, I'll venture to say,
  Of the place where the *tea* she sips grew.
Perchance she can play on the harp or guitar,
  But I'm willing to wager my head,
She can almost as easily chain down a star,
  As *make up a loaf of good bread!*
A *wash tub's* an article never in use,
  She don't know the *name* of a *churn*,
She thinks that a *duck* is the same as a *goose*,
  And wonders *why* water wheels turn!

PENDLETON, March 24.

This place is pleasantly situated at the falls of Fall Creek, a small tributary of White River. At the Falls the stream pours its waters over a ledge of rocks about ten feet in height, thus forming a natural dam that affords sufficient power to run several grist and saw mills and a woolen factory.

Pendleton has about 500 inhabitants. A small but prosperous Lodge exists here, most of its members, however, reside in the country. Pendleton Lodge, No. 88, was organized Dec. 11, 1850, and numbers about 25 contributing members, and is now in a more flourishing condition than ever. A circumstance aptly illustrating the benevolent teachings of our Order was related to me by one of the P. G's of the Lodge here. Sometime in the latter part of the month of January a Mr. NATHANIEL NEWBURY, Michigan, came to this place, suffering under disease. He put up at the Mansion House, but in the night, during a paroxysm of fever, he left his bed, and in his night clothes wandered about the streets in the cold until almost frozen. He succeeded in finding his way into the residence of Dr. JONES, (who has since united with the Order) and was placed in a comfortable bed. He was wild and delirious for the remainder of the night. In the morning his mind was lucid for a short time. He inquired if there were any Odd Fellows in the place. The Doctor informed some of the brethren that they were inquired for by the sick man. They sought his room, and found him barely able, owing to his exhausted condition, to make himself known as a brother. He suffered for about a week, but around him were gathered true-hearted and noble brethren who administered to all his wants, consoled him in his last moments, and when dead, assisted by the members of Muncie Lodge, No. 74, buried him with the ceremonies of the order. Such an example as this speaks well not only for the Lodge here, but also for the Order at large, and illustrates the great truth that Odd Fellowship knows no geographical limits, nor inquires the creed of the distressed and afflicted brother, but acknowledges him *as a brother* and cares for him as such. This single instance

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has done much to disarm bigotry and prejudice, and caused many good men to attach themselves to an order whose teachings are exemplified by its practice.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

"EARNESTINE," in this number of the Magazine, has furnished our readers with a beautifully written article; there is life and soul in it, and one can almost feel the sentiments expressed in the "*Estrangement*," when reading it. "Earnestine" bids fair to rank among the very best writers in our country.

THE fourth lecture of Bro. HACKLEMAN, upon the "*Rise and Progress of Odd Fellowship*," will be found in our pages of this month. This is certainly the most accurate and common sense history of our Order, in this country, that has come under our notice.

IN our next No. we will present our readers with an excellent original story by "EMILY MAY," entitled "*The Social Family*." The author of this story has already attained a high position as a writer in her former productions for other periodicals.

CONTRIBUTORS to the Magazine are requested to forward their articles intended for publication as early in the month as possible.

IT is in contemplation by the Order in this city to erect a large Hall for their use. A design has already been drawn, and the preliminary steps taken for the organization of a joint stock association for the purpose of its erection. The Brethren of the Order in the city are abundantly able to erect a hall that shall not only be an ornament to the city, but that will reflect great credit upon the enterprise of the Order. Let there be union and concert of action and the work can be accomplished without delay. We hope to see every individual member of the Order take a proper interest in this matter.

We should be glad to see in every town and city where there is a Lodge of our Order a hall erected and owned by the Order. But at the same time we would caution our brethren against involving their Lodges, so that they may not be able to meet the claims of deserving brothers. Let individual stock subscription be relied on and no fears need be entertained of ultimate success.

THE MASONIC REVIEW, by C. MOORE, Cincinnati, Ohio.—This valuable Masonic monthly has just completed its eighth volume. This is one of the best works upon the subject of Masonry, and much reliable information may be obtained from it. Its editor is a devoted and faithful Mason, and deserves the support of the Order of which his Magazine is an organ.

MARRIED.

At Brookville, on Wednesday, the 9th of March, by the Rev. L. W. Potter, Pat. HENRY C. GALLION, of Brookville Encampment, No. 32, and Per. Sec. of Penn Lodge, No. 31, to Miss MARY H. MCCARTY, all of Brookville.

DEATHS.

In this city on the 5th of March, Bro. ROBERT F. ALBERTSON, of Hope Lodge, No. 88; oldest son of Hon. Nathaniel Albertson, aged about 22 years.

Brother ALBERTSON was the youngest member of the Order in this city, and was initiated in Hope Lodge in December last. He had endeared himself to all who became acquainted with him, by kindness of disposition and gentlemanly bearing. His remains were followed to the tomb by a large number of the Order.

DIED on the 17th of March WALTER MILLER, of inflammation of the lungs, infant son of Brother J. W. GARNER, of New Albany Lodge, No. 10.

HALL FRANKFORT LODGE No. 10. I. O. O. F.,
FRANKFORT, IND., March 21, 1858.

BROTHERS:—Please publish the accompanying resolutions adopted by the above Lodge on the 18th inst., and confer a favor on our Order.

Yours, in F. L. and T.
JOHN BARNER, Secretary.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Omnipotent Ruler of the universe to remove from our midst, Bro. JOSEPH SCROGGY. The suddenness of this solemn event has deeply impressed us with the instability of all earthly things. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we deplore with unaffected sorrow, the loss of our brother, and will endeavor to treasure in our hearts "The solemn admonition it affords," that each one may prepare for that event which comes alike to all.

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge attend the funeral of the deceased and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That we tender to the widow and relatives of the deceased our sincere condolence for the overwhelming bereavement visited upon them in the loss of a kind husband, a generous brother, and an indulgent father, feeling as we do that they have sustained an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased, and be published in the "Frankfort Crescent" and the "Western Odd Fellows' Magazine."

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. MAY, 1853. NO. XI.

Selected.

THE DIGNITY AND DUTY OF MAN.

BY JOHN T. MAYO.

EVERY object of human pursuit is valuable only so far as it has a tendency to promote human happiness. We do not desire and eagerly seek after that which we are persuaded would not, if obtained, do us any good. Infinitely diversified as are the engagements of man, still the sole object which all have is the attainment of some end—the accomplishment of some favorite scheme which promises to contribute to their felicity. But when we consider the directly opposite courses which different individuals take to effect one grand design; and when we reflect, too, how few can truly aver that they have atiained it, it is evident as demonstration can render any proposition, that there is a fatal mistake somewhere—and that mankind err either in fixing the standard of enjoyment, or in the means they devise in order to arrive at it.

We presume the idea will not be disputed that the design of the great Creator, in the formation of man, and in the wonderfully benevolent arrangements which he has made not only to satisfy his absolute wants, but to gratify and delight his senses and inspire his breast with pleasurable emotions, was the happiness of the creatures of his hands. Insensible and ungrateful indeed must be that heart which cannot perceive and adore the beneficence of the Almighty Hand which has scattered around us so many blessings and sources of enjoyment and happiness.

Look abroad upon the vast and beautiful creation! See you not there in every part and in every line the work of a beneficient hand! Take your station upon some commanding eminence on a calm summer morning, when the air we breathe is balm, and comes to us perfumed with delicious odors exhaled from a thousand plants and flowers. See the landscape around us glowing in all the freshness of nature's loveliness. On all sides we behold a rich variety of beauty and magnificence. Here are spread out the wide plains clothed in luxuriant verdure, and the fields of the husbandman waving with the bright and golden grain. There the gently rising hill, around whose base cluster little happy homes, which seemed to be marked out as the abode of innocence and contentment; beyond these stretch away the lofty mountains, rearing their rocky battlements to the skies, from whose sides leap the silver streamlets dashing and sparkling in the glad light of the early day, and flowing onward in their descent to enliven and enrich the plains through which they pass. Here lies the smooth, unruffled lake, on whose blue and peaceful bosom glides the light shallop with its snow-white sail. There the silent river gently winds along, laving the mountain-side, and diffusing health and fertility in all its course. Here the eye rests upon the rugged cliff, crowned with the stately forest; and there we admire the verdure of the meadows upon which the gentle herd is quietly browsing, or reclining in satiety and listless indolence.

Indeed we can look nowhere over the wide domain of Nature without meeting on every hand with abundant proofs not only of the wisdom, but of the infinite goodness of our Almighty Parent. While contemplating these animating exhibitions of his care and regard for the creatures of his power, we are inspired with emotions kindred to that of the poet, when he exclaimed:

"For me kind nature wakes her gentle power,
Suckles each herb and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me the grape, the rose renew,
The juice nectarious and the balmy dew;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,
For me health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

To these blessings our heavenly Father has superadded others of a still more noble and valuable character. He has consulted the gratification of the social principle of our character, by surrounding us with the endearing privileges of home, kindred, and friends, and has rendered the exercise of the benevolent and social feelings susceptible

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of administering to our highest enjoyments. He has also furnished us with intellectual powers, the cultivation of which conduce, so essentially to our happiness, and the refinement and elevation of human character.

These advantages relate immediately to our existence in the present life, and while they claim for their author the warmest gratitude of our hearts, we are furnished with additional and still more triumphant proof that our happiness is the object of the Divine regard, in the hope we are permitted to entertain of outliving the desolations of the grave, and enjoying the sunlight of an eternal day, breathing the air of immortality, and tasting the joys of unfading felicity in the pure and unclouded region,

"Where the angel plume is folded o'er each peaceful brow and breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Here then, we have the varied and inestimable blessings connected with our physical, mental, and moral being, clustering around us in the present life, with the crowning anticipation of heaven and immortality—all combining to give to our minds the most undoubting assurance of the declaration of the inspired writer: "He careth for you."

Let not infidelity raise its carping voice to remind us that in the cups of our earthly existence are mingled pain and sorrow as well as pleasure. Admitting the truth of a future state, and of a superintending Providence, we can readily conceive that even the ills to which we are at present exposed, are necessary to keep us in the path of rectitude, and to refine our characters and fit us for a happy immortality—and that therefore even our temporal afflictions are mercies in disguise.

If, then, it be true that God designs the happiness of his creatures, why is the cry so constantly heard, "who will show us any good?" If the seeds of happiness be around and within us, as they most certainly are, whence the restlessness and discontent? this panting, and laboring, and struggling as if the prize was to be secured only by the most desperate and persevering exertions? The solution of the difficulty to us appears easy and plain. With all his ardent pursuit after knowledge, and his deep penetration into the mysteries of nature, though he had counted and measured the host of starry gems that glitter in night's sable diadem, and described the course of revolving worlds in the far-off regions of space—after he has descended into the caverns of the earth and into the depths of the ocean, and walked upon the bed of the raging deep as securely as upon his own native soil—after he has played with the forked lightnings, and harnessed the spirits of fire and flood to his triumphal car, and compelled them to do his bidding—amid all his varied studies and researches he has treated with almost entire neglect one most important branch of science—the knowledge of himself. He has failed to estimate that true dignity of his character and position in the scale of God's creation. He has not looked intensely into the design of the great Author of his existence, in placing him in this breathing world and furnishing him with so many springs of noble enjoyment, and incentives to action. Instead of entertaining consistent views of his own responsibility, and of the relations he sustains to his fellow men he is too generally inclined to construct a sphere of his own, whose sun and centre is himself. His feelings and disposition become narrowed and debased by a cold and calculating policy, the sole end of which is the promotion of his own selfish interest. He realizes not the truth that God has so constructed him, that the exercise of an enlarged and liberal philanthropy is ever a source of the most exalted and unfailing pleasure. He overlooks or forgets his character as an immortal being, and adopts his views, and forms and pursues his plans solely with a view to the present moment, and most falsely imagines that this earth contains somewhere within the vast range of its resources some spring of happiness calculated to satisfy the desires of an immortal soul.

But there is a path which the vulture's eye hath never seen, nor the lion's whelp ever trod, though man with all its boasted sagacity fails in finding that glorious highway—and why? Because he seeks it not aright. He is perpetually on the chase after one gilded bubble or another—doomed to be constantly baffled in his pursuit, or if successful, to gain as the reward of all his toil nothing but disappointment and remorse; the object itself at length attained, he finds it possesses none of those glorious qualities with which his ardent imagination had invested it. The great mistake into which mankind fall is the placing their chief desires and affections upon objects which from their very nature are uncertain in their attainment, precarious in their existence, and unsatisfying in their nature. Of this kind is wealth, in pursuit of which thousands subject themselves to incessant toil and anxiety. often denying themselves the ordinary comforts of existence, in order that they may thereby add a little to the store they are bent upon accumulating. Now let us look at facts; let us read the testimony of observation and experience, in connection with the dictates of sound reason, in relation to this subject and see whether it is a bless-

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ing of such magnitude as to justify us in making such sacrifices as are generally made for its attainment.

We have said of riches that they were uncertain in their attainment, and no proposition can be more palpably true, or more strongly verified in the history of the human family. Perhaps not one in ten thousand that start upon the busy stage of life with the determination of becoming wealthy, ever arrive at the goal of his ambition. The young man says to himself, "I will be industrious and prudent—and I cannot fail of becoming rich." The first part of this soliloquy is unquestionable. It is the duty of every one to be industrious and prudent—but the second, drawn by way of inference from the first, is not sanctioned by the logic taught in the school of experience. It does not follow as a necessary consequence that because an individual is industrious and prudent, he will of course be rich. Indeed we think that facts will justify us in asserting that the most industrious class of community is the poorest. There are vast numbers at this moment in our city who labor incessantly, and are strictly temperate and economical, but with all this can scarcely procure enough to obtain the necessaries of life. There are multitudes who would be willing to work eighteen hours in twenty-four, rather than endure the evils under which they are compelled to groan, but in the general prostration of business they can obtain no employment; and even if successful in finding it, they can secure but a paltry pittance, and between the butcher, the grocer and the landlord, they are glad if they find themselves no worse off at the end of the week than when they began it. So that it is not true as a matter of course, that industry is the mother of wealth. Indeed, in our day, at least, the proposition seems to be reversed; for it really does appear that those who work the least are the best paid. The acquisition of wealth, as a general rule, depends on circumstances over which we have little or no control, and should therefore never be to rational beings a matter of deep and engrossing solicitude.

Again. Suppose by some favorable train of events, we become possessed of some considerable amount of property. How long can we calculate upon retaining it? It is a truth, that the rich oftentimes find greater difficulty in the management and security of their possessions than they had in acquiring them. We cannot, by any forethought or sagacicy which we may employ, place the tenure of our prosperity on a sure foundation. In a moment when we least expect it, our property may by accident or fraud be swept away, or we ourselves, after having accomplished everything to the full extent of our wishes, and just as we are about folding our arms, and preparing to take our case, we be suddenly torn from the scenes of our prosperity, by the remorseless hand of death. Is it, then, the part of wisdom in man, to consecrate those noble powers of mind which God has designed should be employed upon objects at once sublime and eternal, to the acquisition of treasures which endure but for a moment?

But once more. Besides the uncertainty of its acquirement and duration, the inadequacy of wealth to confer happiness should deter us from its pursuit. Suppose you, that the man who revels in the very profusion of affluence is a happier man than he who earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brow? Reason says, no—experience confirms the declaration, and God himself has stamped it with the seal of his own eternal verity. So far from contributing to our real happiness, wealth brings with it an accumulation of care and anxiety. "They that seek to be rich, pierce themselves through with many sorrows."

From all these considerations we see the utter folly and absurdity of setting our hearts upon the acquisition of earthly goods. True, competency is desirable, and it is our duty to be diligent in our callings; and should prosperity attend us, we may by the judicious management of it be made instrumental in diffusing blessings around us: and this is the true use of wealth. If we desire it at all, it should be,

> "Not for to hide it in a hedge,
> Nor for a train attendant—
> But for the glorious privilege"

of alleviating the sorrows of suffering humanity, and of becoming to the poor and destitute the ministering angels of heaven-born charity.

By equally familiar and obvious demonstration, it might be shown that the pursuits of ambition are just as illusory and uncertain as those of wealth. Few comparatively are permitted to secure the prize, and when they do they are surprised and mortified to find what a shadow they have grasped.

An ancient monarch, when about to close his eyes in death, called for the son who was to succeed him upon the throne, and said to him, "I go the way of all the earth; be thou strong, therefore, and show thyself a man." A more sublime and comprehensive injunction could not have been uttered. The solicitude of the dying sovereign was not that his son should become renowned in war, and distinguished for the splendor and extent of his conquests, nor that he should so exalt himself that his subjects should regard him with a superhuman veneration. He had been

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taught both by religion and experience, that it was only by the cultivation and exhibition of the principles of manly rectitude, that his son could secure the affections and confidence of his people and the prosperity and stability of his kingdom.

Let us endeavor to act in conformity with the spirit of this precept. It is too common for human beings to forget that they are men —and that they are but men, whatever may be the advantages they may possess of mind, fortune or station in the view of the world. By seeking to place themselves above the level of ordinary men, they are apt to fall below it, and to degenerate into mere animals possessing none of the manly virtues, the exercise of which alone constitutes the true dignity of man. He who suffers himself to be so elated by his good fortune, or by an exalted opinion of the superiority of his own talents or acquirements as to lose sight of the respect and courtesy which he owes to his fellow-creatures, whatever may be their station, is only a conceited simpleton, to whom it would be a profanation to apply the high and noble appellation of MAN.

It is our duty to bear constantly in mind that dignified and responsible position we sustain in the moral universe; to be strong in resisting the solicitations of our own passions and appetites which might serve to lead us to act unbecoming the dignity of our character, and rebuking with mildness, but yet with manly firmness every manifest encroachment on our rights as men or as citizens. Let us be strong in the resolution steadily to persevere in that course which duty may direct, without reference to consequences, and never be guilty of that moral imbecility which quietly sacrifices considerations of imperious duty upon the altar of mere expediency. Let us dare to be MEN in principle, in feeling and in action; and if by thus doing we render ourselves singular in the view of those whose conduct is regulated by circumstances and expediency, and not by firm and inflexible moral principle, we can say to them that it is an evidence that we are what we claim to be—true, worthy, and consistent ODD FELLOWS.

In a word, would we possess strong moral vigor, we must appear before our fellow-men encased in the panoply of an unsullied character, and armed with the shield and buckler of invincible integrity, with charity for the motto of our breast plate, and for our helmet firm and unwavering Trust in God. Thus, equipped, let us wage war against selfishness and inhumanity in every form and guise in which it may appear in a cold and heartless world. Let us humbly imitate the example of that illustrious Being in whose character we behold the most pure and resplendent impersonation of human excellence ever exhibited in our world. Our duty is simple and plain, and we cannot mistake it, if disposed to pursue it. It is to have the law of human kindness written upon our hearts, and exemplified in our lives. Thus may we pass our earthly pilgrimage in peace with God and with our fellow-men; earnestly seeking by the faithful performance of the duties incumbent upon us, a preparation for a more glorious state of perfection and felicity, after we shall have done with the labors and vicissitudes of this fleeting life; and thus, when the final summons comes, we shall,

"Sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach the grave.
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
Around him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE BRIDAL WINE-CUP

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once;' said the Judge, in a low tone going towards his daughter, "the company expect it. Do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please *me*."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter, and raised it to her lips. But scarce had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly, pointing one jeweled finger at the sparkling

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ruby liquid—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek, how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young! Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faultering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, from his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and the dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again: every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white-moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sisters—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that, what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolised brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my *father's* son—my own *twin brother!*—a victim to *this* deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in the land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room and when an hour after he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he too, had determined to banish the enemy at once and forever from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made—many from that hour forswore the social glass.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

SACRED TRUTHS.—The fairest productions of human wit, after a few perusals, like gathering flowers, wither in our hands, and lose their fragrancy; but Scripture precepts, like unfading plants of Paradise, become, as we are accustomed to them, still more beautiful; their bloom appears to be daily heightened; fresh odors to be emitted, and new sweets extracted from them. He who hath once tasted their excellencies, will desire to taste them again; and he who tastes them oftenest, will relish them best.

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Original Story.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE SOCIAL FAMILY.

BY EMILY J. L. MAY.

To speak—to write—think of the deeds of the good—all these contribute in a greater or less degree to the stock of our own personal enjoyment. It is a high-wrought pleasure, when we can, to speak in commendatory tones of others—to record their exemplary actions—to hold up their worth as a copy well suited for accurate imitation. Sentiments like these prompt the arrangement and publication of many an interesting story of real life—of numerous sketches of true, family biography, casting as it may be the apparent shadows of fiction.

In the following pages, it is not the purpose of the writer to create a *Social Family*, but to describe one true to the letter; and one too whose influence not only in a moral and social sense, but, likewise, in an educational view, will be long seen, felt, and appreciated in southern and southwestern Indiana.

Long years since—long, long before the young "Giant of the West" had doffed the paraphanalia of territorial life, and donned the imposing habiliments of independent State sovereignty, and long ere the tawny Miamies and stealthy Pottawatamies had ceased to light their camp-fires in the broad and rich valleys of the White and Wabash rivers, in the very heart of the "garden spot" of the "dark and bloody ground,' in the days when "Old Kentucky" was young, when that chivalrous State was rearing up HER Breckenridge, her Clay, her Joe Daviess, her Grundy, her Bledsoe, her Pope, her Johnson, and a host of illustrious names beside, as lovely a maiden—one all mildness—all beauty—all gentleness, as ere set foot on American soil, resolved to cast in her lot with a Delaware Shore Jerseyman, and launch her bark in the versatile current of the stream of matrimony. Rightly she judged her accepted spouse worthy as a man, and that he would prove himself doubly worthy as a husband.

An enterprising adventurer, young and vigorous, with a mind well versed in science, and well skilled in the lore of the black-letter art, he left home and friends on the verge of the Atlantic to try his fortune in the great valley of the "Father of Waters." For a few brief years he made his home in Kentucky, and mingled with the conflict that gave life and energy to the noble spirits of that day. With Henry Clay and his compeer she was on terms of intimate friendship. His temper and disposition were no less mild and amiable than those of his accomplished young wife. When the marriage was consummated, as is usual on such occasions, a great variety of prognostications in relation to the coming events in the future lives of the young couple transpired.

"Happy, happy bridal day! Sweet, lovely, amiable pair!" exclaimed Helen Briggs, as the tall, manly Benjamin Ashbridge led her interesting cousin, Mary Hanson, to the altar to take upon themselves the solemn vows and weighty responsibilities of wedded life.

"Stay your foolish admiration," interposed an elderly maiden aunt. "I hate your cream and water dispositions—your sweet tempered lovely people, I almost dispise the earth they walk upon. I most cordially hate all your gentle amiables. They never do come to much good. I love those who have mettle enough in their tempers to he courageous—courage enough to be bold and daring—daring enough to be proud, and pride enough to drive all the world before them."

"You do not insist" replied Helen, "that a mettlesome, naughty, boisterous temper is a necessary part constituent—an indispensable ingredient in the composition of an active, persevering, enterprising spirit, or that such a disposition of mind essential to success in the common business affairs of domestic and social life, or to a triumphant career on the vast arena of the great political world."

"But I do," retorted aunt Rachel, with all the petulancy and energy that a captious contracted spirit can muster. "Your good-for-nothing, creep-easy, mope-about, good natured folks are certain to be lazy, inactive, slow and drone-like in everything they undertake. They are always fearful to strike out—never dare to risk, but creep along through life as easily and softly as possibly. They have not the mind to tell other people their own—to resent absolute insults, nor to avenge grievous wrongs. They never can have that force of character that drives the world before it, that commands respect and admiration, that imposes awe wherever it appears, and thus gives a sure and successful turn to the "wheel of fortune." Give me that spunk that cowers not before superior strength—that mocks at the majesty of princes and nobles, that will maintain with indomitable purpose, its own rights under all circumstances, no matter how adverse, and that would shake the strong foundation of earth itself rather than suffer defeat in a single purpose no matter how trivial the point of controversy."

"Why, aunt Rachel," replied Hellen, warming up with a good measure of the ardent enthusiasm that inspired the forensic-like declamation of the former. "I am al-

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most amazed at the vehemence and power of your oratory, and confounded by the zeal of your argument You compel me to call to mind Demosthenes urging the Athenians to take up arms and march against Philip. I see that it would be utterly useless for me to contend longer with you. I yield in argument, but maintain the point in debate. I do most earnestly insist that the revelations of coming years, will prove this a happy, happy bridal day, and our sweet cousins not only a lovely and amiable, but a most fortune pair. I do not urge that the wealth and luxury of the millionaire will be theirs, but I confidently claim that their relations, friends and country will reap a blessing from this day's wedding."

The interesting subjects of these predictions, so diametrically opposite, were not left in ignorance of much that was conjectured and prophecied concerning their after lot. Aunt Rachel was a harsh, plain spoken woman, who occasionally took some considerable pains to acquaint people with what she thought of them, and she seemed peculiarly anxious that the newly married pair should share all the advantages that might be derived from her mature judgment and sage foretellings. But unmoved and uninfluenced by the openly expressed sentiments and opinions of others, the young adventurers boldly resolved to be the pilots of their own barque—to steer their own vessel, and seek a theatre for action and useful enterprize whithersoever the safe leadings of an Allwise Providence might direct them to cast anchor; and calling to mind that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," they determined to look out for a home far away from the pernicious and often blighting influences of evil predictions.

At the period, perhaps more than a half century since, Indiana was almost an unbroken, vine-clad forest and wild grass-grown prairie land, with but here and there a white inhabitant, and but few dwellings, save the rude wigwams of the wandering, uncultivated red man. Though an unbroken wilderness, yet to the calculating, dispassionate, far-seeing mind, it presented, in the prospective, a grand field for noble daring, and unflinching resolution. Forests were to be levelled with the earth, savages wild and barbarous to be tamed or conquered, towns, villages and cities to be planted, a great sovereign State to be created, the wheels of government framed and set in motion, schools, seminaries, academies, colleges, and universities were to be founded, agriculture and commerce, on a magnificent scale, were to take foothold in the new land of promise, canals and rail-roads were to belt the plains and scale the hills where the proud majestic forest oak barely nodded his lofty head as swept by the fiercely dashing storm. Glancing at the territory where so much was to be accomplished in the swift course of a few coming years, and taking a comprehensive but correct view of what was stored up in the bright future, Benjamin Ashbridge chose at once to try his fortune and cast in his all with the earliest American emigrants to Indiana Territory, then embracing a considerable portion of Michigan, and of Illinois. In company with the young partner of his bosom and his only partner for a long, useful life, he made Old Vincennes the point of his destination and, for a number of years, that old romantic borough became his home and that region of country the field of his active enterprising operations. To this woodland home both husband and wife carried all those superior traits of heart and disposition already ascribed to them. The same good nature—the same sweetness of temper, so much below par with the staid aunt Rachel, characterised their daily deportment and frequent social intercourse, not only with each other, but everybody else. Kindness and gentleness was bestowed upon all with whom they came in contact. Such conduct gave them a daily increasing influence over each newly made acquaintance; and, as years fled away, the truly appropriate titles of "The Social Family," and "The Happy Family," were by common consent conferred upon them, and, what is most worthy of note, is that those were times that notable distinctions could not be bought and sold as sheep in the shambles. Nothing short of genuine worth could command articles of such incomparable value. Then there were no sinecures Whatever glittered was gold. Then wealth did not give reputation. There was something for everybody to do; and he who sought to accomplish selfish ends by evading the burdens and responsibilities attending the path of duty, was certain to meet a just recompense of reward in the shape of contempt and total neglect on the part of his countrymen.

The days to which our attention has been directed were days of trials, sufferings and alarms. The wild men of the forest were restless, jealous, vindictive, and watchful. The extensive valley of the Wabash was the principal theatre of their warlike demonstrations and the scene of their latent machinations. British instrumentality was by no means inactive. Agents were busily at work, fanning every spark of discord, arousing the spirit of jealousy, intermeddling with every proposition for peaceful negotiation, and urgently and but too successfully striving to poison the Indian mind against the settlers, passing with alertness from tribe to tribe, from nation to nation, now with the

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Delawares and Miamies, then with the Piankeshaws and Kaskaskies a constant fermentation was kept up. Tecumseh and the Prophet were at work. Day and night bore witness to the progress of their deep laid schemes, to their unremitting industry in plotting mischievous conspiracies, and to their unrelaxing energy in the execution of their fiend-like designs. Their fervent zeal for a cruel, bloody war, and their hatred of the emigrants knew no respite.

To counteract these designs, to frustrate such deep-laid schemes and to prevent a sudden outbreak required the greatest precaution and the most prudent circumspection on the part of the whites. None had a greater, or even an equal influence with the Indians than had Ashbridge. Him they regarded as a worthy friend—a good man, loved by the Great Spirit. Their great regard for him is but another striking proof of the power of a sweet temper. When he talked, they opened their ears to listen and their eyes to see the tongue that always spoke truth. He was an intimate and zealous personal friend of Governor Harrison, and was often, on account of his peculiar fitness for such a task, employed by the latter to negotiate with the Indians. By them he was, at all times, well received and kindly treated. They called him good warrior-chief, bestowed upon him the appellation of "White Crane;" a name by which he was known and respected among them long after the close of the Wabash wars.

However, when the duplicity of British emissaries and the artifices of Tecumseh had succeeded in arousing the spirit among the tribes so as to induce them to dig up the buried tomahawk and to unsheath the war knife that had been sleeping in its scabbord, Ashbridge was among the first to gird on the sword for battle, and march to the field of deadly conflict. When the dark morn of Tippecanoe came, he was found at the post of duty. When the lamented Daviess, Owen, Spencer, McMahan, Berry, White, Warrick and others fell in the palor of death, he was battling in their ranks. Though mild and evenly tempered he was ever ready, at his country's bidding, to dash into battle the hottest, and dangers the thickest. Vigilant, active and courageous as a soldier, he commanded the esteem and confidence of all his comrades in arms. In this we see another of aunt Rachel's predictions falsified.

The hostile Wabash Indians having been wholly subdued by the operations of the Wabash army, he sought again in the peaceful walks of life those blessings and happy enjoyments that are to be found only at the sanctuary of a truly Social Family.

Having actively engaged, for some years, in business pursuits, near the close of the war of 1812, in company with several individuals, he embarked in an enterprise that resulted unfortunately, and threw around him and his increasing family a degree of pecuniary embarrassment well calculated to disturb the equanimity of temper and test the patience, not only, on his part, but, also on the part of his beloved companion. For it was of such a character as to interfere, materially, with her ease and comfort, and diminish in an eminent degree her personal privileges and earthly prospets. It was with no small share of anxiety and painful apprehension that he communicated to her the unanticipated condition of his pecuniary affairs, not knowing how she would bear a result so unexpected. The accumulations of some years of unremitting toil, industry and economy might melt away before the grasp of greedy remorseless creditors. At the first sight the hideous ghost of pennyless beggary might stare her in the face, and for coming days, haunt her excited imagination. How could she yield house, home and lands to the grasp of the greedy agents of the law! This was a question of most absorbing import and ever apparent in his mind. But there was no alternative. What he would, most gladly, have kept from her knowledge, must sooner or later reach her ear, and rightly judging, he thought the sooner the better. So with his ordinary calmness, but with a heart weighed down by contending emotions, he hastened to tell her all. Then it was that her sterling worth as an excellent wife, as a true help-meet for him became known even to him. Then it was that the glory of the truly good and truly great woman might be seen standing fully head and shoulders above all those whose irritability and selfishness like a Strombolian mountain, are, "though seldom indulging in any disastrous eruption, continually muttering and quaking, steaming and hissing, night and day, in a way which renders almost everybody nervous." That she did not feel in view of their common, their joint miefor-une could not be presumed. But her deep feelings were manifested in a way by no means ordinary under such circumstances. With a complacent, soul-calming smile playing upon her lovely face, she replied we must give up all fairly, honestly, and begin the world again Not a complaint, not a murmer, not a syllable of reproach fell from her gentle lips. Magnanimous woman! How much of moral grandeur, of sublime beauty is seated upon the ark of thy chaste soul!

Fortunately for the Social Family, the excellent character of Ashbridge, precluded the rigid enforcement of legal appliances. His creditors fairly and rightly appreciated

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his unswerving honesty and spotless integrity of purpose. Indulgence unasked, but most thankfully accepted, was granted upon his indebtedness, and by the timely exercise of economy of a most rigid shade, and by intense application to the duties and calls of his profession, he was gradually and safely relieved from all pecuniary liabilities and his family firmly placed upon their feet again.

Passing unnoticed over a few years, our narrative reaches that period in the political history of Indiana, when the Convention that framed the Old Constitution, had brought its labors near a termination, and when its members were getting affairs in readiness to depart to their respective homes. At this point of our story it appears somewhat necessary to glance briefly at an unpublished page in the unwritten history of Indiana politics in order to place in the most conspicuous light before the reader the genuine worth as a man and a politician of the chief character of this narrative. Although at that date national politics involving great, national issues had had no plainly drawn party lines, designating certain metes and boundaries beyond which none of the good and true dared to take one step in advance, still there were numerous offices to be filled, and not a few entertaining earnest, longing desires to occupy places of profit or trust. If there were no great managing national, or state parties, there were cautious, cunning, pipe-laying cliques and leaders of cliques that did succeed in making a regular and certain disposition of all the important situations arising under the State organization. Before the convention dispersed, it was definitely arranged who should be Governor, who United States Senator, who should run for the lower branch of Congress, &c. All this was as deliberately done as if the magnates of the new State did possess the power and right to do for the people what the people had the right to do for themselves. After these provisionary arrangements had been pretty satisfactorily disposed of some of the provided for bethought themselves that nothing had been offered to Ashbridge, that he had appeared to have no care about providing for himself, that he had participated in none of the caucus, office-seeking, and office-distributing consultations, and, further, that it might be as well to look after him, lest on returning home and mingling again with the people, he might cross the pathway to political preferment of some one who felt himself almost within grasp of a fine fat office. Suddenly impressed with the importance and the necessity of the case, a committee of the most discreet and prudent managers were appointed to approach and sound him upon the affair. No time was to be lost. To work they went. He was asked what he expected. He replied nothing. Had he negotiated for no important situation! He responded that it was neither his purpose, nor his place, to bargain corruptly for office which the people alone had the right to bestow, and what was properly theirs, he would leave to them to give. His response gave indubitable proof of his incorruptible honesty of heart, and clearly evinced that he was not the man with whom intrigue and selfish tampering could be safely practiced. Such are the political shades in the character of the man concerning whom we write.

Returning from this political episode to the hearthstone of the Social Family circle, it is remarked with the greatest pleasure that it was here that both husband and wife appeared to the greatest advantage;—here their individual and common virtues shone brightest; and here the greatest influence for good was daily exercised. In their frequent social intercourse with their friends and neighbors, in the education of their children, of whom they had but few, in the spirit of enterprise in promoting the interests of educational, agricultural, and mechanical pursuits, might be seen the true unflinching friend, the careful, prudent parent, the wise economist, and the spirit of disinterested benevolence united with the most exalted patriotism.

In their society the whisperer was, at no time suffered to separate chief friends. The malicious babbler, the insidious backbiter, the heartless slanderer and the hateful mischief-maker, were all awed into silence whenever they approached the circle in which this excellent family moved. Again, the influence of example was happily—nay, most beautifully illustrated in every member of the family. Each was an admirable model of neatness, modesty, industry and economy. No article of apparel, no tool, or vessel was ever thrown down carelessly, or suffered to remain out of its proper place. "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," was not only family preaching, but strict, family practice. In an educational point much more was accomplished by correct daily example than multiplicity of precepts. None of the children of this family were ever known to indulge in sudden ebulitions of passion, in boisterous outbreakings, in tale-bearing and tattling, nor were they ever known to exhibit those fits of stubborness and obstinacy of temper too common to very many children. Such things they had never witnessed at home, and how could they indulge them abroad! Each child was beloved by every school mate. The worst disposed could find no cause for malice or hate. A salutary influence was swayed by the Social Family over all the neighborhood. Brawl-

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ing, noisy mothers ceased yelling and halloing after their naughty brats, lest their loud screaming should disturb the quiet family.

The foregoing is no exaggerated painting—no creature of the imagination. It is true to the word—literally—emphatically. Such is the enchanting power—the moulding influence of social contact, united with exalted virtue and bright example, that a single family of superior merit and practical, every day goodness in an ordinary neighborhood, may unquestionably renovate and almost recreate the morals, manners, and the domestic and social habits of a whole community. Indeed, there are numbers now living who are, at this time, sharing the honors and privileges of distinguished stations, and who are enjoying the confidence and esteem of their fellow-citizens—all of whom are indebted, in a greater or less degree, to the Social Family for the influence they wield and the positions they occupy. It was the delight of Ashbridge to take young men by the hand, and point out to them the unfailing pathway to true honor and fame. He had a word of encouragement for all who were moving onward and upward in the road to knowledge and greatness. He would urge them to seek wisdom as they would dig for "hid treasure." Every worthy literary and scientific enterprise met his cordial approbation and warm support. To those who loved reading and study his ample library was always open. He would say "drive forward, young friend. Knowledge is power. Man may, not only, do whatever man has done, but much more than has ever yet been done." How many living witnesses are there whose youthful, plodding, trudging way has been enlivened, and whose toilsome labors have been lightened, and hopes cheered by these accents of encouragement dropping from the lips of a kind, time-honored friend?

But he was the earnest, warm-hearted, unfaltering advocate of the great free school cause, and, that too, at a day when time-serving politicians in their popular harangues from the stump and in the halls of legislation pompously proclaimed that they craved no higher honor after their death than to have inscribed upon their tombs: "*Here lies an enemy to free schools.*"

The most interesting and striking incident connected with this model family remains to be noticed. From its peculiarity it is worthy of special attention.

These parents had an only daughter,—and one as lovely as parents could reasonably desire. She partook largely of the virtues and superior excellencies characteristic of both her parents. The culture of her mind, manners, and habits, as might be expected had been well cared for. Her education was substantial and thorough. In early life, comparatively speaking, her parents had given her in marriage to an estimable gentleman, one whom both parents had ample opportunity to know and appreciate, one to whose care and protection they could without the shadow of distrustful apprehension confide their beloved daughter. The wedding day was a season of unalloyed pleasure to parents, relations and friends. Cordial congratulations flew round the whole circle of acquaintanceship. The event seemed to breathe the spirit of joy and gladness throughout the whole community. Confidence was not misplaced. The husband of the young bride, proved himself a man in every way worthy of a companion so lovely. For a few years no cloud darkened their sky. But, then, sorrow, deep and pungent, came. The relentless fangs of incurable disease took fast hold of the young wife. She sickened and died. The mourning was deep, but silent and still as death itself. The youthful husband realized his loss and felt his bereavement in the depths of bitterness. He visited the house of the afflicted parents of his deceased wife as a son visits the home of his own father and mother, and as an affectionate child was received. Years rolled away and he was still companionless; but not always so to remain. In process of time he sought a second wife in the person of an excellent lady.

The rumor of his contemplated marriage set busy bodies at conjecturing as to the probable effect this matrimonial arrangement would produce upon his parents-in-law. One was very sure they would never permit him to darken their door again; and another, equally confident they would hate his new wife. It was pretty generally concluded that all friendly intercourse between the parties would be at an end. But in this, as in every other instance, the entire consistency of the Social Family was duly maintained. The parents, instead of madly raving at the second marriage and resolving to hate the new wife, took a rational common-sense view of the matter, kindly invited her to their home—received and treated her as they would an affectionate child.

Brief and broken as this sketch may be, still it illustrates, in a plain manner, that sweetness of disposition, is no drawback upon an active enterprising spirit. It shows, too, that the good that men do is not always buried with them. The members of the Social Family are reposing in their mother earth; but their influence will be seen and felt as long as a tongue shall lisp their favorite motto: "CULTIVATE A SWEET TEMPER."

LET Truth guide you in all things.

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[From the Knickerbocker Magazine.]

ROBERT BURNS.

"Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by the honest turf I'll wait.
Thou man of worth!
And weep the an best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.'

ROBERT BURNS was born on the twenty fifth day of January, 1759, about two miles to the south of the town of Ayr, and in the immediate vicintiy of the kirk of Alloway and the 'Auld Brig o'Doon.' The son of poor parents, domestic embarrassments deprived him of all educational advantages save those open to the poorest Scott. His early life alternated between the labors of the plough and the studies of the district school, About the age of sixteen falling in love with a 'sonsie lass' with him began both love and poetry.

Previously to this time there were marked in him no especial signs of his after greatness. Indeed, he was ranked by one of his teachers as inferior to his brother Gilbert. But from this period a new vista opened before him, a new work was assigned him and how it was performed the world knows. How Burns, depressed with povetry, straitened on evey hand, and yearning as mortal never did before for sympathy and kindness, how he was admired and then neglected, and finally how he was left alone to starve and die, it irks my pen to recount. Suffice it to say, lacking education, books, refined society, and the means of enjoying them, perpetually haunted by the pinching demon, he drew on himself in favor of his country, and to-day Scotland is indebted to the poorest of her sons for the richest heirloom she possesses.

Burns' rank among the poets of the world it is no part of our present purpose to discuss. That he has no compeer among the Scotch bards, all are undoubtedly agreed. What can be more simply touching and truthful than his description of humble life in the 'Tale of the twa dogs:'

'THEY 'RE nae sae wretched's ane wad think,
Though constantly on poortith's brink:
They 're sae accustomed wi' the sight,
The view o't gi'es them little fright.

'Then chance an' fortune are sae guided,
They 're aye in less or mair provided;
An' though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

'The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Their grushie weans an' faithfu' wives;
The prattlin' things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fireside.

'That merry day the year begins,
They bar the door on frosty winds;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,
An' sheds a heart-inspiring steam;
The luntin pipe and sneeshin mill
Are handed round wi' right guid will:
The cantie auld folks crackin' crouse,
The young anes rantin' through the house—
My heart has been sae fain to see them,
That I for joy hea barkit wi' them.'

We could hardly spare this poem. 'The cantie auld folks' with 'luntin pipe and sneeshin mill;' 'the young anes rantin' through the house;' the dog that 'wi' them barkit for joy;' the 'frosty winds' without, 'whyles' 'the nappy reeks wi' mantling ream,' on 'that merry day the year begins:' was ever so genial a picture drawn of a happy new-year's day?

A strong point in Burns' character was his genuine sympathy for his fellows in distress, his palliation of their faults, and his fearless advocacy of their claims. I know not how better to portray his features than to quote his own words. Mark his eloquent plea, in the following address to the 'Unco Guid,' or the 'Rigidly Righteous', for the erring and unfortunate:

'THEN gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far perhaps they rue it.

'Who made the heart, 't is HE alone
Decidedly can try us;
HE knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias:
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what's *resisted*.'

How sadly and yet how humanly he pleads the cause of the fallen; how gently and earnestly he bespeaks the kindly scanning of a 'brother man;' and how beautifully and triumphantly suggests the reason: 'Who made the heart, 't is He alone decidedly can try us.' Surely the heart that prompted such teachings was as generous as the genius that expressed them was great. Noble words those, at whose utterance the harsh censure and severe judgment give way to the soft and hallowed tones of sympathy and pity.

The simplicity of nature characterized him. True genius has no surer index than this. It betokens the conscious strength of the true poet. Read his simple story of the Mouse, 'On turning her up in her nest with the plough:'

'WEE, sleekit, cow'rin' tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na' start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle,
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring prattle!'

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Who has not gazed over and over again in his mind's eye, with strange interest, at this scene of the 'tim'rous beastie' starting awa 'wi' bickering brattle,' while Burns, leaning lazily on his plough, eyeing the 'wee beastie,' assures her of his innocence of the 'murd'ring prattle!'

Nor did his pen lack power in the field of satire. His sarcasm was as biting as his temper was mild. This power, dangerous as it too often is, was in him controlled and exercised under a proper regard of the rights of others. True, he wielded it with vigor and severity, but it was directed to its legitimate objects, and used within legitimate bounds. Hypocrisy needs dissection, quackery calls for exposure, cant demands the knife. A fair example of his touch is seen in the lines entitled, 'Death and Doctor Hornbook:'

'Says the Deil,
When I killed ane a' fair strae death,
By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
This night I'm free to tak my aith
That Hornbook's skill
Has clad a score in their last claith,
By drap and pill.

'A bonnie lass, ye ken her naim,
Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame:
She trusts hersel', to hide the shame,
In Hornbook's care:
Horn sent her off to her lang hame,
To hide it there.'

Thus have we attempted to depict the character of Burns, or rather have introduced him to the reader in his own representations as he has drawn himself.

That he had many faults, that his private character was not wholly free from stain, we are not here to deny. That impulse was in him stronger than principle, that in his domestic relations he was not true, we cannot if we would conceal. But when are taken into the account the circumstances of his whole life, his struggles and aspirations; his repeated endeavors to throw off his burdens, and his as repeated failures; his passions strong to be resisted, and his fascinating power over the other sex that made the conquest easy; his bitter consciousness of his own unappreciated genius; his intensely strong desire for love and sympathy, and the perpetual antagonism between his position and his tastes; and especially when we remember his touching words, we 'know not what's resisted,' the words of censure will not go forth: the pen refuses to write them.

Before the age of thirty-eight, Burns the exciseman died, but Burns the poet still lives. From this ploughman went forth words that first startled, then delighted the world. At his voice the dead formulas of philosophy sprang into life, and their drear abstractions became persuasive numbers. Under his teaching humanity spurned the servitude that bowed to accident, and learned the dignity of a true though humble life. With Midas-like power genius transmutes whatever it touches into gold, and leaving thereon the superscription of a greater than Cæsar, gives it currency in all ages and among all people. It is a magic wand, forming and transforming all minds into the image of the magician.

Thus, with the rustic bard, we sympathize with the 'cow'rin', tim'rous beastie' in the ruin of her nest; follow with eager interest the 'ugly, creepin', blastit wonner' of a louse in his stroll over a lady's bonnet at church; mourn 'the daisy's fate;' laugh at 'Tam o' Shanter' and his 'Mare;' grow merry on 'Scotch Drink' that 'cheers the heart o' drooping care;' become social with 'Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie;' lament, 'wi' saut tears,' 'poor Marlie's dead!' grow indignant at those 'wha are sae pious and sae holy, they've naught to do but mark and tell their neebor's faults and folly;' claim that, 'what though on hamely fare we dine, a man's a man for a' that;' live life o'er again in 'auld lang syne;' weep over that most touching elegy, 'Highland Mary,' and 'wi' serious face' join round the ingle-side 'the circle wide,' in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' Verily, he has swept the chords of the human heart with a master's hand!

But what we most affect in him is his perfect simplicity and trueness to nature. In the choice of his themes he has not ascended with Milton to heaven to robe himself with its glory, nor descended with Dante into hell to clothe himself in its terrors: there is no striving for sublime subjects, whose grandeur may reflect upon him some portion of their greatness; there is no pigmy perched upon Alps; but guided by the unerring instinct of genius, he selected the simplest themes, the 'mountain daisy,' and the 'mouse,' and borrowing nothing from them but the occasion of his song, told the story of their misfortunes in such simple, touching verse, that the dwellers in hovel or hall will read them over and over, and cease not to bless the day when the lowliest things on earth inspired the bird to sing.

Wars and conquests, the fates of kingdoms, the lives of mighty men of valor, the tilts and tournaments of chivalric times, and the grandeur of baronial halls and feudal castles, had too long been the themes of poets. Burns came singing no monotone, offering no incense to heraldry, to direct the way to a nobler field; to unfold the page of humble life; to claim for man honor because he *is* a man; to show the world a king's no better than a peasant; to invest the domestic hearth with new sanctities; to pour upon

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common and lovely objects the baptism of genius; and to evince the truth, that a 'wee beastie' of a mouse may be a thing of greater interest than many a crowned monarch. Burns is eminently the poet of the people, the interpreter of their feelings, the pleader of their causes, the friend of their adversity, the defender of their rights.

To Scotland, the land of his nativity, he was an especial God-send. By him her language was made a classic; her poetry the vade-mecum of all lovers of true genius; her hills and valleys, brigs and kirks, the shrines where learning and literature pay their devotions.

His appeals were to the human heart, and it responded, and the response is still going back in tributes of love and reverence from every hearth-stone laid by civilization.

The tomb of genius is sacred to all, and from distant and different lands travelers come up to the house where Robert Burns was born, and the place where his body was laid, and call it holy ground, and worship even the memorials of him who wrote those Scottish songs, those songs, fresh as the feelings of childhood, simple as nature, tender and loving as a mother, rich as a gush of heavenly music, and beautiful as the 'mountain daisy.' How has literature and poesy been enriched by the tributes of this rustic follower of the plough! What a legacy was bequeathed to the world by this poverty-stricken exciseman! Giving freely, bounteously of his own priceless stores, he received nothing in life but the liberty to die. Yet, neglected child of genius! thy life was greatly good: thy country stands in honor through memory of thee: dwellers over the wide Atlantic seek thy resting-place and weep at thy tomb; and loving hearts have thee in keeping, wherever Highland Mary has been wept. At the rude ingle-side none so welcome as thou: in the courtly hall the well-thumbed page shows thee a favorite there. At the mention of thee, kindly memories kindle: at the recurrence of thy birth-day congenial spirits gather, and call it sacred time in the calendar of genius.

The great law of nature is, 'eat and be eaten.' The spawn-eater swallows the worm, the shark swallows the spawn-eater; the hawk pounces on the chicken—the eagle on the hawk—the sportsman on the eagle; rogues on honest men, pettifoggers on rogues, and the devil on pettifoggers.—Queer arrangement this, but who will say that it is not all for the best? Let us turn over and reflect.

Love, well understood, is wisdom.

[From the Ark.]

BROKEN TIES.

BY MRS B. G. BUSHNELL.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream.
Around us each dissevered chain
In speaking ruin lies,
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our youthful home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from their arms perchance we roam
To desert seas removed.
Or, we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes.
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can break all human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They too are gone, or changed;
Or worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened, or estranged.
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

O, who in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radient hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope, the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns above the skies;
Hope that unites our souls to heaven
By faith's endearing ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must re-commence from the beginning.—Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us to what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure: scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false: no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

Be contented in whatever condition you may be placed by Providence.

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[ORIGINAL.]

RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP.

BY P. A. HACKLEMAN, G. REP., G. L. U. S.

LECTURE NO. V.

THE last lecture closed with the annual communication of 1831. An adjourned session was held March 5th, 1832, at which a charter was granted for an Encampment of Patriarchs at New Orleans, and a charter for the G. L. of Louisiana, the latter of which was instituted January 11th, 1833.

The annual communication of 1832 was held in September, but owing to the prevalence of the cholera, and the brevity of the session, but little business was transacted. A charter was granted for a subordinate Encampment at Cincinnati, Ohio, Wildey No. 1; a committee was appointed to consider whether any, and if any, what alterations and amendments were necessary to the Constitution, and to report at an adjourned session to be held on the first Monday of March, 1833; and the election of G. Sire was postponed until the adjourned meeting, though Howell Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, protested against it as a violation of the Constitution. This was the first appearance of that brother, who was some years afterwards elected G. Sire, in the G. L. U. S.

At the adjourned session of March, 1833, only four G. Lodges were represented, Maryland, District Columbia, Ohio and Louisiana. The G. Sire presented a report in which he showed that, since the adjournment of the G. L U. S. in 1832, he had visited Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville and New Orleans, instituting an Encampment and G. L. at Cincinnati, the same at New Orleans, and a subordinate lodge at Louisville, and declaring that he had been treated with great kindness and respect wherever he had met the Brotherhood on his visit. The G. L. granted a charter to Boone Lodge No. 1 of Kentucky in place of the dispensation of the G. Sire, under which the lodge was working.

Rep. Ridgley, Proxy from Ohio, presented a communication from his G. L. enclosing a paper containing an article purporting to be copied from a Pennsylvania paper, charging "that Thomas Wildey, Grand Sire of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, had absconded with the funds of the Order." It was referred to a select committee of five, whose report contains a scathing rebuke to the miscreant who invented the libel. The G. L. passed resolutions pronouncing the charge "a base, malignant, and unblushing slander"—expressing the unanimous wish that the G. Sire should institute legal proceedings against its authors, and pledging the support of the G. L. in such prosecutions. We learn from a note that "on the promulgation of the proceedings in this case, the editor of the paper first named, made every apology, exhibiting the authority on which he had made his statement, and which was so utterly worthless that further process was abandoned."

The next meeting of any importance was held March 18, 1833, being nothing more than a continuation of the adjourned session. All the G. Lodges were represented except the G. L. of Massachusetts. Rep. Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, presented a resolution to the effect that representation in the G. L. U. S be apportioned in reference to the amount of members working under each State G. L. allowing one Representative for one thousand members and an additional Representative for each additional thousand, which was referred to the committee raised on amendments and alterations to Constitution. If such was the law now, it would give Pennsylvania forty-four or forty-five Representatives!

The G. L. proceeded to the election of officers, which resulted in the election of James Gettys of the D. C., Grand Sire, Samuel Pryor, of Pa., Grand Secretary, John Brannan, G. Treasurer, and Thomas Morse, G. Guardian. Under the Constitution as it then stood the Deputy G. Sire was an appointed officer.

The reports from the G and subordinate lodges showed that the whole number of contributing members in the United States, without New York and Massachusetts, was 5,956. The number of subordinate lodges had increased to ninety-three, fifty of which were under the jurisdiction of G. L. of Pennsylvania.

At a special session, May 4th, 1833, a charter was granted for a subordinate lodge at Harper's Ferry, "Virginia No. 1." The Old Dominion seems to have been somewhat backward in planting the standard of our Order upon her soil, but it has floated triumphantly since it was planted.

An adjourned session was held in Philadelphia June 7th, 1833. Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Ohio and Louisiana were represented, all by Proxies, except Maryland and Pennsylvania. The select committee who had the subject under consideration, reported the form of a Constitution, which was amended and approved. It does not appear on the Journal, but we are informed in a note that "copies were furnished to the several G. Lodges and G. Encampments immediately after the close of the session," I presume, for their approval. A charter was

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granted to William W. Moore, our present G. Sire, and others for a subordinate Encampment at Washington City. Nothing further of importance was done at this session. A resolution of thanks was passed to the G. L. of Pennsylvania for the use of their Hall.

At the annual session held September 2d, 1833 the G. L. of Delaware was again represented, her charter having been restored.

The report of the G. Sire, who had been authorized to settle the difficulties existing between the G. Lodges of New York and Massachusetts and the G. L. U. S., which difficulties were the non-payment of their portion of the expenses of the last named body, presented a gloomy picture of the condition of our Order in those two great States. The G L. of New York had been removed to Albany and had almost, if not entirely, ceased to exercise the duties of parent towards its subordinates. The result was that while the Order was advancing with giant strides in other portions of the Union, it was there on the decline—nearly defunct. By great exertions the G. Sire "ran down," as we say in this country, the officers of the G. L., and got them to promise to do better in the future.

The picture as to Massachusetts was still darker. There the Order was nearly extinct, owing to the inefficiency and dissensions in the G. L. of the State. There was a little fragment of a lodge at Taunton, which had received no communication from their G. L. for nearly two years. How could a lodge prosper under such circumstances! He found neither G. or subordinate lodge at Boston. Discord and contention had prevailed for four years, and the lodges had finally closed their doors. At Lowell, though the lodge was disbanded, the G. Sire found devoted Odd Fellows. He collected them together, promised them the protection of the G. L. U. S., and installed officers over them. Finding that he could do nothing towards re-organizing the G. L. at Boston, he organized Adam Lodge No. 6, in that city—a small band promising zeal and fidelity to the principles of the institution. Such was the condition of Odd Fellowship in New York and Massachusetts in 1833. How changed the picture of 1853! His report further showed that on his return from Boston he instituted the G. L. of New Jersey, August 3d, 1833. The G. Sire elect, James Gettys, was duly installed, G. Sire Wildey having delivered a farewell address previous to the performance of that ceremony. Robert Neilson was appointed D G. Sire. A charter was granted for a subordinate lodge at Norfolk, Virginia. The acts of the G. Sire in recalling the charter of the G. L. of Mass., in granting a dispensation for the G. L. of N. J., and in restoring the charter of the G. L. of Delaware, were confirmed, and a charter granted to the G. L. of N. J. The Constitution approved at the adjourned session at Philadelphia, was considered, amended and adopted; a form for opening and closing the G. L., and installing the officers, was reported by a select committee and adopted; a resolution was adopted raising a committee to "procure and present to P. G. Sire Wildey a piece of plate, of at least $500 value, as a mark of the respect and regard in which the G.L.held his services to the Order," and another that when the G. L. should adjourn, it should adjourn to meet in the city of Washington on the first Monday of January, 1834.

No business of importance was transacted during the adjourned session which convened in Washington City in January, 1834. The G. L. adjourned to meet in the city of New York on the 16th of August, 1834.

The adjourned session held at New York was doubtless intended as a stimulant to the drooping energies of the Order in that State. The removal of the G. L. of New York to Albany, as before stated, appeared to mark the era of the decline of the Order in the "Empire State," and a resolution had been offered at the adjourned session held at Washington City, requiring its meetings in future to be held in the city of New York; but it was not adopted. The G. L. of that State had a Representative present at the session in New York, but he did not make his appearance until the second day of the communication. A charter was granted for another subordinate lodge at Louisville, Ky.,—Chosen Friends, No. 2; for a subordinate Encampment at the same place—Mt. Horeb, No. 1; and for a subordinate lodge at St. Louis Mo.—Travellers' Rest, No. 1.

Letters were received at this communication from a brother at Lowell, Massachusetts, dated May 14, and July 13, 1834, informing the G. L. that the Legislature of Massachusetts had passed a law to prohibit the administering or receiving of any judicial oaths. The letter stated, among other things, "this seems to us like a death blow to our Order in Massachusetts; for not only literal oaths, or whatever amounts to the same thing, by unnatural construction of law, may be deemed an offence, by whoever may be informed of by one person, an aider and abettor, amerced in the sum of two hundred dollars; and however desirous we may be to perpetuate our ancient and honorable institution, we have respect for the laws, and must wait to know from you what course to take." The Order was about extinct in Massachusetts before this bigoted action was taken on the part of the Legislature. The

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subject of the Massachusetts law was referred to Hopkins, of Pennsylvania, and Ridgley, of Maryland, representing at that time, the G. L., of Ohio. I shall speak on this subject more fully when I shall come to the report of the committee.

A petition was presented at this session, signed by John A. Kennedy and others, for an Encampment to be located in the city of New York, which was referred to a select committee. Their report showed a singular state of facts. It was stated that the G. L. U. S. had conferred upon the G. L. of New York, the power to confer the Encampment degrees, and that the G. L. of New York, had, in 1829, granted a charter to an Encampment, to be located at Albany, and had conferred upon that Encampment, the exclusive power to grant charters for Encampments in New York. The committee reported that they were, therefore, of the opinion that the G. L. U. S. had no power to grant a charter for an Encampment in New York; and the G. L. refuse to grant the prayer of petitioners. We are informed, in a note to the Journal, that, 'at the period when Encampments were organized under the several Grand Lodges, it was deemed advisable to confer on them, power similar to those formerly conceded, under like circumstances, to lodges—that is, permit the senior body to exercise the limited authority of establishing co-ordinates. It is somewhat remarkable that such a principle should have been tolerated in the advanced state to which the Order had attained in 1829; yet all the charters issued for the first Encampments, in four old States, being alike in tenor, recognized the same incongruity. So soon as new Encampments were opened, the power of superintendence was naturally asserted on the part of the mother Encampment, and as promptly resisted by the junior. The manifest impropriety of such assumption, and the well being and perpetuity of this branch of the Order, led to the organization of bodies rightfully possessing, and properly constituted to exercise superintending authority, as well as that for giving existence.'

I have hitherto stated the prompt manner in which the Grand Lodges of Maryland and Pennsylvania, relieved the Patriarchal branch of the Order, from this embarrassment. The note proceeds to state, however, that the committee was mistaken, and that the G. L. of New York, had not granted a charter for an Encampment in 1829.

A resolution was passed, returning the thanks of the G. L. to the brethren of New York, for the use of their hall, and for their polite attention to the Grand Lodge.

We mention this to show that the G. L. U. S. treated its subordtnates, and the brotherhood wherever it assembled, with that courtesy and fraternal regard, which we trust may always remain a distinguishing trait in the conduct of the 'Senate of Odd Fellowship.'

The Journal shows that the Grand Encampments of Maryland and Pennsylvania, had each two subordinates, and that there were four Encampments subordinate to the G. L. U. S. That the number of subordinate lodges had increased to one hundred; that the number of initiations during the preceding year, had reached 1 390; that the revenue reported, amounted to $22,718 92, and that the total number of contributing nembers, without the D. C., the lodges at New Orleans, Boston, and Providence, was 6,349.

While the Order was progressing in this country with rapid strides, its march in the 'mother country' was, if possible, still more rapid. A note in the Journul shows that Thomas Armilt, in forwarding a resolution of the Grand Annual Movable Committee, of the Order, in England, requesting information on the subject of the method of governing the Order in this country, said, among other things, that it was his pleasing task to inform the Order here, that the 'finger of Providence' was most miraculously pointing them 'onward' there — that they were increasing with more than railroad velocity—that the little 'nook of earth,' as Shakspeare calls it, was studded o'er with lodges—that they had over seven hundred lodges, working together as harmoniously as could be expected, or wished, for the general good, and that they had no more discord to annoy them than was necessary, in his opinion, to uphold and preserve the harmony of the whole! 'In this world, at least, we know that one cannot exist without the other.'

"PEARLS FROM THE SHELL."

To encourage talent is to create it.

Diseases are the interest of pleasures.

Humility is the dress-coat of pride.

Intellect and industry are never incompatible.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good.

Earnestness and simplicity carry all before them.

Malice is the spur of wit, good nature the bridle.

Almsgiving never made any man poor, nor robbery rich, nor prosperity wise.

Compare your griefs with other men's, and they will seem less.

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THE DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

The following is an extract from the report of Grand Master J. C. Scott, to the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, at its annual session in August last. It presents a new feature in the Order, and one which we most cordiblly concur in. By all means, let the Daughters of Rebekah be admitted to our installations:

In comparing the state of the Order during the two terms of my occupancy of this chair, it is a great source of pleasure to be able to state, that comparatively flattering as were the prospects of the first term, the last has been much more so. A better and more enthusiastic feeling for the good of the Order has been manifest. I have had the pleasure of visiting most of the Lodges in the State, at the installations for both terms; and the degree of the spirit of Odd Fellowship exhibited on these occasions, is a pretty good criterion whereby to judge of the healthy pulsation of the whole body. It is true, my experience among you in this State, has not been of very long duration; but those that have been at my right hand on these occasions, and who have participated in our installations from the commencement, are willing to endorse my statements, assuring me that a better feeling, a more earnest energy, and a more vigorous determination to "go ahead," is manifest than has been witnessed for years past. This I believe to be mainly attributed to the introduction of the "Ladies' Degree." In all the Lodges where this degree has been administered, the old fashioned Odd Fellow's feeling has been revived. The ladies having taken the degree were admitted to the ceremony of installation; and in some of the Lodges not a member was absent who could by any possibility have been present; and this will continue to be the case. Give us the active energy of female influence, and our progress cannot be retarded. Another feature in this connection is worthy of remark: At our annual celebration, and the Fourth of July celebration in Westerly, (in which the Odd Fellows participated,) those Lodges having conferred the degree of Rebekah upon the wives of their members, were there, not as a few isolated brothers, but as Lodges, while some of the largest Lodges not having conferred this degree, were scarcely represented at all, as regards members; and yet again, when the ladies have received the privileges they are now by law entitled to, their initiations are frequent, and dilatoriness in taking up degrees is unknown. If these are facts, and that they are I appeal to all who have witnessed them, is it not wisdom in all Lodges to pursue the same plan? Depend upon it, brethren, the fault is with ourselves, if the coming year is not the best that ever has been for Odd Fellowship in Rhode Island.

I cannot leave this part of my report without a passing notice of Friendship Lodge, No. 16, Carolina Mills. At their late installation the Daughters of Rebekah filled one side of the Hall, adorned with the chaste and beautiful regalia belonging to that degree, and they not only felt highly interested in all they heard and saw, but they expressed their gratification.

The ladies of two of the brothers addressed the Lodge in brief, but pithy and pleasing speeches. The lady of brother Clark, N. G. of the Lodge, in the name of Daughters of Rebekah, presented a most superb boquet to the G. M., and with a feeling of good will. Fraternal feeling and lasting friendship was engendered that will never be obliterated. Similar effects from similar causes took place at Manufacturer's Lodge, No. 15, Porter's Hill; the same spirit, the same fraternal feelings, the same attachment for each other was there exhibited as was at Friendship Lodge, No. 16. also, I might say the same of Good Samaritan Lodge, Pawtucket and Woonsocket, arising from the same cause, viz: the introduction of the Degree of Rebekah; and I would here say to all: "go and do likewise."

Brother F. C. Cowardin, of Pembroke, Ky., writes as follow: The Ladies' Degree gives great satisfaction, and so far as my experience goes, has done a great deal for the Order in our section, especially with the wives of Odd Fellows. Since receiving the degree they all look upon the Order in an entirely different light. Prejudice, had to a great extent, raised its head against secret societies; but since the ladies have taken the degree, and are so well pleased, the clouds of prejudice have fled, and Odd Fellowship stands one hundred per cent. higher in this section.

A brother in one of the smaller villages of our state, writes as follows:

Our lodge has been at (or very near) the freezing point the past summer and fall; and I believe that nothing but the Degree of Rebekah has kept us up. One night we had not a quorum for businesss. This is the only time since our organization that we have failed to have a meeting. But I think we are reviving of late. Recently we had a general meeting—conferred the Degree of Rebekah upon four ladies,and after that had a pic-nic in the Hall. It went off very fine. We had a full attendance, and I think the Order here is looking up.

Let those who are opposed to the Degree of Rebekah, ponder well upon the foregoing

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facts. The degree has done great good for the Order wherever it has been introduced; and when it is conferred upon the widows and daughters of Odd Fellows, and the SISTERS admitted to our installations, much more will be accomplished.—*Ark.*

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

ODD FELLOWSHIP AND INDIANS.

SHALL our red brethren be admitted to the privileges of our Order? The G. L. U. S. have said "no." That decision we must respect, but need not consider it as final. If it were like the edicts of the Medes of Persians, I should deeply regret it, but should not say one word. But as all experience shows that progression has to contend at every step, with timid and cautious conservatism, but yet will ultimately prevail, the question may be discussed. And here I venture one prediction: *the day is not five years distant when there will be Odd Fellow lodges among the Indians.* Mark that and if you please *remember* it.

I confess I can see no good reason against it. It may be said that their *wandering lives unfit them for the practical duties and obligations of the Order.* It seems to me, that the teachings and privileges of the Order would tend to overcome that disposition, and increase the tendency towards localization so greatly needed among the red men. The reasonableness of this opinion, must surely appear to every advanced Odd Fellow.

It will not surely be pretended that they *have not the mental capacity to receive and comprehend our teachings and degrees.* Surely not. The mind of the Indian is capable of "indefinite expansion," and the figurative and symbolical teaching he would receive at the "chairs" and in the "tent," is of that cast most calculated to impress his mind and enlist his powers. He is the lover of imagery. His gorgeous imagination throws its richness over every thing. In his council-room, he uses the same language.

And more than that—they are peculiarly *au fait* in the language *of signs.* This would render them accomplished workers in the Order.

It cannot be pretended that the *secrets of the Order would be unsafe in their hands.* They are by nature, as all know, taciturn and inclined to keep their own counsel. You may torture an Indian most horribly and he will still refuse to divulge a secret he has locked up in his iron soul. It cannot be torn out. He will hold it sacredly at the cost of life.

It is said of many tribes that *they have no men competent to keep the books, and conduct the business of the lodge.* True of those wandering upon the wild frontier. Among them we would never dream of establishing Odd Fellowship, until they were prepared, and properly "vouched for," or after due "examination found worthy." But many of the tribes have among them *educated men.* Establish a lodge among the Wyandotts and Cherokees, and there are men more capable of acting in the chair of N. G. or discharging the duties of Secretary, than hundreds who fill those offices among the pale-faces. But this objection cannot apply to the reception of *individual* Indians in the ordinary way, to lodges of whites. That could surely be done and no business suffer. The Anglo-Saxon could still hold the gavel, key, and pen.

But there is another side to this question—*the side of humanity.* The race of red men have suffered sorely at our hands. The story of their wrongs is familiar as a thrice-told tale. Their oppression—their wanderings—their sorrows, have oft been told. They have been permitted to hold no rod of God's earth, which our cupidity lusted after. We have driven them backward and still backwark, and as they have gone—ere yet they passed from sight, we drove the plow-share through the graves of their loved ones. We have taught them the white man's oaths, and cursed them with the white man's whisky. They have in some measure had their revenge. But they have yielded us "this land in the length thereof and in the breadth thereof." We have availed ourselves of the arts of diplomacy, and they have been the sufferers. Now, as Americans, and as men who hail love and friendship as guiding stars, we should be willing to give these injured men all that we *can give them.*

Now, the position surely is, to every intelligent Odd Fellow, a self-evident one, that the tendency of Odd Fellowship is to enlighten the intellect and improve the affections. And more than this, we profess that no nation, no sect, and no land, has any right to monopolize Odd Fellowship. We say that she offers her blessings to the followers of the crescent and the cross, and teaches that kindly offices and fraternal affection are to be tendered to the savage Indians, the dark Nubian, the wild Esquemaux, as well as to the enlightened and polished man. If all this be not mere tom foolery—be not mere hypocritical cant, in the name of humanity, brothers, why will you exclude from the chosen retreat of Fellowship, the poor Indian, who is now knocking where you can admit him without danger?

Odd Fellowship would lessen the hate the Indian bears the white man, destroy his

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isolation, and teach him that he is a citizen of the world. Place him before the altar of the Order. Give him the degrees of the covenant, or the teachings of the golden rule and he would go from the place of instruction with a new class of emotions. He would feel that there was one cord running through his heart and that of the white man, and that henceforth they were brethren.

The different tribes would here find a basis of union, and the sectional and clannish spirit would be modified. There would be more brotherhood. The tribes would be brought together in feeling—as Odd Fellows they could not indulge the spirit of relentless hate.

And then the way to the diffusion of Christianity would be prepared—the Bible would be known, and its teachings in some measure received, and the spirit it inculcates practiced.

I am very far from saying that Christianity depends, for its victory, upon Odd Fellowship. So far from that, I believe that the latter can only exist in energy, where the former is acknowledged, practiced, and loved. But a portion of the truths of Christianity would Odd Fellowship write upon the heart of the red man, and *thus* far, would pure religion be aided.

Lastly, the pecuniary benefits of the Order being confined to those who lived temperate lives and avoided hazardous pursuits, the Indians would become more social and domestic. HOME would come to have its meaning and sacred charm, and thus in some degree would we undo our evil work.

These rapidly written pages are submitted in their crude form, to the attention of the brotherhood. A grave question is bound up in this matter. It is this: shall Odd Fellowship be confined to this land, and mainly to the Anglo-Saxon race, or shall we "loose it and let it go" wherever it may aid in dissolving the clouds of ignorance, breaking the chains of superstition, and elevating degraded humanity? Shall we, or shall we not permit the genius of our Order to visit the lowly, and become not merely the friend of the widow and fatherless, but the CIVILIZER and ELEVATER of darkened humanity?

The red man has knocked at our portals and sought admission. He has been refused. The motives may have been very wise and very human. But they seem to partake largely of a tradition I have read *somewhere* concerning Abram. It is to this effect: A stranger came to his tent—Abram washed his feet and provided him a repast—they sat down thereto and the stranger gave not thanks to God after the manner Abram approved. And he arose and drove him into the wilderness. But God reproved him and bid him go and search the *smitten stranger* and bring him into his tent, and supply his wants. "For God hath made of one blood all the nations." F. M. E.

Brookville, Indiana.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

PROTECT THE PECULIAR TENETS OF OUR ORDER.

DURING the past few months there have fallen under the observation of the writer, three cases of discipline in Lodges of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in which, points of interest, as bearing upon the ultimate destiny of the Order were presented.

That unworthy members will gain admission into our various Lodges, is a fact that requires no argument to establish. The number of these will depend, to a certain extent, on the amount of care used by members who recommend, and by those to whom is entrusted the duty of examining the claims of applicants for admittance. A few thoughts upon the duties of members of the fraternity, in the several relations they occupy, will constitute the subject of this communication.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows is an institution possessed of distinctive characteristics, as well defined, as perhaps are those of any other human institution ever presented to the world. The character of the fraternity is the result of theory put in practice. Old members of the Order, in casting the mind's eye back over the history of their own connection with it, can see many points in which the original theoretical characteristics were found unsuited to practical work, and consequently were thrown out, other methods being substituted better suited for the end proposed. This process, necessarily slow, has in the lapse of many years, resulted in the production of an edifice, fair in its proportion, consistent in its adaption of parts to each other and the whole. The length of time consumed in its erection has afforded abundant opportunities for removal of unsuited material, and space for the settlement of the whole edifice into one common mass firmly fixed upon its foundation.

Firmly though the institution may rest on its basis, yet we have found reason for fear that in some regions occupied by this widespread brotherhood, weak points, requiring for the perpetuity and ultimate stability of the institution, close and vigilent care, lest they weaken the whole mass, a certain degree of listlessness on the part of members, has been allowed to gain a hold which must certainly result, if not in immediate injury, in

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ultimate ruin and disaster. The cases referred to in the first paragraph above, presents very forcibly to the writer's mind, the strong probability, that if our society is destined, like other human institutions, to downfall, the efficient causes of such downfall will be attributable to the existence, much more widely spread than at present, of listless inattention to the main details of government. To avoid the result, let all members of our Order keep steadily and constantly before their minds, the necessity of a rigid attention to these details, avoiding thus the causes which lead to the result. "To begin with the beginning," we believe that in very many cases, persons are admitted members of the institution, without sufficiently close investigation of their claims to the place they ask at the hands of the Order. Men do have claims to admittance to membership which are beautifully expressed not only in the lectures of the Order, but in the daily outworking of its character amid society. And no Lodge is found in the proper discharge of the duty it owes to the fraternity at large which admits to membership, any one who has not presented to the committee of investigation, a character of unspotted integrity, probity, and morality.

No honest man can complain of being estimated by our Order, in strict accordance with the character which he has formed for himself, and it is a false delicacy which would prevent a member of the Order from using, to the extent of his ability, every means justified by honor and a proper regard to the rights of others, of arriving at the truth as regards the character and standing of an applicant for membership in his Lodge. We are but human, and it is the part of humanity to err, hence disagreements arising among men in their intercourse with the world often leading into long-continued ill-feeling—these feelings if carried into the Lodge, not unfrequently result in a state of mind, rendering the person so influenced, a prejudiced judge when called upon to decide a point of merit in open Lodge.

These two points we conceive are productive of great harm in our Lodges. The first a disposition to admit members without sufficient investigation into their characters; and second, the habit of letting private piques and quarrels influence our opinions in deciding cases, when a calm, unbiassed judgment ought to direct our decision.

The mean between these two is the true path to be pursued by every true lover of the Order—and until such a path is chosen, by the mass of the members, the fraternity will be exposed to danger, the most to be dreaded—the danger of internal dissensions.

In cases where it may become necessary to execute the penal laws of our Order, danger of a still higher order often arises. Men are probably met by no greater difficulties in their course through life than those which arise in judging the penalty due one who has offended against laws and principles rendered dear to their hearts. An infringement of a law to which we have become attached by long practice, is looked upon as a personal attack and in very many instances we find ourselves bringing to the case a state of mind not very likely to mete out evenhanded justice. To avoid all personal feeling we presume is not possible, but we do think that no Odd Fellow is doing his duty who does not use every power of his mind to divest himself of it to as great a degree as possible and to bring to the decision of the case in hand a free calm judgment and a fearless determination to look only at the good of the Order and the just rights of the accused. Without such mental discipline, upon the part of those who decide the points of fact, they will be liable to do injustice by not giving to the testimony adduced that fair and candid hearing to which it is entitled and which the rights of the accused demand at their hands. We appeal to every member of the Order to know if such personal feeling has not in almost every case of discipline, which has fallen under his observation, influenced to a greater or less extent, the decision of the Lodge. If this be true, the mind of every one will at once see the importance of guarding as much as possible against the danger. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and we candidly believe that if all brothers would thus in the admission of candidates and in the censure of offenders use that watchfulness and care so necessary to the purity and stability of our fraternity that most if not all the cases so frequently calling for censure would disappear. A.

New Albany, Ind. April 18, 1853.

The following which we translate from the French newspater, Le Phare, is good.

Mabame X., who is as rich as she is avaricious, lately gave her housekeeper one of her old bonnets, so much out of repair that the latter took it to a milliner to be trimmed anew. The next Sunday she put it on to go mass. Her mistress looked at the bonnet, stoped, and said—

"What bonnet is that?"

"That one which you gave me, madam."

"But you have had it newly trimmed!"

"Yes, madam."

"How much did you pay for it?"

"Three francs, madame."

"Here are the three francs; return me my bonnet, it's too good for you."

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[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

SCRIPTURAL SCENES.

DEATH OF LAZARUS.

About two miles from Jerusalem, on the south-eastern side of the mount of Olives, lay the quiet little village of Bethany. A holy calm seemed to rest over the place, and those who visited there felt the influence of its serenity diffused over their minds.

It was twilight—the rich dewy twilight of a summer day. The soft evening breeze stole in through the open casement, and fanned the cheek of the dying boy. He was alone—save the presence of his two sisters, who watched, with untiring anxiety, by his bed-side.

In this quiet place, distant from the noise of the multitude, and the busy hum of a worldly people, was Christ wont to spend much of his time; here he often retired that he might be alone, as the time drew near for the long-expected sacrifice. The inmates of the house loved him, and they had learned to look forward with joyous anticipations, as the time for him to visit them appeared. And they were even now expecting him, for they had sent unto him, saying, "Lord, behold he whom thou lovest is sick," and well did they know that the kind and compassionate Jesus would hasten to minister unto him. But as they saw the damp dew of death fast settling on his marble brow, they feared that the loved one would come too late.

By the side of the princely Jordan, where the drooping willows threw their dark shadows o'er its waters, sat Jesus and his disciples. It was in the midst of a wilderness, undisturbed, as it came from the hand of the Creator. It was here that John had baptized, and here had God made manifest his Son. As the disciples sat there, their minds reverted to that interesting scene. They almost, in imagination, saw the dove as it descended and rested on their beloved Master. But Christ's thoughts were not there—he thought of Lazarus and his sisters, and his heart bled for them. His disciples had wondered at this delay, but they knew not yet the full power of him who sat with them, and which was so soon to be proclaimed, even throughout all Judea.

As the evening breezes thus came to the sick and dying boy, loaded with perfumes from the sweet flowers without, mingled with the soft low "music of the spheres," it seemed to revive him, and a faint flush stole o'er his pallid features, as he gazed upon his weeping sisters, who hung in mute agony o'er his bed-side. He spoke to them: "weep not my sisters, I feel that the night of death is approaching—if he whom we all love comes not, ere my spirit takes its flight, "all will be well." He will come to comfort and console you. I grieve not to leave this world, for soon will I be where sickness, and pain are unknown. Meet me there my sisters—farewell."

His breath became shorter, a deadly pallor settled on his countenance, one struggle—and the spirit had returned to the God who gave it.

The desolate sisters, in the abandonment of their grief, could not say: "He doeth all things well." They felt too sensibly their own irreparable loss to thus bow in meek submission and kiss the chastening rod.

THE RESURRECTION ON LAZARUS.

Four days had passed since the mourning sisters followed their loved and only brother to the grave; still their beloved Master tarried. Why was it? Could it be that he at whose coming, their hearts leapt with joy, could he, at whose feet Mary had listened, while he taught her of the "one thing needful," alas! could it be that, in this hour when affliction's darkest pall hung o'er them in heavy clouds, he too, had forsaken them? The day was bright and beautiful, and yet it grated harshly on their bleeding and wounded hearts. But even now, while the tear traces were on their cheeks, a messenger arrived: "The Master is come and calleth for thee." They went to the grave, and the weeping Mary embraced his feet, saying; "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." She knew not that there was in reserve a still greater triumph for him. Ye who weep at the graves, and o'er the remembrance of those ye have loved, seek not to stifle the voice of affection, seek not to stay those tears in their fountain, for he, who knew not the infirmities of our nature, wept at the grave of him they loved. "Jesus wept." The grave was opened, the stone removed, and they gazed upon the form of the dead. One word from the Son of man, one command from him, at whose summons, we shall all leave our graves, and Lazarus "came forth, bound hand and foot with grave clothes." Then despair not, oh! mourner, for they whom thou now weepest will come forth, the bands of the grave will be broken, and Christ will reign triumphant over death. It will not be until thou too, art numbered with the pale nations of the dead, till "the places that now know thee on earth, shall know thee no more forever," but it will be, and thou wilt join them, but see that thou preparest for the judgment which is to follow. L.

Love your fellow-man.

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LETTER FROM M. W. G. MASTER.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., April 16, 1853.

Messrs. Editors:—Resuming my tour, on the 21st March I visited SHELBY LODGE No. 39, in official capacity, and observed that they were making active preparations for the forthcoming dedication of their Hall.

Owing to a break in one of the bridges on the Knightstown railroad, I was unable to meet my appointments at KNIGHTSTOWN and NEW CASTLE, but proceeded, via Indianapolis and Bellefontaine roads, to Middletown, where I met FALL CREEK LODGE No. 97, on the 24th, whom, I trust, the instruction imparted will stimulate to renewed exertion. Here they have a good Lodge and good men.

From thence, I went to PENDLETON, where I found them recovering from the too common error of young Lodges, an over anxiety to increase numbers. They have passed through that ordeal and now bid fair to succeed.

At MUNCIE they have an energetic membership, but had fallen into some irregularities, both as to the work and the law, which I endeavered to correct.

At my next point, WINCHESTER, the young Lodge has started on a sure basis. I have no feeling of anxiety concerning No. 121.

CHINKAROKA LODGE No. 120, at Williamsburgh, may be sustained by the untiring energies of those in authority requiring a rigid compliance to law.

At HAGERSTOWN they have suffered heavy drafts from the California fever, in common with the eastern Lodges, which has thrown their finances into a loose condition.

At Cambridge I met the Bros. of WAYNE, OLIVE BRANCH and MILTON LODGES, and have reason to believe that it would be better did they always thus meet, as they are within two miles of each other.

WHITE WATER LODGE, at Richmond, presents a beautiful Lodge room, inviting to its members and the sojourner, and I sincerely trust that the counsels offered will be duly weighed.

My next visit was to HOOSIER LODGE No. 23, at Centreville. This Lodge has given rise and tone to most of the Lodges in this portion of the State, and her influence is acknowledged, hence I felt called upon to strictly investigate and correct such errors as appeared.

With some difficulty I found HARRISON LODGE No. 84, with whom I held free intercourse.

FAYETTE LODGE No. 31, at Connersville, ville, is in a very good condition and having the best adapted and furnished Hall I have yet seen, *ours' excepted.*

At Brookville they have fully recovered from their loss by fire, but are suffering a much greater loss in the want of opportunity for carrying out the beneficiary feature of our organization, for, having no sick among them, I fear their financial matters will fall into neglect.

MAGNOLIA LODGE, No. 80, at Fairfield, is an illustration that it is neither locality, numbers nor wealth that form the components of a Lodge, for without the advantages of either, this is a *model Lodge* that others would do well to imitate.

PROTECTION LODGE, No. 63, at Metamora, has the elements of Odd Fellowship, which may be easily arranged.

SPARTAN LODGE, No. 24, at Laurel, has a good Hall, but has fallen into some of the irregularities of age, which I have reason to hope they will reform.

DECATUR LODGE, No. 103, at Greensburg, conform with rigid precision to the purposes for which they were organized; my visit to them was not neccessary.

FRANKLIN LODGE, No. 35, at Rushville, was my next point, here I expected to find every thing perfect, but soon discovered that they were taking the failings of older Lodges, neglect of the observance of minor matters.

Leaving Rushville for home, I found at Shelbyville, a letter from SALEM LODGE, requiring my immediate presence concerning matters of deep interest to that Lodge, and the Order in general. I therefore proceeded to NEW ALBANY, and calling to my counsel and assistance, D. D. G. M. GORNER, whose long experience, and unfaltering devotion, I availed myself of in this emergency, and for which I acknowledged myself indebted. After carefully investigating the matter, I gave such instruction as, I trust, will establish the dignity and command the respect due to our Order and its property.

While at Muncie I issued a dispensation for a Lodge, No. 131, at Anderson, the county seat of Madison county, which I shall Institute on Monday, the 18th.

Meeting with brother JOCELYN at Brookville, I enlisted him in the service from thence to Rushville, as my voice had almost entirely failed me.

As ever, yours,

JOSEPH L. SILCOX.

THE failings of good men are commonly more published in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a well-deserving man shall meet with more reproaches than all his virtues praise: such is the force of ill-will and ill-nature.

SECURE respect by up-right conduct.

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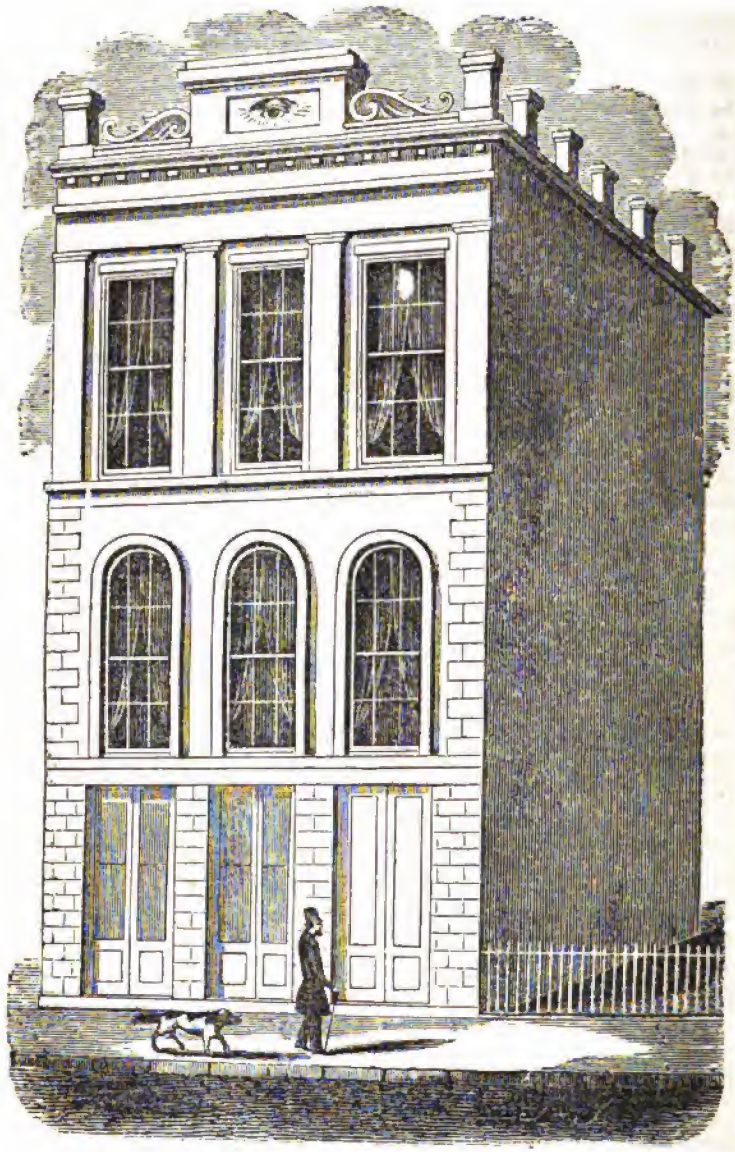

MASONIC AND ODD FELLOW'S HALL,

SHELBYVILLE, IND.

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LODGE HALL AT SHLBYVILLE, IND.

The engraving on the preceeding page, is that of the building erected by the Masonic and Independent Order of Odd Fellow fraternities, in Shelbyville, Ind., for their accommodation.

The building is 30 by 70 feet, and three stories high. The 1st story is occupied for business rooms, the 2nd for a concert hall, and the 3d is appropriated exclusively to the use of the two Orders. The main Lodge room is 28 by 55 feet in the clear. There are three ante-rooms, one of which is to be used for a library, a neuclus for one having already been created by the donation on the part of the trustees, of the county library.

As the Order at this place has seen some eventful periods, we deem it not improper to present the following history collected by ourselves from the records of the Lodge.

Shelby Lodge, No. 39, was instituted by D. D. G. M. J. P. Chapman on Nov. 13th, 1846, the following being the petitioners: P. G. Jos. L. Silcox, Jno. L. Robinson, Wm. Hacker, John Cartmill, John M. Woollen, and Hiram Comstock.

The first officers were, Jno. L. Robinson, N. G., Wm. Hacker, V. G., Jno. Cartmill, Secy., Jno. M. Woollen, Treas., Jos. L. Silcox, P. G.

No. 39 continued to prosperously pursue her work until the night of Oct. 26, 1849, when her hall furniture, property and records were all destroyed; the fire consuming in property and money $480, leaving $91,50 the amount in the Treasurer's hands the only funds of the Lodge.

On the evening of the 29th of Oct., 1849, an informal meeting of the Order was held, and the determination formed to begin anew. They, however resolved, to ask some assistance from their sister Lodges, if the Grand Lodge would consent.

On Nov. 3, 1849, G. M. Job B. Eldridge issued a new dispensation authorizing No. 39 to renew her regular work. On Nov. 19 the first regular meeting, since the fire, was held. For the next eighteen months the prospect of the Order was very gloomy indeed, but a few of the faithful, confident of success, remained true to their integrity, and week after week met around the altar to renew their vows of love and constancy.

Once only in that dark night of 18 months did they fail to meet. When that fearful scourge — the cholera—visited them they were compelled to devote their whole attention to the sick, and they could not leave the bedside of the sick and the dying sufficiently long to open and close the Lodge.

In June, 1851, the joint committee of the two mystic fraternities—Masonry and Odd Fellowship—purchased a lot on the public square and resolved to build a hall for their mutual accommodation. These two Orders had always felt that they were sisters in the great work of human benefaction, and had cordially labored side by side in the cause of humanity. Before the fire they had occupied the same hall, both were rendered bankrupt by the fire—but had continued to meet after the conflagration in the same hall, in perfect harmony and fraternal feeling and now to strengthen the bonds that had bound them together they resolve to build a hall. They had but little difficulty to secure the stock, and was not long ere the foundation was laid. From that time the Order began to flourish. The luke-warm in the Order, and the uninitiated supposed that the fire had destroyed the Order, and they made no effort to resuscitate her paralyzed energies, but when it was apparent to the world that the fire had only tried them and they had come forth as pure gold, the lookers on became deeply interested in the Order and sought to gain admission to its mysteries. The Hall was built, the trustees having the title to them in fee simple, and the Orders reserving to themselves the right to purchase at par, as fast as they saw fit the stock.

In 1851, when the Hall was commenced, No. 39 had but 36 members, now she has 98, 16 of whom have been initiated this term, and is now more prosperous than ever.

In addition to the subordinate Lodge, Moss Encampment was instituted in Shelbyville, on Nov. 13, 1852, and is prospering finely.

There are three prominent facts in the history of the Order at Shelbyville that we wish to present to the attention of our readers.

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One is, they relied upon themselves. True, in the first hours of their disaster, they called upon the Order, and received only $107, but when they felt they were able to build the Hall in their own strength and went to work, prosperity attended them, success crowned their efforts and they have a home of their own worth $7000.

Another fact is, the harmony that has always existed between the two Orders. There has been no strife, no ill-will, no unholy rivalry, but each has assisted the other, and both are now honored and beloved associations in the community.

The other fact is, that in all its difficulties and losses, No. 39, never failed to pay the benefits due her members. This fact in itself speaks much in praise of the Order. No. 39 did not because she was in difficulty resolve to lock up her money till it should accumulate; she kept on the even tenor of her of her way visiting the sick, relieving the distressed, burying the dead, protecting the widow, and educating the orphan. The result is she stands fair before the world, with the diadem of unbroken obligations glittering upon her brow. In no single instance has she failed to pay all her obligations.

For the benefit of younger Lodges, and for the good of the Order we append the following exhibit of her work since the fire:

Weekly benefits paid out, - -		$445
Relief in the Order, - - - -		176
" of Widows, - - - - -		60
Funeral benefits, - - - - -		60
Total relief, - - - - - -		$741
Cash paid for stock on Hall,	$1184 45	
" " Orphan Fund, - -	550 00	
Admitted by card (including 6 petitioners,) - - - - - - - -		30
Admitted by initiation, - - - -		98
		128
Withdrawn by card, - - - -	22	
Expelled, - - - - - - - -	2	
Suspended, - - - - - - - -	3	
Died, - - - - - - - - - -	3	
		— 30
Members, - - - - - - - -		98

We trusted that the success of SHELBY No. 39, may prompt other Lodges to a like course of determined and successful effort.

On Tuesday the 17th of May the Grand Officers of the two fraternities will dedicate this beautiful building to its legitimate purposes. Rev. Bro. T. M. EDDY will deliver the dedicatory address. Let a vast multitude assemble to witness the solemn and impressive ceremonies of dedication.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

DIS. DEPUTY GRAND MASTERS.

I HAVE noticed, with regret, the want of attention on the part of D. D. G. Masters to their duties. As a general rule they are useless, and if something cannot be done to correct the difficulty the office should be abolished. Past Grands, who receive these appointments, are too apt to think that the honor is in *being in the office*, and not in a faithful discharge of the *duties* of the office.

The Grand Master in making his selections does so from what he conceives to be the fitness of the Brothers, either from his own knowledge or from the representation of others, and he expects his Deputies to superintend the work of the Lodges in their respective districts. Their duties consist in visiting the Lodges as often as practicable, giving them instruction in the work, promptly correcting all irregularities, to the end that there may be uniformity in the Order.

Deputies are prone, from motives of delicacy, or some other equally frivolous reason, not to speak to the officers and members of Lodges in their capacity as Lodges, as to their duties. This should not be the case. It is expected of them by those who appoint them, and it is impossible for them, in a faithful discharge of their duties, to shrink from the responsibility. In the absence of the G. M. the Deputy is the head of the Order in his district, and his decisions upon the law and the work must be obeyed, unless revoked by the G. M. or Grand Lodge. In the exercise of their duties they should be at all times governed by what they may conceive just and in strict accordance with law or usage; making their decisions with firmness, and avoid all ostentation; "treating every brother with fraternal regard." In their official capacity they should make themselves an honor to the positions they hold, and not bring disrepute upon an honorable office by inattention to its duties.

No brother should accept an office, however much it may exalt him, unless he is determined to perform all its duties faithfully and honestly. I have thrown out these few thoughts without having any particular officer in my mind, but with a view to correct a growing evil in the Order. J.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

THE MIND AND ITS EARLY CULTURE.

The human intellect in its native state, unimproved by culture and education, is little better than inanimate matter so far as it can be judged of by other minds. The knowledge laid up in long years of study is composed of ideas of the properties of matter, attained by means of the external senses; events and facts, which have passed under our own observation or under that of others, from whom it has been transmitted to us and of the operations of our own mind. Deprive any one of the sense of sight and all ideas of color and form will be wanting in the above sum of knowledge. Deprive him in succession of the senses of hearing, taste, touch and smell, and you will successively abstract from his sum of knowledge, all ideas of sound, flavor, surface and odor,—as well as of all ideas which are the result of the combined action of any two or more of the senses, such as distance and bulk. In this supposed state, it is evident the infant mind at first exists—without any idea of the character and properties of matter or of mind. The powers of the mind are, doubtless, essential parts of its existence, and no course of culture and education can by any possible course supply the want of them. The Creator has not left this to mere circumstance or accident and for wise purposes. Were it possible to supply the faculties of mind by culture, then all organisms, at least all animal organisms, would be as capable of culture and education as is the human intellect. To say then that the mind of the child is at first capable of no act of intelligence appreciable by observers, until by a slow process it has acquired the power of distinguishing among the properties of matter, is not to deny the the existence of mental faculties, but only to assert that the mind has been brought into communication with objects of whose uses it is entirely ignorant. The New Zealander, to whom is first shown a locomotive, is entirely ignorant of its uses, until by observation he learns them, after which he will be as capable of making intelligent use of it as can any one else. The young child is in similar circumstances, with this difference, that he possesses less expansion of intellect than the adult New Zealander.

Letting it then be supposed that the mind is in its native state an instrument of great delicacy of structure and powers of expansion, but without material upon which to exert its powers, the next question which naturally suggests itself is, by what means can these powers be best developed and brought out? Leaving out of view all those merely verbal questions, which so long distracted the minds of writers and students on the various subjects of mental science, we propose to state some thoughts upon the subject of training.

We conceive that many of the first teachers of the mind,—we mean the parents,—do not fully appreciate the duty devolving upon them, in virtue of the relation they sustain to those entrusted to their care. In the earlier attempts to teach there often exists a want of method; a want of care, as to the influences that may be thrown around the child, and from which he gains his first impressions of the most important affairs of life. This neglect is not always the result of want of interest in the welfare of the child, but from a too prevalent impression that the child lacks discernment sufficient to enable him to fully appreciate the teaching. Most children learn with a considerable degree of accurrcy an entire language so as to be able to speak it fluently, and in many cases to read it intelligently, during the first five years of their existence; and he is esteemed a very dull child who has not made at least advances towards its attainment during the first eighteen months. Parents should not deceive themselves touching these matters. The child who at five years of age can speak his native tongue, with some degree of accuracy, has certainly attained a degree of knowledge which must necessarily force the conviction that he is possessed of discernment sufficient to induce his teachers to adopt some method in the developement of his powers. As first impressions are proverbially most lasting parents should be solicitous that the early associations of their children should be of a kind not likely to produce false impressions of events and facts in real life. The architect of the mind has saved the parent and early teacher much, by implanting in the infant mind an insatiable thirst after knowledge, a never dying curiosity, a disposition to pry into the causes of events—the springs of action. The first great step in mental developement, is, we conceive, a cultivation of this inquisitive disposition. The parent should never refuse to hear the questions of the child, nor to answer them, if it be in his power to do it. We know, that in very many cases, questions too deep for the human mind, even in its most exalted state, to solve, will be frequently propounded by the child. In such cases the child may easily be made to understand that the question cannot be solved, but in nine case out of ten the very unanswerable question will suggest some thought that may be developed to his mind, thus opening new fields of investigation. Too often a different course is pursued; too often the child is turned off with a reproof for asking such silly questions, and the poor little wanderer in the dark is left to grope his way among doubts and difficulties, until the mind will light upon a theory of its own, most generally erroneous, but always lasting. Who is able to

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fully efface from his mind the belief that Santa Claus rides over the house tops, in a sledge drawn by very diminutive reindeers, descending the chimnies, to fill the stockings of good little children with Christmas presents. Now, all such impressions are the result of direct teaching upon the part of some one,—and are as lasting as would be those of real facts and principles, of cause and consequence. The mind is as open to the receipt of impressions of valuable truths as of those trivial falsehoods, and before the mind of the parent this fact should be ever kept, that it is much easier to implant truths in the unoccupied mind than first remove false impressions, and then implant them. At a very early age children are capable of comprehending the causes of events, and of tracing effects to their real causes. In this they require aid, lest slight errors may lead to long continued misapprehension. The proof of that ability is seen in the fact that they will receive teaching as to the cause, false if not true, and if received at all why not the true as readily as the false. Indeed the false in any case leads to some absurdity which, though never doubted, is often the subject of long and painful thought. We remember well the immense difficulty presented to our minds in days now long past, as to the means of locomotion used by witches in their long journeys on broomsticks—how little old men crawled through key-holes—what peculiar kind of little bird that was that always whispered so many things in the ear of our older sister. These difficulties arose from the necessary absurdity arising from the falsehood—the plain truth would have been consistent with our knowledge and would have been received with equal readiness and believed with greater ease. Credulity is a distinguishing characteristic of the infant mind, and to the manner in which it is modified and educated is owing in a great degree the character of that mind in after life. If the mother would make it a part of her daily intercourse with her children to correct this disposition to believe all things, or at least satisfy it by never telling anything but the truth, and that in language suited to the age and capacity of the child, she would present to his future teacher a field ready prepared for the reception of truth, and on which no extra labor of preparation would be required, and would in our opinion produce a marked influence on the whole future course of the child.

In our acquaintance with society we have met one person, whose theory was correct on this subject, and who failed, in no instance, to put his theory in practice. The nurse of his oldest child was discovered in the act of establishing her authority over her rather unruly little charge, by various threats of giving him up to the "big black dog" to be eaten up, of sending him to the "bad man," of sending for the "Buggyboo" to carry him into his great black cave under the ground, &c. On the discovery she was promptly discharged, and her successors severally instructed to speak to the children nothing but the simple truth on pain of prompt dismissal in case of failure. The consequence was that his family grew up to know no fear of real or imaginary beings, a condition in which we believe very few children of from six to ten years at the present day are found. The direction and control of the imagination of children is a duty too frequently neglected or at least imperfectly performed. This may form the subject of a future paper.

We learn from the Golden Rule that there are now eight subordinate Lodges in California. Encampment, No. 1, was instituted at San Francisco on the 1st of February, 1853. D. D. G. Sire S. H. Parker has visited every Lodge in the State and put them to right. We are glad to hear of the success of our Brethren in this distant State, as we feared at one time that the Order would suffer from the neglect of former officers. A dispensation was issued on the 8th of March, for a Grand Lodge charter, by the officers of the G. L. U. S.

An Odd Fellows' Hall association has been organized in San Francisco, Capital Stock. $ 50 000. Shares $25 each.

Dispensations have been issued to open Samaritan Lodge No. 2, Oregon; and Bugle Lodge No. 3, New Mexico. Also a dispensation to open Encampment No. 1, at Sante Fe, New Mexico.

Bro. G. B. Spurrier having recently associated with him in business Messrs. Parker and Peterson, is prepared to execute, in a style inferior to no other establishment in the country, all kinds of Carving, Gilding, Steamboat, House and Sign Painting and Decorating, and the Manufacture of Looking Glass and Picture Frames. We have examined a number of specimens of work in the latter branch of their business and we are certain that we have never seen anything superior either in design or finish. We recommend this establishment to the attention of our citizens, and to all who desire work of this character.

Let no Brother forget the celebration at Shelbyville, on the 17th of the present month.

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Editorial Correspondence.

MUNCIE, March 25, 1853.

ON MY road to this place, I had the pleasure to fall in with the G. M., and spent a ten miles' conversation with him. He looks well, and is faithfully visiting the Lodges in the State.

The town of Muncie is very pleasantly situated on the East fork of White river, and connected to Cincinnati by the Indianapolis and Bellfontaine railroad. It is the county seat of Delaware county, and contains about fifteen hundred inhabitants. Court being in session, the town presents an unusually brisk appearance. Speaking of courts, reminds me of the following anecdote of the Judge of that circuit: An individual was on trial for swindling. When the jury returned to make up their verdict, the Judge let the culprit out on $400 bail. About dusk the jury brought in their verdict—the prisoner, taking his seat among the spectators, apparently less interested than two-thirds of the audience. The verdict, as read by the Clerk, was two years in the penitentiary. The Judge deferred passing the sentence on the prisoner that night, and let him still run at large on the $400 bail. Whether he left before the Judge got ready to sentence him, I do not know, as I myself left the next morning.

MUNCIE LODGE, No. 74, was organized November 9, 1849, and now has fifty-four contributing members. This is decidedly a reading Lodge, as the number of periodicals taken demonstrates. Of course they are intelligent, ardent, and devoted Odd Fellows. Where the periodicals of the Order are best supported, I always expect to find the best Odd Fellows, and thus far I have not been mistaken. Through the kindness of Pat. John H. Jemison, I was introduced to many of the brethren.

MUNCIE ENCAMPMENT, No. 30, was instituted March 21, 1852, and numbers twelve Patriarchs. The Lodge is in a fine, flourishing condition, and the prospects of the Encampment better than ever. The members are just finishing their new Lodge-room—a fine room 85 feet by 23. It will be ready for dedication about the first of May.

WINCHESTER, March 26.

IT was about dark when I reached this village, which claims the honor of being the county seat of Randolph county. As I must be off this morning by 7 o'clock, I have but little time to gather notes of this place, for my monthly budget.

The town is on the Indianapolis and Bellfontaine railroad, and contains about seven hundred inhabitants and is a place of very considerable business.

WINCHESTER LODGE, No. 121, was organized December 30, 1852, and now numbers nineteen members. Its prospects are good. Five other petitioners have been elected, and, I doubt not, from the impression made upon the community, that much good will result from the organization of this Lodge.

CENTERVILLE, March 29.

AFTER an uncomfortable ride, I reached this city about dark on last Saturday evening, and have had the pleasure of spending the Sabbath with Rev. Brother C. Nutt, my old professor of Greek, at Asbury University, at present the President of White Water Female College; a college that has, under his supervision, assumed an enviable position among the educational institutions of our State.

Centreville occupies an elevated and healthy site in the beautiful White Water county, and contains about twelve hundred inhabitants. It is a place of considerable business, and is the county seat of Wayne, the richest and most populous county in the State.

HOOSIER LODGE, No. 23, was organized here, August 18, 1845, and now numbers sixty-four members; among whom are some of the oldest, most influential and worthy men of the place. I was fortunate in having the opportunity of meeting with them last night, and spending a pleasant hour with them around our common altar.

HEBRON ENCAMPMENT, No. 8, was instituted January 1848, and is doing well. The Order is in a flourishing condition, and doing good service in the cause of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

At this place I came across the following lines, written by MRS. SIGOURNEY, and dedicated to the young ladies of the "SIGOURNIAN SOCIETY," of the White Water Female College. I am informed they have never been published. They are worthy a publication:

STANZA.

FAIR objects of parental love,
Still to that trust be true,
Still fondly soothe the trusting hearts
That ever beat for you.

And as the snowy lily's breast,
Beneath the genial ray,
Expanding, pours its fragrance forth
To the Great King of day.

So live, like that pure-hearted flower,
That yields serenely wise,
Its *smile* of *beauty* to the *earth*—
Its *essence* to the *skies*.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

RICHMOND, March 30.

THIS "goodly Quaker city" presents a very lively appearance, and when viewed from the high rolling country by which it is surrounded, will compare very favorably with many of the larger sister cities in the State. It is the present terminus of the Central railroad, leading from Cin-

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cinnati to Indianapolis. It is very largely engaged in the manufacture of plows, and other agricultural implements. Population about 3,500.

ORIENTAL ENCAMPMENT, No. 28, was instituted August 5, 1841, and numbers twenty-seven Patriarchs. From all that I could learn, the Order, in both of its departments, is doing well. The subject of creating a Widows' and Orphans' "Benefit," in addition to the regular Funeral benefit, is eliciting considerable discussion among the members; and as they are about to revise their By-laws, an effort will be made to engraft it in the Lodge here. The benefit is to be raised by an additional tax upon the members, in case of the death of a brother. Of the success or failure of this somewhat new "benefit," P. G. F. Fleming will keep you fully advised. That there exists in some Lodges, a necessity for more *tangible* action upon the subject of a Widows' and Orphans' fund, there is no doubt, and every movement that tends to place upon a firmer and more durable basis, any part of the vast financial schemes to which the Order is pledged, should have the cordial assistance of every good Odd Fellow.

WILLIAMSBURGH, March 30.

This is a small but pleasant village in "old Wayne," to which I paid a short visit. CHINKAROBA LODGE, No. 120, one of our healthiest young lodges is located here, and sways an excellent influence in this portion of this Quaker county. I was introduced to most of the members of the lodge, and found them fully alive in the great work of doing good. My visit was too short and hurried to ascertain much about the Order or the place. Here, as I rode up to the hotel, I caught a glimpse of the retreating form of the M. W. G. M., who was just leaving them, after having given them good counsel.

CAMBRIDGE CITY, March 31.

This city is at the "junction" of the national road and the white water canal, and will, in a short time, have railroad communication with Cincinnati on the East and Indianapolis on the West. The "break" in the canal has affected the business of the city as much as the "breaking" of one or two paper banks would. It is the residence of that gentlemanly Odd-Fellow so well known as "long SOL. MEREDITH," P. G. Rep. to the G. L. U. S. from the G. L. of Ind. The city contains about 2000 inhabitants.

Here I met the M. W. G. Master in his official visit, and heard him lecture upon the duties, principles, work and finances of the Order. He is endeavoring to correct all irregularities, and promote the interest and harmony of the Order. I trust that his official visits may have the designed and the desired effect all over the State.

WAYNE LODGE, No. 17, was organized October, 1844, and numbers 88 members, and seems to be in a healthy and prosperous condition.

HORMAH ENCAMPMENT No. 11, is flourishing with 42 patriarchs. I became acquainted with a goodly number of the members, and found them pleasant, and sociable, and intelligent.

DUBLIN, April 1.

Two miles west of Cambridge City on the National road is Dublin, a neat village of about 800 souls. Like all the rest of the villages in this section of the State, it is neat and quiet.

OLIVE BRANCH LODGE No. 89, was organized April 18, 1850, and numbers 35 contributing members. The Lodge is composed almost wholly of young (at least unmarried) men. Whether there is any *peculiar* significance intended by the name "*Olive Branch*,"—the signal of peace and fraternity—I do not know, but we trust that its members may all become "Isaacs." The Order is doing well here, and has won for itself the respect of the community.

MILTON, April 1.

Two miles east of the city is this small town; it only of all the towns upon the canal enjoying water communication with Cambridge.

MILTON LODGE No. 111, was organized March 29, 1852, and numbers 14 members. I spent but an hour or so here and can say but little of the place or the Order, farther than, the members are devoted and true.

A sabbath stillness pervades this "quaker county." There is no noise of any kind. Old wagons roll noiselessly along the graveled pikes; silently and demurely the plowboy follows his sober team, he utters no cry to his horses, he breaks forth into no snatches of song,—he dont even whistle. The wind seems to lull as it passes o'er the trees, and the brooks pass along the pebbly beds only slightly *murmuring* at the impediments they overcome. Animate and inantmate creatures seem to have lost their power to make music of any kind. The silence is oppressive.

CONNERSVILLE, April 4.

After a tolerably uncomfortable ride in an old wagon, I reached this place last Saturday noon. Down the line of the canal I had frequent evidences of the great destruction wrought by the freshet, destroying the canal, and to some extent breaking up the inter-communication between many of the places on the canal.

Connersville is one of the most beautiful places I have yet seen in the State. Its location upon the bank of White Water is well selected, while just behind and overlooking it, rises a range of hills that rival in size and beauty the Knobs near my own home. From these hills you have a fine view of the valley to your left, other and higher hills to your right, while the neat village interspersed

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with pleasant residences, and beautiful shade trees, reposes in calm and peaceful dignity at your feet. It has the finest Court House of any county seat I have yet visited.

FAYETTE LODGE No 31, was instituted August 13, 1849, and now numbers 70 contributing members. The members have fitted up most tastefully a new hall in the building occupied by the Bank. I have seen no Lodge whose internal furniture I am better pleased with. Plain, neat, marble-topped pedestals for the officers' stands, with canopies hung from a *bow*-shaped support, on which are inscribed the oppropriate mottoes of the Order; large scarlet and blue sofas for the N. G., V. G., and their supporters, and plain desks for the Secretaries. The neatness and fine taste with which the hall is furnished must render it a pleasant retreat for those who wish to bow at the altar of our Order.

A new Encampment was instituted here, on the 17th March, by the M. W. G. P., DAN'L MASS, of which I presume he will give you the particulars.

The Order is doing well here, in both departments. I found the members well posted and attentive.

BROOKVILLE, April 6.

I was much disappointed in the appearance of this place, and surrounding country. I had expected to find the White Water country a wide and fertile valley, rivaling the praries of the Western frontier of our State. The reverse is true. From Richmond down, the hills increose in number and size, until at Brookville you find yourself on a narrow ridge of land at the junction of the East and West White Waters, surrounded by high Knobs. The scenery, however, is much more agreeable and picturesque than I had expected.

Brookville is a healthy and thriving village, and contains, according to the estimate of C. F. CLARKSON, of the "American," a population of exactly 1,780 persons. I presume he knows, for he is a man of discriminating taste, good information and excellent judgment. "True, he has "not the intellectual countenance of the Rev. T. "M. Eddy, the commanding dignity of the Rev. "W. Terrell, nor the *popular beauty* of myself!" yet his varied attainments or composite order of mental architecture, combining *all* three of these qualities, enables him to furnish one of the most readable papers of the State!

I never visited a more sociable and pleasant place, and the time I spent here and the associations awakened in my mind will form recollections for the past.

PENN LODGE No. 30, was instituted February 18, 1846, and numbers 64 members. The members of the Order are good men and true. BROOKVILLE ENCAMPMENT No 32 was organized in December 1852, and has 18 patriarchs.

The Order here is doing very well. While I was trying to discover some route by which I could "journey on," (for since the water has leaked out of the canal, the means of locomotion are few and uncertain) the M. W. G. M., Jos. L. SILCOX, arrived, and we concluded to cast our fortunes together, and see if that would not increase our chances of progression.

FAIRFIELD, April 7.

Furnished with a buggy we (the G. M. and myself) started for the village of Fairfield, some 9 miles distant from Brookville. This is an inland place of some 300 inhabitants. Its people are a mechanical, quiet, moral, sober, and intelligent class.

MAGNOLIA LODGE No 80 was instituted Nov. 5, 1849, and has 65 members From what the G. Master said, and from what I saw, I should infer that this Lodge was very near letter A. No. 1. in her work, finances, and duties. The G. Master appeared to be at a loss for something to correct. The Magazine list of Magnolia, No. 80, stands about equal with her work.

METAMORA, April 8.

Up the tow-path of the ex-canal we came to this place. It, like many of the other towns in this part of the State, derives nearly all of its business from the canal, and when that is out of repair, business is dull.

PROTECTION LODGE No 63, was organized March 24, 1849, and numbers 40 members. Here as at other places, the G. M. gave the books, finances, work, &c., of the Lodge, a thorough investigation and administered such advice as he deemed for the good of the Order. I admire his course. He indulges in no eulogies of the Lodge or its members, but like a faithful surgeon he applies the probe to ascertain the soundness of each Lodge. The members here are devoted Odd-Fellows as is shown by the care and attention paid to the relief of the widow and the orphans. Being with the G. Master, I, of course, fared well. The Lodge is in good condition and doing well.

LAUREL, April 11.

Having been furnished by Bro. WALKER, of Metamora, with his carriage and span of grays, we had on Saturday last, a pleasant ride to the city of Laurel. On our way to this place we met with more marks of the freshet. Whole farms had been ruined by a deposite of sand and gravel upon them, or by the washing away of the soil, houses had been carried away, mill dams broken, and the canal so injured that months will yet elapse before boats can pass and repass upon it.

Laurel is a pleasant place of some 1000 inhabitants, and considerable business. It has one feature originated by the first proprietor that is new. All the original deeds forbid forever the selling of

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liquor in the place, under penalty of forfeiture of the land. The contract, I am told is acknowledged by the purchasers, and those who want liquor are compelled to go to the grogshops of an adjoining village to procure it.

SPARTAN LODGE No. 24, was organized Nov. 11, 1845, and numbers 52 members. I judged from the G. M's. talk, that this lodge was in a prosperous condition—and such would be my expectation from the character of its individual members.

SHERLOCK ENCAMPMENT No 4, was organized June 3, 1850, and has 40 Patriarchs. This branch of the Order is doing well.

GREENSBURGH, April 12.

After having spent the Sabbath in Laurel, we reached this place last night, having come through some of *the worst* roads I ever saw.

Greensburgh is the County seat of Decatur Co., and contains about 1,600 inhabitants. It is on the line of the railroad leading westward from Cincinnati, the present terminus of which is some nine miles east of here. To that terminus, and to Shelbyville, there is a regular line of 'Busses.

DECATUR LODGE No. 103, is comparatively a new lodge, and numbers 34 members. It is in excellent hands, and is correct and active.

So far as I can see the visits of the G. M. will accomplish much good. He is well received, and the advice that he imparts is needed. His visit was conceived and is being carried out from an ardent attachment for the Order; not for any fondness for display. He gives the books and working of every lodge a thorough and critical examination, and it after his visit the lodges do not work uniformly and correctly, they will deserve censure for inexcusable carslessness, or willful corruption.

To-day we go to Rushville, and to-morrow I strike for the North, and the G. Master for home. After a few days rest, he proceeds to Anderson, Madison county, to institute a new lodge on the 18th inst. Of my whereabouts I will keep you advised.

THE publishers of the MASONIC MIRROR, Philadelphia, have just issued a large lithograph likeness of Masonic Grand Master HUBBARD, of Ohio, for a copy of which they will please accept our thanks.

DIED

In New Albany, on the 5th of April, Bro. GEO. W. EDMONSON, of New Albany Lodge No. 10, aged 36 years.

In New Frankfort, on the 18th April, 1853, Mr. GEORGE T., son of Bro. GEORGE BROWN, P. G. Rep. to G. L. U. S. from Indiana, aged nineteen years.

SECOND VOLUME.

ON the fourth page of our cover will be found the Prospectus for the second volume of the Magazine. We hope our Brethren will use their best endeavors to extend the circulation of our periodical. We know that if our friends but will it our list can be more than trebled for the coming year.

AGENTS.

Bro. J. W. ROBINSON, of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed General Travelling Agent for the Magazine, and is authorized to receive subscriptions, and receipt for all money paid him on that account.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as Local Agents for the Magazine

JNO. T. WALL, Pendleton, Ind.
JNO. H. JEMISON, Muncie, "
J. J. CHENEY, Winchester, "
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Hon. R. D. OWEN, New Harmony, "

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THE

WESTERN ODD FELLOWS' MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JUNE, 1853. NO. XII.

Selected.

LUCK IS EVERY THING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

THE course of true love, it is said, did never yet run smooth; and those who have had experience on that turnpike of the affections, or rather railroad, as it is soon run over, bear testimony to the jolts, "runnings off," and mashings up alive, of which the poets speak. We have no great taste, in this time of politics and perplexities, to dabble in "fancy works," and risk our reputation for gravity; yet the illustration of an aphorism of admitted truth, may be consider seasonable, and the moral deduced from the illustration may compensate some for the time of reading it.

In the year 1814—we remember the time well, because a part of the incidents of the story were connected with a great event, an event not likely to be forgotten—well, in the year 1814, a young man, who to a visionary mind, and a consequent want of employment, added a most desperate affection for a young lady, quite too good for him, if his business pursuits were alone considered, but just his match, if confiding affection, purity of mind, and innocence of purpose, are the reward of large endowments, strict integrity, and a desire for honest competence, without the means of obtaining it.

There was no more pleasing young man in the thriving village than Henry Bradford; and everybody agreed with his neighbors, that he was the most agreeable person, and the best educated about. But he did not study law, despised medicine, and did not take to the church; he had often thought of "merchandise," but that required a capital, which he could not raise, and so he did not get ahead, though he was forever on the brink of some wonderful success, which he certainly would have secured, if he had only entered upon the enterprise.

Mary Carver evidently loved Henry Bradford; for knowing that, excepting his handsome person, pleasing manners, and good character, he had nothing to offer, she would not otherwise been deaf to the offers of so many young men, whose character and positions rendered them desirable to the family. These offers were repeated too often, and hints so strong were given to Mr. and Mrs. Carver, that it was deemed proper, after a serious deliberation in cabinet council, to admonish their daughter that Henry was in no business, and was not likely to be in a way to maintain a family.

Mrs. Carver opened the diplomacy with her daughter, and, after two or three conferences, retreated under the laugh of Mary, who declared that she did not doubt that Henry would one day be rich enough to take care of both, for he had had a dream that he should be. Mrs. Carver had no disposition to laugh in such a serious mission, and no desire to be angry with her daughter.

Mary, however, knew that when he father came to negotiate, she would have to use other arguments than laughter, and therefore she admonished Henry of the approaching storm. Henry thought of it two or three days, an unusual time for him to devote to anything like his personal affairs.

At length the family was honored by a formal offer from a clergyman in a neighboring town. He was learned, pious, rich and respected, and such an offer was not to be slighted. It was not slighted. Old Mr. Carver took the subject to heart, and Mrs. Carver gave her sheer muslin cap a double clear starching upon the very idea of becoming mother-in-law to a minister. Mary pondered these things in her heart. She saw the improbability of Henry's ever attaining a situation that would warrant matrimony. She was listening to her mother's account of his want of application to business, his apparent disregard of all the ordinary means of attaining competence, and of his utter lack of what is called common sense; and the old lady concluded her homily with a remark, that she believed Henry Bradford would think more of a dream of wealth twice repeated, than of the best prospects that ever presented for business preferment.

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"Mother," said Mary "Henry is not a fool."

"No," said Mrs. Carver, hesitatingly, "he *is* not a fool, certainly."

"Why, then, do you talk so of him?" asked Mary. "But here he is coming now," continued the girl.

"Speak to him plainly, my child," said Mrs. Carver.

Mary made no answer, for she was a little mortified at the ludicrous turn which her mother had given to Henry's rather dreamy propositions, though she never had heard him build any castles in the air out of such materials.

Henry came with his usual pleasant humor, and sat down by Mary, and, after a few words, he perceived that something was wrong.

"Mary," said he, "have you been reading the Sorrows of Werter?"

"No, Henry, but I have been listening to mother's sorrows—her lamentations over you. She says—"

"Never mind what she says, Mary, as I perceive it is not very good; just listen to what I have to tell."

"Well, what is it Henry? I hope it is good."

"Excellent, capital; it will be delightful."

"Do, then, tell me what it is."

"Why, last Sunday night, I *dreamed that*—"

"*Dreamed!*" exclaimed Mary, with a most dolorous sigh.

"Aye, *dreamed*."

"——Well, go on."

"I dreamed that I had drawn ten thousand dollars in the Plymouth Beach Lottery."

"Well, what then?"

"Why, I dreamed the same on Monday night, and Tuesday night, and the number was 5, 4, 3, 2. Well, I sent right to Boston on Wednesday, and purchased the ticket, and here it is; you shall keep it, Mary, and when I go up to Boston for the prize you shall be with me."

Poor Mary smiled mournfully and reproachingly. Henry left the house, and went home satisfied that he had made a right disposition of the ticket.

Day after day did Henry watch at the post office, to read the first report of the drawing; but day after day passed without the desired information.

At length one of the young men was heard to remark, that Henry Bradford had shot out of the post office, as if he had received some strange intelligence.

"Mary," said Henry, "here is your father's paper, and look at the returns, No. 5, 4, 3, 2 —TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!"

Mary turned pale—the news was unexpected.

"Let's go to Boston," said Henry, "and get the money."

"The prizes are payable thirty days after drawing," said Mary, looking at the bottom of the ticket.

That night Mary told her mother of Henry's luck,

Mrs. Carver seemed rather startled.

"Are you not pleased, mother?" asked Mary; "do you wish to oppose other obstacles to our union?"

"Mary," said Mrs. Carver, "do you recollect the most uncompromising hostility, which your father has to lotteries—his utter abomination of money thus distributed? This prize will be worse to him than poverty. Ever since they refused to make him a manager of the Plymouth Beach Lottery, he has set down the whole as gambling, and every prize as the devil's gift for mischief; and, to say the truth, most people begin to hold opinions with him."

"Why, mother, every body did not ask to be made a manager in the lottery."

"No, no; but the people may, like your father, arrive at correct conclusions from selfish considerations, and good opinions may become general without any special motive for change."

The next day Mary gave back to Henry his ticket, with an account of the conversation with her mother.

Henry was mortified at the result; he understood and appreciated the feelings of the "old folks," and, in any other person's case, would have approved of it.

"But what does your father want?" said Henry. "Does he suppose that the mode adopted to build churches, endow schools, and finish public works, is too impure to supply the needy purse of one who wishes to be his son-in-law? He is more nice than wise."

"My father," said Mary, "may not think himself called upon to be as particular about what concerns the public charities, corporations, or indifferent individuals, as he is, and is bound to be, in what concerns the respectability of his own family."

"But if I acquire wealth by lawful means—"

"Henry, father never asked that you should be wealthy; he thought it proper, and he makes it a condition of our marriage, that you should have some respectable business, since you have not wealth."

"And your father is right," said Henry, "but how I am to get clear of the odium of my lottery prize I can neither see nor guess."

"Perhaps you will dream it, though," said Mary, archly.

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"I can dream of nothing but schooners, brigs and ships," said Henry.

"Oh, if you owned a good vessel," said Mary, "I do not know but father would almost forgive its coming as a prize."

"A prize to a *privateer*," said Henry, "but not in a *lottery*."

Henry wandered down toward the wharves and unoccupied ship yards. The war allowed of little or no work among the ship builders. The hull of a fine brig lay at the wharf. She had been launched a year, and there was none to purchase her. She was too clumsy for a privateer.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "what is that vessel worth?"

"She is worth twenty thousand dollars," said the owner and builder; "she cost that as she is, and she will bring twenty-five thousand the very hour peace is declared."

"Would like the money for her at a cash price?"

"Nothing would be more acceptable. But there are not fifteen thousand dollars in the county."

The remarks of Mary about her father's respect for a ship owner had been running in Henry's head ever since they were uttered, and he beckoned aside the owner.

"Mr. Holmes," said Henry, "I have a commission to fulfill, and as you know I am not much of a business man, I must ask you to consider a proposition which I am about to make to you, and to answer me explicitly."

"Let me hear the proposition."

"I will give you ten thousand dollars for the brig as she now lies."

"Any the time of payment?"

"Within forty days. You cannot want the money sooner; the river is frozen over, and you could make no use of the cash before that time."

Mr. Holmes turned to Bradford, and said: "You know, Henry, that I am aware that you have not the means of payment, and also that you are not a person likely to be employed as an agent in such business, and yet I have every confidence in your word."

Henry explained fully to the ship owner the state of his affairs, and exhibited to him the lottery ticket No. 5, 4, 3, 2.

"But," said Mr. Holmes, "there may be some mistake about the matter, or some failure of the lottery, by which I should lose."

Henry explained his motives and wishes, and in two hours he held in his hand a bill of sale of the brig Helvetius, which, as the papers were not obtained, he immediately renamed MARY. The condition was, that Henry was to hold the vessel for forty days, and if, within that time, he should pay ten thousand dollars, she was to be his; if not, she was to revert to Mr. Holmes, who, in the meantime, held the the ticket as a sort of collateral. The bill of sale, as I saw it, bore date of 5th of February, 1815. Henry felt like a new man. He was a ship owner in a place where that character was a sort of aristocracy. He went day after day to look at his brig, wishing for the time to pass away for the prize to be paid; but he said nothing yet to Mr. Carver.

One evening, while Henry was talking with Mary, she asked him what he intended to do with his vessel when the forty days were up?

"Rig her, bend her sails, and then sell her, or send her to sea."

"Why, Henry, it took the whole of the ticket to buy the hull and the standing spars, and it will take half as much more to rig her and find canvas; and, beside that, how can you sell her for more that Mr. Holmes could?

Henry hesitated; he had not thought of that; but he did not doubt but it would all come right yet.

Henry was sitting the next day on the quarter rail of his brig, looking at the masts, well covered with snow and ice, and thinking of the better appearance she would make when the rigger had done his duty. At length he felt the hand of Mr. Holmes upon his shoulder.

"Henry," said the latter, "I am sorry to have bad news to tell you. Read that paragraph in the Boston Centinel."

"CORRECTION.—The ticket which drew the highest prize in the Plymouth Beach Lottery was 4, 5, 3, 2, and not as our compositors stated last week, 5, 4, 3, 2. We understand that a gentleman of wealth in the southern part of this town is the fortunate holder."

"What do you say to that, Henry?"

"Only that the old gentleman will not now say that I have the wages of gambling."

"No, nor will he give you the credit of being a ship owner," said Mr. Holmes. "You have been unfortunate, Henry, and I am really sorry for you." continued Mr. Holmes, changing his voice considerably; "and regret my own loss, as I have need of the money; but as you cannot pay for the brig, you would better hand me the bill of sale, and let us destroy it."

Henry drew from his pocket the precious document, and, while he examined it from top to bottom, he said to Mr. Holmes: "This affair has been to me like a pleasant dream, not only on account of my aspirations for Mary, which you are acquainted with, but day after day I have felt a growing energy for business, a sort of outreaching of the mind, a determination, with such a noble beginning, to proceed cautiously but steadily

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to do what I ought to have begun years since. Then, Mr. Holmes, as the bill has yet some days to run before I can be chargeable with violation of contract, I will restore it to my pocket-book, and if I cannot *deeam* as I have done, I shall not, at least, be awakened too suddenly."

Mr. Holmes, of course, consented, as he really had no right to claim the vessel until the forty days should have expired; and Henry went up to tell Mary of the new turn his luck had taken.

Though Mary respected her father too much to feel pleasure in Henry's new possession, yet she loved Henry too much not to feel deeply grieved at his bitter disappointment.

"That dream," said Henry, doubtingly—"that dream has not yet come to pass."

Some days after that there was, as usual, a gathering at the post office, at some distance at the shipyard awaiting the arrival of the mail. The stage, at the usual hour, drove up, and the driver said, as he handed the mail-bag into the house, that he guessed there was better news to-day than he had brought since the victory on the Lakes.

"Another victory, Mr. Woodward!"

"No, not another victory, but PEACE!"

"Can you tell me," said a dapper looking young gentleman, as he slipped from the stage, "where I can find Mr. Holmes, the owner of the brig Helvetius!"

"Mr. Holmes lives on the hill yonder," was the reply, "but it is thought he does not own the Helvetius now."

"Has he sold her!"

"Yes."

"I am sorry for that—who is the owner!"

"Mr. Bradford—the young man whom you see reading the newspaper."

The stranger stepped into the house, and enquired of Henry whether he would sell the brig.

Henry said that he would cheerfully part with her.

"At what price!"

"At the peace price."

"Stage is ready," said Mr. Woodward, the driver.

"We will ride over to the village," said Henry, "and converse on the matter as we go along.

Henry soon emerged from the stage coach and hastened to Mr. Carver's.

"You look cheerfully," said Mary.

"I have drawn another prize!"

"Not another, I hope!"

"Yes, and a large one; I have sold the brig for twenty thousand dollars to a Boston house, and I am to be at Plymouth at 4 o'clock, to get my pay at the bank."

"But the brig was not yours, Henry. Surely you are not deranged—you could not hold the brig after the mistake of the prize was corrected."

"There is just where you are mistaken, Mary. There is a bill of sale which allows of forty days from date for the payment. Say nothing to any one," cried Henry, "and I will be with you before I sleep."

"What's the matter with Henry!" said Mrs. Carver, as she entered the room; "has he drawn another prize!"

"I guess not, mother," said Mary, "only dreaming again, perhaps."

At nine o'clock Henry arrived from Plymouth, with an accepted draught for ten thousand dollars, in favor of Mr. Holmes, and a bank book in which he had a credit for an equal sum, and the brig Mary made some of the most profitable voyages that were ever projected in Boston.

She was in the East India trade, and, as her return was noticed in the papers, Henry was wont to exclaim "luck is every thing."

Some years after that, twenty-five at least, as I was riding into Plymouth, with Bradford and his grand-daughter, I referred to the anecdote, and the conclusion, that "luck is every thing."

"There may be something in luck," said he; "but the HOPE which I gathered while I held the ticket, with the belief that I had a prize, the resolutioms which I formed while sitting and gazing at the lofty spars of my brig, and the confiding virtue, the filial piety, and the perfect love of Mary, did all for me, and I should have been rich without the brig; so you see, it was hope, contemplation, woman's virtue, woman's piety, and woman's love, that made me what I am. And let me add, friend C., that you and I owe more to woman than the world credits to her. Let us, at least, do her justice.

How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion—some "big bug's" or other—till both turn sour. This seems to us to be marvellous poor economy.

WHEN any man speaks ill of us, we are to make use of it as a caution, without troubling ourselves at the calumny. He is in a wretched case, that values himself upon other people's opinions, and depends upon their judgment for the peace of his life.

A POOR spirit is poorer than a poor purse. A very few pounds a year would cure a man of the scandal of avarice.

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[From the Ark.]

ODD FELLOWSHIP EXPLAINED.

An Address delivered before Union Lodge, No. 8, Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, January 13, 1853.

BY REV. BRO. F. C. HOLLIDAY.

Association is the order of nature. If we contemplate the starry heavens, they are arranged in systems, each having a common center. Beasts, birds, fishes, and plants, obey, more or less, the law of association. And all that walk, swim or fly, compose one family. But man is pre-eminently a social being—he is formed for society, and can only be happy in a social state. Hence, we find men living together in communities—congregating in towns and cities—organized into families and commonwealths. And we want no surer proof of insanity than for a man to isolate himself from his species, and roam in solitude. The affections which God has implanted in our nature, can only be properly developed in a social state; and much of our happiness is derived from a cultivation of the social relations of life.

It is association that creates home, country and friends. And what blissful remembrances cluster around the mere mention of their names! Who can forget the home of childhood and youth, where he was first initiated into the art and mystery of life! Where he listened with wonder to the tales of the nursery, and to his first lessons in natural philosophy.

That was the period of lamb-like innocence and purity. Our characters were untarnished by actual guilt, and the tablet on which our future history was to be written was yet a blank.

But as life opened before us we were called to ascend to higher degrees of action, and enter upon different relations in life. We found life not a mere boon to be enjoyed, but a high mission, involving important trusts and responsibilities. We needed help—and help must be reciprocal. For he that would have friends, must show himself friendly!

The single rod may be easily broken, but when bound in a bundle with its fellows, with the three-fold cord of Friendship, Love and Truth, it is not easily broken.

And yet again, in the battle of life there are dangers to be avoided, and we need the watchful eye of an affectionate brother. A David will need his Jonathan to apprise him of approaching danger, and ward off the gathering storm.

As society advances in civilization, the advantages of association are more fully enjoyed. The savage beasts delight in solitude, and savage man has no home or country. He talks of his hunting grounds, but not of his home. The sweet associations of civilized life, as developed in childhood's early home, have never entwined their tendrils around the affections of his cold heart.

But although we are obviously formed for society, and bound together by the mutual sympathies, dependencies and wants of our nature, such is our innate selfishness that in the race and battle of life, the strong are apt to oppress the weak, and prosperous to forget their less fortunate brethren.

Observation teaches us that although the sun of prosperity may shine upon us to-day, there may be reserved for us a dark to-morrow. To-day our arm may be strong, our step elastic, and our brow serene; but ere to-morrow our strength may have departed: We are now laid aside from the active duties of life, and can only contemplate the busy current as it sweeps by, regardless of our condition.

Who now shall supply the daily bread, which was the first fruit of honest toil? or who shall stand by us, and through wearisome nights, smooth our pillow, cool our fevered lips, close our dying eyes, adjust our stiffened limbs, and deposit us in nature's last resting place—the home appointed for all the living! Odd Fellowship provides it all!

The foundation of Odd Fellowship is laid in the acknowledgement of universal fraternity; that man is bound to sympathize with, to aid and protect his fellow man. Upon this foundation is erected a system of practical benevolence, that sends its influence through all society, and that this may not degenerate into an indiscriminate system of alms-giving, which too frequently converts the earnings of honest industry into a reward for pauperism and idleness, it has established certain checks and balances, by which its active goodness is restrained within proper limits. Hence. its first duty is to its own household.

In this connection, we remark that Odd Fellowship is a system of mutual relief. The members deposit in the treasury of their lodge Lodge a weekly and monthly due, which in the sunny days of their prosperity they can easily spare, and which returns to them with seven fold blessings when disease has prostrated them on a bed of sickness.

What industrious mechanic, or laboring man, cannot lay aside four or five dollars a year from his earnings, to go into the funds of his society? This small sum may be saved by a little economy, or if need be, in the retrenchment of some of the luxuries of life. This yearly amount comes back to a member for every week that he is sick, or

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unable to attend to his usual business. In this respect every Lodge is an excellent health insurance office.

This we regard as one of the best features in the institution. It is one that must commend itself to every lover of benevolence and humanity—the relief of the sick. This voluntary and benign principle manifests itself in deeds of charity and benevolence; in its exercise the lonely orphhan finds a benefactor, the lonely heart is cheered, and the sick room, the cold and cheerless hearth breaks forth into thanksgiving and praise. Mutual relief! There is a magic power in the word.

Odd Fellowship is a combination of powers and means; the accumulation of a fund to draw from, when we need the comforts and sympathies of friends. It is no more true that the stockholder can claim his share of the profits of a bank, than it is that the members of this society have a claim to, and that they receive the money deposited in its treasury.

Odd Fellowship does not profess to be a religious association. It claims no rivalry with the Christian Church; much less, any design of supplanting it. Yet, "do unto others as you would they should do unto you," is the fundamental basis on which the entire fabric rests. It repudiates infidelity, and requires a belief in the being and providence of God. It demands no obligations which would in the slightest degree violate a man's duty to his God, his country, his neighbor or his family. It exacts no perilous vows, which could conflict with his religious convictions, for it embraces men of different creeds and denominations.

Odd Fellowship is a philanthropic institution. If there are secret cords which bind its members together, that have not been found out, and which would not be condemned if they were, yet one of its vital energies and of its foundation pillars is philanthropy. Men are here associated for the purpose of doing good to their fellow men.

But it is said that the philanthropy of Odd Fellowship is a stinted and contracted one—that it is confined to its own members. The same objection could be urged against other institutions; and while the injunction is "do unto all men," it adds, "especially to them who are of the household of faith." It is no valid objection to the Order, that it gives a preference as it regards its benefactions, to its own members. They have a claim which others have not. Their money is there, and they have a claim superior to others, to draw out from these funds when the day of adversity comes.

If a member of the Order is unable to attend to his ordinary avocation, from sickness or providential disability, he is paid every week, during the continuance of such disability, a sum varying from three to ten dollars. He is visited by the officers and members of the Lodge, and proper attendants furnished to watch by his sick bed and attend to his wants.

In a case of death, he is decently buried at the expense of the Order; his remains are followed to the house appointed for all the living; and the dust is smoothed on his grave by the hand of sorrowing friendship.

But the duties and blessings of Odd Fellowship end not here. The chain of earthly friendship may be broken, but some of its severed links remain in the persons of the stricken widow and the helpless orphan. Odd Fellowship repairs to the desolate home; refills the cruise of oil, and replenishes the empty barrel; over the night of desolate widowhood it watches with sympathizing care, and comforts the stricken-hearted mother, with the assurance that her fatherless children will be cared for and educated.

We could give numerous instances of the advantages secured to individuals who, when they entered the Order, did not dream of needing its benefactions. Allow us to give one which occurred in our own State. A gentleman of considerable property, residing near the town of E——, united with the Order. His property was amply sufficient to have supported his family, and given his children a good education. But like many another kind-hearted man, he had endorsed largely for his friends. Suddenly he sickened and died, and in a few years his property was all swept away to pay debts of other men's contracting. The widowed mother and her fatherless children were turned out of the home that should have been theirs, and she was compelled to rely upon her own exertions for the support of her family. She removed to the city of L——, intending to support her family by the use of her needle. Under such circumstances, the education of her children with her own means, would have been impossible.

While stationed in the city of N——, I had the pleasure of transmitting to her, from the Lodge, of which her husband had been a member, means for the education of her children.

Pause for a moment, and examine the strong argument furnished in favor of our Order, by this view of its character. The young man in business, far from home, feels that should misfortune and sickness overtake him, in the brethren of the Order he will find sympathizing friends and ready relief.

Especially does the man of family reap an advantage in a pecuniary point of view, which no other investment of the same

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amount of funds could yield. The merchant, the man of business, visiting our eastern cities may be taken sick; and who that has ever been sick, a stranger in one of the large hotels, knows not the neglect with which persons, under such circumstances, are treated. He may have abundant means to secure the attendance of servants, but they cannot purchase kindness and sympathy. The possession of an Odd Fellow's card will secure all this; for its presentation is a guarantee of fraternal attention.

It may be said that these are the common duties of humanity, acknowledged by all men, and needing no societies to enforce them. We grant that they are the duties of common humanity; but are they performed?

It is impossible to form an estimate of the amount of suffering endured by virtuous poverty, when the supplies procured by industry are cut off by sickness; when the strong man is prostrated and lies stricken and helpless, knowing that loved ones are in want; when no friendly footstep crosses the threshhold of his obscure home where he is concealed from the bitterness of his poverty. Oh! the agony that swells within, and forces the moisture to his fevered brow, as he looks upon his half famished little ones. Alas! what has he to hope for his loved ones, if God, in his providence, call him away?

That wife will be a broken-hearten widow, struggling single-handed against poverty, exposed to the insults of a heartless world. Those children will be reared in ignorance; it may be for a life of shame, and a death of disgrace.

But how different would be the condition of such a person, if in the days of health and strength, he had become a member of our noble Order! A competency would have smiled around his his hearthstone, sympathizing friends would have watched around his sick bed, and he would have closed his eyes with the sweet assurance that his family was left in the care of brothers, whose constant duty it is to protect the widow and educate the orphan.

The trader, and the traveler on the rivers, has often received attentions as an Odd Fellow, in the time of sickness and danger, which money could not have bought.

During the session of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in the city of St. Louis, in the spring of 1850, Rev. Dr. B———, a delegate to that body from the Georgia Annual Conference, was smitten down by the cholera. Well do I remember the gloom that was spread over that body when it was announced in the Conference room, that Dr. B. was dying. And well do I remember the sadness that was visible in the countenances of that assembly, as a second messenger arrived at about ten o'clock in the morning, and annonnced that Dr. B. was dead, and that the family with whom he boarded required his removal by two o'clock that same day. Must the venerable man be buried in a strange land, in such hot haste? But what could be done? If the kind family with whom he had boarded, would not suffer his remains to lie in their dwelling over night, what other family could be expected to take them in?

But while the Conference was deliberating upon what was best to be done, a committee of Odd Fellows made their appearance, and like "Joseph of Arimathea," begged the privilege of taking care of the body. For the dying minister had let it be known that he was a member of our noble Order.

The body was removed to their beautiful Lodge room, and guarded by a committee of watchers, and on the following day, buried at the expense of the Order.

We have said that Odd Fellowship was a social institution. It brings together men of the most discordant opinions, and unites them in the bonds of brotherly love.

Men will associate. If their association be not turn to the melioration of human woe—to plans for the moral and social elevation of mankind—it will be seized upon by the factious and discontented, the licentious and vile, as a potent engine to overturn the social and religious institutions which now serve to check their excesses.

I see before me not only brethren of our Order, but here are the "Daughters of Rebekah." This beautiful degree was autherized by the Grand Lodge of the United States, at its session held in September, 1351. It was suggested, originated and written by Schuylur Colfax, Esq., of South Bend, Indiana.

There are many excellent reasons for the Degree of Rebekah. The kind and sympathizing heart of woman, amiably fits her for the performance of many of the duties of Odd Fellawship.

The Degree of Rebekah may be conferred on all members of the Order in good standing, who shall have received the Scarlet Degree, and on their wives. It is gratuitously conferred upon all qualified persons There are in it, as in other Degrees of the Order, certain signs and pass-words by which members may be recognized. This degree is becoming universally popular. The friendship and confidence of woman will do much to advance the interests of Odd Fellowship. Her influence through this degree will tend to increase the faithfulness of members to their obligations.

Who would not desire such friendship as woman can bestow in the time of trial?

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Who, like her, can console in sickness? Who so charmingly encourage in trouble?

Objections have been urged against Odd Fellowship from various sources. Once it was opposed on the ground that it a secret society, and that it might be dangerous to the country. But candid men, who are willing to judge a tree by its fruit, and a fountain by the stream that flows from it, no longer condemn our noble Order, nor look with suspicion on our assemblies. The rapid growth of the Order, and the fact that it embraces many of the ablest and purest minds of the age; men who would not countenance evil, either in principle or in practice; is a sufficient refutation of the suspicion that there is anything bad about the Order. And as to the mystery of Odd Fellowship, there is no more of it about the Order, than is necessary to its protection from imposition, and the vigorous performance of its various functions. Its symbols and its ceremonies are not only instructive, but moral in their influence; and the Lodge meetings are opened and closed with prayer.

But it is said that there are individuals in the Order who are strangers in both heart and conduct, to the principles which we profess. We do not pretend to deny this, as humiliating as the concession may appear; but do not charge this institution of moulding and forming the character of such men. Do not say the genial and legitimate tendency of this institution is demoralizing. This would be to say that christianity betrayed its founder with a kiss; and by its influence led Peter to curse and to swear.

In conclusion, Brothers, the best refutation you can give to all the objections against our Order will be by practicing its principles.

"In God we trust," is your motto. "Friendship, Love and Truth," are the articles of your creed. Let them be embodied in action and live in your lives. Let true Friendship characterize your intercourse with each brother, and with all men. Let Love be your principle of action, the motive power of all your efforts. Let Truth, constant and unwavering as the needle to the pole, keep your honor bright. Live up to the principles of your Order, and the mouths of gainsayers will be stopped. Finally, Brothers, so live that you may occupy seats in the celestial Lodge above, and encamp eternally on the other side of the mystic river, where the blight and mildew of sin shall never enter.

TAKE away the feelings that each man must depend upon himself, and he relaxes his diligence. Every man came into the world to do something.

THE WORKING-MEN.

The noblest men I know on earth,
Are men whose hands are brown with toil,
Who, backed by no ancestral graves,
Hew down the woods and till the soil,
And win thereby a proud name,
Than follow King's or Warrior's fame.

The working-men, whate'er their task,
Who carve the stone or bear the hod—
They bear upon their honest brows,
The royal stamp and seal of God;
And worthier are their drops of sweat,
Than diamonds in a coronet.

God bless the noble working-men,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
And drive the commerce of the main;
God bless them, for their sweating hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

CHILDHOOD.—How artless is childhood, even in its arts! How transparent, how easily seen through. When wisely dealt with, children shed the purest tears of penitence that are ever shed on earth. And how full of trust is early childhood! The child lives and moves, and has its being in eternity. It knows nothing of the beginning of life, or of its ending.

"A simple child
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What can it know of death!"

Over it immortality brooks like the day. But above all, how absolute, and uncompromising and godlike is a child's sense of right! He recognizes no limitation to the law of duty. He knows not policy until he learns it from the evil practices of the world. Repeat to a child the immortal lessons of peace and love which Christ uttered, and he instantly recognizes the commandments of God, and asks, "Why do men ill treat one another!" With a terrible fidelity of application he turns your instructions directly upon you, and demands, since such is God's law, why you do thus and so. Children cannot understand, until the world teaches them, how any necessity should interfere to render entire obedience impossible.

SCOLDING.—I never knew a scolding person that was able to govern a family. What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm? They are prompt and resolute but steady and mild.

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[From the Golden Rule.]

DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH.

WHEREVER introduced extensively in our country Lodges, the Degree of Rebekah has given a new interest in the Order in the community at large, and stimulated the brotherhood to greater activity. This was naturally to have been expected. The principles, objects, and measures of Odd Fellowship are such, that the more public attention can be turned to them, the better they will appear; and the more intimately they become known, the more friends will they acquire among the pure-hearted, generous and benevolent portions of community. And when was woman ever known to enter into a work of benevolence and charity with half a heart or a divided soul; or to allow any, over whom she had influence, to be laggards in well-doing?

But it may be doubted whether we have yet availed ourselves to the full extent of this valuable auxilliary. I have lately learned that a Lodge, in Oneida county, sets apart one Lodge meeting in each month, for this degree alone. On that evening, whether there are candidates for the degree or not, the Lodge opens in the Degree of Rebekah, and brethren and sisters of this degree assemble for rehearsal of the written and unwritten work thereof, and for social converse and consultation on the best means for performing the duties enjoined in its lecture. Sometimes, also, a member of the Lodge, or visitor, is prepared with a brief address on some interest topic, and thus

"On halcyon wings the moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass,
In gay good humor smiling."

Now there are few Lodges in our country that cannot adopt a similar measure. Initiations are less frequent than formerly in places where Lodges have been established for several years. And it will be but rarely that the few which do occur must be fixed for that special meeting. In the same manner, the *ordinary* business of the Lodge may be laid over to the next meeting. And where circumstances do compel the Lodge to open in the initiatory degree, to transact business, it can be done early in the evening, or after the social meeting of the brothers and sisters has closed.

I hope, therefore, that it will not be long before our Lodges, generally, follow this good example, and devote one meeting every month to the Daughters of Rebekah.

VISITING THE SICK.—In our larger villages and cities much improvement may be effected in the visitation of the sick and of bereaved families of our Lodges, by calling to our aid the Daughters of Rebekah. There are few Visiting Committees that have not, among their number, one or more members, who have wives of this degree, who would willingly accompany them whenever they are called to visit a sick or deceased brother's family. And there are so many circumstances which the wife or widow would not converse about, or make known to any but a wife and mother, and yet which *should* be known, in order that that proper relief and kindness may be shown. Then woman's tact and sympathy in the sick room and in the house of mourning, are so much greater, more intuitive and delicate than man's, that her attendance with the Committee will always be hailed with pleasure.

By being called upon to visit the sick and mourning families of our Order the Daughters of Rebekah will also obtain a better *practical* knowledge of the duties of Odd-Fellowship,—of the vows they have made—than in any other manner; and thus become more devoted to our Order, as it value opens upon their experience. Many a wife and mother has been opposed to the Order—grudging the time and money the husband and son have devoted to it—notwithstanding all she heard and read of its daily ministration. These doings and their utility were at a distance, reached her only through rumor, and consequently were little heeded and never realized. But when her own household became the theatre of our benevolent action, or when a friend or near neighbor was seen to be visited, relieved, soothed and comforted by Odd-Fellowship, how instantly all prejudice was broken up, and opposition vanished! And so will the co-operation of Daughters of Rebekah tend to increase the interest and activity of our fair co-workers in the objects and measures of our Order.

Another beneficial effect which would flow from engaging Daughters of Rebekah in visiting afflicted families of the Order, is, that it would make them practically acquainted with each other's welfare, and under circumstances which would present them to each other in the most advantageous light. Woman is never more estimable than when engaged in offices of benevolence and humanity. Her voice is softened and sweetened by emotions of pity; her eye is softened and brightened by compassion; and her features radiant with mellowed affection. She is daguerreotyped on the memory of the sufferer and the mourner, so that she is never after seen again in her ordinary appearance.

By visitation after visitation, family after family would be brought within the charmed influence of Odd-Fellowship, and bound together in one great confraternity, not of in-

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dividuals, but of *family circles*. It would not be "*brethren* of our Friendly Order," but *families* in our Odd-Fellowship, the mind and heart would grasp by association with with our name. The social power would be increased with the extension of the social feeling, and society, at large, would wonder that this "Secret Society," bound together in a "selfish benevolence," and "isolated by mystic ties from community around them," should have so changed its character and its influence that it had done more to "make men social and humane," than any other institution of the age.

Brethren, think of these things. This "crowning degree of the Subordinate Lodge" is not a mere toy for holiday parade; but a powerful agency for good—not an ornamental degree added to please and amuse the wives of members, and gratify the curiosity; but a link to bind them closer to our Order, and enlist their hearts, their hands, their influence and energies in our labors. It is, and should be emphatically a *working* degree. Its solemn charge and meaningfull obligation point to great and blissful duties—duties which bless performer and their objects alike. And now that woman has entered our ranks as a helpmate, indeed, if we will but direct her influence, and call to our aid her efforts in a proper manner, we shall find that this degree will open a new era in the interest and utility of Odd-Fellowship—making, not only the brethren but the world at large see in the uses and tendencies of our Order, more of beauty and of good than many had ever before dreamed of.

A. B. G.

MAN'S PRIDE, irresolution and inconsistency often poison what contains inherent sweetness. He crushes madly in his heart the true yearnings of his nature, and by a false philosophy surrounds himself with a steely frigid atmosphere, where feeling dies and pure affection will not come. He forces into darkness what might have been the bright passages of his existence, and long after the marble has chilled his sensitive soul, upbraids himself for his worse than folly, and endures a constant grief, that once might have been softened by generous tears shed over his desolate lot.

AN irregular apprentice frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some *weighty* argument to convince him of the "error of his ways." During the chastisement, the master exclaimed, "How long will you serve the devil?" The boy replied, whimpeling: "You know best, sir—I believe my indentures will be out in *three months*."

WHAT IS ODD-FELLOWSHIP!

There are most erroneous opinions of what constitutes Odd-Fellowship. Some imagine that the object of the Institution is a place of resort for the members to congregate and indulge in bacchanalian sports. Others look upon the brotherhood as a selfish set, whose only object is to use the secrets of the Order for personal aggrandizement. And some believe that the members of the Order are bound by obligations to help, aid and assist each other in every undertaking, or controversy with those who are not members of the Fraternity; and that the Institution can be used for the furtherance of political schemes—that brothers are bound to vote for each other without regard to their qualifications for the stations to which they aspire. And there are a few—but we pity their judgment—who think that every one who has been initiated into the mysteries of of the Order, is *really* an Odd-Fellow; and that no one who has not entered the Fraternity can be possessed of the principles of our fellowship. Yet all these are wrong. Odd-Fellowship is not a promoter of drunkeness or debauchery; its aims are benevolent, not selfish. Brothers instead of being bound to assist each in wronging those who are not members, are under the most solemn obligations to use their endeavors to prevent those from doing wrong who might be inclined to forget that humanity has claims above all earthly laws. Within our borders political strife never enters. But the greatest error of opinion in regard to the Institution, is the belief that all who can give the signs, are really Odd-Fellows. Unless the principles of the Franternity are engraven on the heart and made the rule of conduct, Odd-Fellowship is a stranger to those who, in hollow promises, have pledged fidelity to the Institution.

The principles of the Fraternity are not newly discovered truths which have been unknown before. They were implanted in the mind of the first human being, and have continued an inheritance of our race ever since. Search the world over, and in every community may be seen the benign effects of the principles of Odd-Fellowship, in the social bearing of neighbor towards neighbor; in the free offering of those who have an abundance, to the destitute; in the sympathetic tear as it courses down pity's cheek; in the smile of gladness, and in the heart-rending sigh as it echoes the sorrow it cannot heal.

The absence of the principles of Odd-Fellowship may be known by the recklessness with which men regard each other's interests, welfare and happiness. We care not how many degrees a brother may have taken, or

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how proficient he may be in the routine of Lodge business—how well he may understand the Order, if he does not practise the principles of benevolence and charity, he is a stranger, and he slanders the Institution by claiming fellowship. Odd-Fellowship is a principle of universal good; it seeks the habitations of the lowly to console—the abode of the vicious to reform—the dwelling of the sick and destitute to administer relief—the home of the widow and fatherless to comfort and protect. Whenever we see one engaged in these benevolent acts, we greet him as a brother. We do not ask for signs, tokens, grips or passwords, to prove him—'actions speak plainer than words'—and by the fruits of his labor we know that he is carrying out the principles which our Institution is so well adapted to render efficient. On the other hand, those who vow, and neglect to perform their vows, are recreant to the commands of Heaven, traitors to the cause of humanity, and rebellious against the Institution. They hear the cries of the helpless for aid, and turn a deaf ear; they close their eyes against the scenes of suffering humanity, and seek self-ease at the expense of a 'seared' conscience and most perverted mind. Such brothers—in name only—may boast of their connection with our benevolent Institution, may robe themselves in the regalia of the Order, may proffer 'the signs and tokens,' and may deceive the world, as they do themselves, but there is a Lodge to which all are hastening where hypocrisy will be stripped of its mask, ostentation of its robes, avarice of its wealth, and the guilty wretch will sink before the presence of the GRAND MASTER, from whom no secrets are hid, as the following charges ring in his ears. From the poor brother he will hear—'I was a hungered, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink.' From the prison he will hear—'Ye visited me not.' The widow will say—'My little ones and I—their mother—charge thee with 'murder most foul;' while *thou* wert blessed with an abundance, *we* perished by famine.'

Brethren 'take heed,' see that your hearts foster no evil; let your minds be rooted in charity, then you may look forward with confidence and hope for the fruition of all laudable desires in the CAMP of HEAVEN, where the Patriarchs will receive the approving smiles of the GREAT HIGH PRIEST, *through an endless eternity.—Banner of the Union.*

HOPE is very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune; and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by great bounty.

TAKE OFF THE HATCH.

A SAILOR'S YARN.

Having procured our horses, we 'set sail' for the country, and becoming interested with our ride, we proceeded a distance of ten miles before we stopped.

At last we dropped anchor in front of the dwelling of a Scotch lady, well known to all of us, for keeping good things. We gave our horses to the ostler, and entered the house, where we were received like nabobs.

We had a first rate dinner, smoked our Havanas, destroyed any quantity of the old lady's oranges, fresh from the trees, rolled ten pins, and became so amused with each other, that we heeded not the hour, when Bob put his head out of the door of the 'alley,' and bawled back to us.

'Look here, shipmates, see what a row is kicking up overhead.'

We all ran out to look at the sight, when we beheld the heavens black as ink, and a tremendous squall coming up, which threatened a hard night in these diggings.

'What do you think of *that*, boys?' said Bob. 'Here's a pretty go—here we are, ten miles out of our latitude, and a storm gathering. It begins to rain now. Put up your helm, boys, and let her slide for the house.'

So we made sail under Bob's command, direct for the old lady's 'snug harbor.'

Wet to the skin, we began to lay plans for the night when our hostess entered the room.

Bob commenced addressing her on the possibility of her accomodating us for the night.

'Weel, weel, I dinna ken,' said the old lady, and away she bustled out of the room.

She came back with the grateful news that she could provide for us all; so we settled down to our happiness again.

We amused ourselves in various ways during the evening, when it was proposed to 'turn in,' as we must be up early in the morning, to get back to the city in any season. So we made a move at once, and were shown our beds for the night, all but Bob; he wanted to finish his cigar first, and said he would soon follow in our wake.

It might have been half an hour after we had left Bob below, smoking and chatting with the old lady and telling her he had not been able to leave his ship all night before, since she arrived in port; for while loading her he had been on duty all day, and when it came night he was tired enough to 'turn right in.' I say Bob was enlightening the old lady in this strain, when we called to him to come up to bed.

'Aye, aye,' said Bob, 'I'm coming. Well, old lady, pleasant dreams to ye. I'll turn in now,' and we heard Bob start for the stairs.

The house was an old fashioned one, with

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a very narrow stairway and considerable entry at the foot of them, which opened directly into the sitting-room below, where we left Bob.

'Never mind the light, old lady; I can navigate up stairs,' we heard Bob say; a door shut, and all was still as death.

'Where's Bob?' said one of our party.

'He's coming; I heard him bid the old lady good night.'

'Well, why *don't* he come up, then? Didn't you sing out for him to come up!'

'Yes, and all of ten minutes ago. Pass the word there, fellers, for Bob.'

'Bob! Bob! Bob! Bob!' was shouted from each one of us; when we heard him answer very mildly.

'Hullo!'

'Ain't you coming up?'

'Yes, I'm coming.'

Here was a pause of a minute, when no Bob appearing, we began again:

'Bob!'

'Hul-lo?'

'Coming up?'

'Rot your picturs, I *am* up, as far as I can go! *you're* a nice set of boys, *you* are! Take off the hatch, will you! How in creation am I to get up, if you don't take the hatch off—say?'

'Bob's drunk, fellers,' was whispered among us.

'Where could he get his rum? The old lady don't have any.'

'Well, he's drunk, or crazy—talking about the hatch being on. Tom, old feller, you take a light and see where Bob is.'

Tom turned out, took the light to the head of the stairs, so that everything was illuminated to the bottom, when he screamed out.

'Fellers! fellers! come here and look at Bob!

We all rushed to the spot, and looking down we saw Bob *with his feet on the second round of the old lady's clothes horse, and his hands holding on the upper one* bringing his *head* in contact with the wall, which *he* called the hatch.

We went down to Bob with the light, making every thing visible, which before was enveloped in pitchy darkness.

The old lady kept her clothes horse hung up on two spikes, in the entry, at the foot of the stairs. The entry being dark and narrow, Bob had got hold of what he supposed to be a 'Jacob's ladder,' and commenced ascending the rounds, until his head touched the *hatch.*

American Union.

A POOR spirit is poorer than a poor purse. A very few pounds a year would cure a man of the scandal of avarice.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

WE ARE NO LONGER YOUNG.

TO A FRIEND.

Oh no, we are no longer young,
  Although it scarcely seems a day
Since we were merry, romping girls
  Amid the fragrant flowers at play;
And though the flowers still bloom as fair,
  And still the turf's as soft and green,
Yet Time has breathed upon us since,
  And changed to us appears life's dream.

We then looked forth to future years,
  As to a long bright summer's day,
And wished the hours would faster fly
  To waft us farther on our way;
But oh, how blinded then were we,
  To heedless pass our brightest hours
And rush impatient o'er the path,
  Where bloomed our brightest, sweetest flowers.

But now we are no longer young,
  Our girlish years have passed away,
And where we once so lightly trod
  Our children now around us play;
Yet as we turn unto the past,
  We almost doubt the real truth,
That life's stern duties now are ours,
  And ever fled the days of youth.

A few short years, how great the change,
  We've lost the joyousness of yore,
And see the hand of sure decay,
  On all so dearly loved before;
Our sisters and our brothers dear,
  Who tottered in our pathway then,
We look upon and almost sigh
  That they are maidens now, and men.

And then, when last I looked on thee,
  Thy brow was free, unmarked with care,
But now like mine, 't is traced with lines,
  And many a cloud has settled there;
The heart has, too, far sadder grown,
  For Hope's fond light has ceased to glow
With those delusive, wooing rays
  Which only in our youth we know.

And now we are no longer young,
  Yet with reluctance feel the truth,
For fondly, though we know not why,
  We ever cling to days of youth,
But Time full well his mission knows,
  And speeds his true, unerring dart,
And one by one with visage stern
  He bids each youthful trace depart.

NEWBURG, APRIL, 1853. T. S.

HAPPINESS consists in a soft couch by a good fire, a new book, a pretty wife, a loose gown, easy slippers, and a good conscience.

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THE ODD-FELLOW'S WIFE; OR THE CONTRAST.

We proceed now to notice more immediately the inquiry, "Are Odd-Fellows' wives benefited by the institution of Odd-Fellowship?" This we shall do by rehearsing an incident from the common walks of life, not unlike what every careful observer of the operation of this institution has, or may have observed it almost every place where Lodges are instituted, and where the principles of Odd-Fellowship are faithfully practised.

Odd-Fellowship, as we have remarked on a former occasion, like every other human institution, gathers within its folds, not unfrequently, unworthy members—men who join purely from selfish motives, for the "loaves and fishes." A few such men paralyze the benevolent designs and operations of all the rest; and hence, the peace, harmony and usefulness of the Lodge is entirely destroyed. Are the wives and families of Odd-Fellows benefited? We will endeavor to adhere to the question before us. Facts are stubborn things. And here permit us to make an extract from the returds of the Grand Lodge of the United States.

During the year ending June 30, 1849, $272,174 50 were paid by Lodges in the United States, for the relief of sickness, $33,392 32 to widowed families, $6,732 25 to educate orphan children, $51,639 65 for burying the dead; making in the whole $363,934 95 paid out during that year for the above objects.

We now proceed to our narrative.

"Emily, my dear," said a kind husband to his young wife, a few weeks after their marriage, "I have thought of joining the Lodge of Odd-Fellows in this place."

"But why do you wish to join them?" asked Emily. "You certainly do not need their aid; and as for society, I hope you do not wish to seek it so soon from home."

"No, my dear; I wish for no better society than I find at home; and for aid, I do not stand in immediate need of it; but then all are subject the changes of life. Health and fortune are not always sure. Though I might never need aid from that institution, yet it would be satisfaction to know that I contributed to the aid of others. But if it is not your wish that I should join, I will relinquish all thoughts of it."

"I do not know as I have any serious objections, Charles—if you desire it, I certaintainly shall not object; but then—"

"Then what? Emily."

"It is a secret society, and I do not know where it may lead you. You remember Morgan!"

"Morgan was not an Odd-Fellow. And if he was murdered at all, it was by a drunken class of rowdies. Masons never sanctioned such a deed; and many of them honestly believe that he was never murdered. That institution has unjustly suffered on account of undue excitement. But then, if you have not confidence enough in me to believe that I should not long remain connected with an unworthy institution, I will press the matter no further; I will not join without your free consent."

"Charles, my dear, I have never had occasion to distrust you. I do not believe that you would wish to join a bad institution. You have my free consent to-night."

Charles Isley was a young merchant in the city of N. He had been prospered in business, and at the time of his marriage to the accomplished and beautiful Emily C——, had amassed a snug little fortune. If Charles was benevolent and kind in his feelings, his young wife was not a whit behind him. When they commenced house-keeping, they established a rule never to turn any one from their doors hungry, and to extend the hand of charity to all such as bore the marks of misfortune. "We had better," said Emily, "bestow our charity upon a dozen unworthy objects, than one should go away hungry." They seldom, however, gave money to strangers, as they deemed it safer to give such things as could not be readily appropriated to bad uses. Possessing a heart of benevolence it is not to be wondered at that the attention of Charles should have been directed towards the institution of Odd-Fellowship.

The next night after his conversation with his wife, Charles was proposed to the Lodge and in due time was initiated. Several years passed away prosperously, and he had no occasion to ask for or receive aid from the Lodge; but he voluntarily contributed many dollars for the aid of others. An evil day came. His kind and benevolent feeling led him to take a step that nigh proved his ruin. A professed friend, and member of the same Lodge, too, (for wolves are sometimes found in the clothing of sheep, in this institution as well as others,) pretended to be in deep distress, and solicited his name on paper of his, for a large amount; for which he gave what Charles supposed, at the time, to be good security, but to his mortification, he found afterwards that the security was worthless. Before the note became due, the villain had absconded; and Charles had to meet it. This he could, however, have done without seriously affecting his business, had it not been for several large losses he met with in trade, at the same time. Times became exceedingly hard; and his losses deranged his affairs, so that he was forced to hire money at two per cent. a month, and at the ex-

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piration of twelve months, he found himself on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin. At this critical juncture he was forced to leave home, to attend to some business at C——, several hundred miles distant. He left with barely sufficient money to meet his expenses, after leaving a few dollars for his family. He expected to be gone only a fortnight, but at the expiration of three weeks, a letter reached his wife, written in a strange hand. It read as follows:

C———, *Sept.* 12, 18—.

Dear Sister—Your husband, Brother Charles Isley, is at C———, dangerously sick, with a brain fever. He has had his reason, only at short intervals, since he was taken. To-day reason seemed to assume her throne for an hour so, when he expressed a strong desire to see his wife; and we promised him that you should be immediately sent for. Enclosed is twenty dollars to pay your expenses. Come with all the dispatch possible. The best care will be taken of your husband! Dear madam, hope for the best!

(Signed by the Secretary.)

The same night the Lodge of which Charles was a member received a communitions as follows:

To the Officers and Brothers of —— Lodge, I. O. of O. F.

Dear Brethren—Bro. Charles Isley, holding a travelling card from your Lodge, came to this place about three weeks since, and the night but one after he came here, was taken with a brain fever, and is now under the watchful care of the visiting committee of this Lodge. His benefits, for two weeks, have been paid to him. There seems to be but little prospect of his recovery; though we hope for the best. At his request, we have sent for his wife. Will you please to see that she is on her way with as little delay as possible!

Yours, respectfully, in F., L. and T.

(Signed by the N. G. and Secretary.)

After the above communication was read, the Lodge immediately voted that the visiting committee be instructed to call upon Mrs. Isley immediately, and assist her in making such preparations for her journey as she required; and that the N. G. be anthorized to draw upon the Treasurer of the Lodge, for such an amount of money as in the opinion of the visiting committee, the circumstance of the case demanded—and, also, that a traveling card be granted to Sister Isley for one year.

The visiting committee immediately repaired to the residence of Mrs. Isley. They found her in deep distress. They administered all the consolation in their power. By the next morning, everything was arranged for her journey; and, soon she was swiftly hurrying towards the object of her dearest affections. About noon they arrived at B———; but here an unforeseen accident occurried. Soon after they left the station where they stopped for wood and water, through the carelessness of the tender of one of the switches, the train was thrown from the track, and the cars badly smashed up, injuring a large number of passengers. Among those thought, at the time, to be seriously injured, was Mrs. Isley. She was immediately conveyed to the nearest hotel, and a physician sent for. Mrs. Isley, during the whole time, was insensible, but as some one, in attendence, was loosing her dress, a paper dropped on the floor. But little notice was taken of it, more than to pick it up, and lay it upon the stand. After the Doctor had arrived, and examined her case, he called for some paper to write a receipt. That paper being the nearest at hand, was passed to him. The moment his eye glanced upon it, he saw a traveling card, such as are granted to the wives of Odd-Fellows. "This lady must be cared for," thought the kind physician. Having written his recipe, he dispatched one servant for the medicine, and another to the depot to secure the baggage of Mrs. Isley. Mrs. Isley was too ill to give any account of her journey. The physician immediately dispatched a communication to the N. G. of ——— Lodge, at N———. The communication had the desired effect. The next day a member of the visiting committee was on the spot. Mrs. Isley was not so seriously injured as was at first supposed. In two days more she was able to resume her journey, accompanied by the visiting committee of the Lodge.

The day following their departure from B——— they arrived at C———, about eight in the evening. Mrs. Isley desired to be shown immediately to the rooms of her husband. A servant showed her the way; they passed through a long entry that led to the room. Though at a public house, all was hushed as in the silence of midnight. At the door, they were met by a man, on tiptoe. He spoke not, but his index finger was raised, and pointed towards them; he brought the fingers of his other hand to his lips, and shook his head to enjoin silence. "O can it be he is dying!" said Mrs. Isley, to herself. She sunk back upon the banister, nearly overcome with the thought. The fatigue of the journey—the injury she had received from the accident on the road, and the excitement of the occasion, completely overpowered her, and she fell prostrate upon the floor. The watcher motioned to the attendant to close the door of the room where the sick man lay, and he gently raised her

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up, and her carried to her room. The physician was at hand; he bathed her temples, and applied soothing restoratives, and soon she recovered, but her reason hand gone.

"O, my husband, my husband!" she exclaimed; "why did I consent to let you join the Lodge! Ah, I understand it all! that sign—that sign—they can't deceive me; I was at the door of the Lodge. Oh, my Charles, my Charles! He is murdered—I know he is!"

To the looker on, the scene was painful beyond endurance. But here, perhaps, we ought to explain. When Mrs. Isley arrived, Charles had fallen into a gentle slumber, for the first time for forty-eight hours. His physician regarded his symptoms as drawing to a crisis, and strictly enjoined that no one should be admitted into his room, excepting his watchers. The landlady knowing that it was Mrs. Isley that had arrived, had, at the request of Mrs. Isley, injudiciously directed the servant to show her to his room. A recognition that might have proved fatal to the husband, if not to the wife.

Everything was done for the comfort of Mrs. Isley that could be, but it was a dreadful night for her, as well as for those who attended her. She vainly imagined that her husband was murdered by the Odd-Fellows. The ghost of Morgan haunted her continually.

Mr. Isley slept sweetly through the night, and the next morning, when he awoke, was perfectly rational. His fever had turned, and he was better than he had been for weeks, though extremely weak. His first inquiry was if his wife had arrived. His watchers were fearful of the result, and put him off by the assurance of her arrival that day.

But to return to Mrs. Isley. Of the two, her situation was now the most critical. Towards morning she fell into disturbed and delirious sleep; and when awoke, her whole frame was scorched with a burning fever, and for six long weeks she never left her bed.

The afternoon of the same day, Charles again inquired for his wife. The fact of her presence could no longer be safely concealed, and they frankly told him of her true situation.

"She will be well provided for, Mr. Isley," said the informant.

"I know it," was his reply. "I know in whose hands I am;" and the thoughts of this renewed token of kindness, opened afresh the fountains of his heart. He turned upon his pillow and wept like a child.

"Be calm, be calm! Mr. Isley—for your own sake, and the sake of your wife. You are too weak to endure such immoderate grief."

"I will, I will! O, the consolation of this hour. "*I was a stranger, and ye took me in.*"

"We have done nothing but our duty to our brother," said the watcher.

But we will not tire the reader by a minute recital of all the particulars of this painful narrative.

The next day, the business of the visiting committee, who accompanied Mrs. Isley from B———, required his presence at home; but he did not leave until he had given strict direction that everything should be done for the comfort of Mr. Isley and his wife, and at the expense of the Lodge of which he was a member.

Mrs. Isley recovered slowly; and it was nearly ten weeks before she was well enough to return to the city of N———. During his sickness and the sickness of his wife Mr. Isley received his sick benefits promptly every week, and they both received all the attention heart could desire. But five dollars a week was not enough to meet their expenses, and the brethren of the several Lodges in the place promptly met the deficiency, by private contributions. As soon as he was able, Mr. Isley finished the business which called him to C———, and in this, he was more successful than he anticipated. He succeeded in collecting a large demand against a company which he feared were insolvent, so that he was able to present the several Lodges in the place with a small sum each, to be appropriated to the aid of those who should happen to be destitute of the means of repaying.

Comfortably seated again by their own quiet and happy fireside, several months after the event narrated above, the thoughts of Mrs. Isley reverted back to those painful and trying scenes.

"But had they no expectation of reward, in all they did for you at C———?" she at length inquired.

"How should they have had, my dear? I was an entire stranger.

"How did you make yourself known?"

"When I found I was sick and destitute of money, I inquired for an Odd-Fellow. The gentleman, Mr. J., whom you saw so frequently there, immediately called upon me; and to him I made known my situation. He happened to be the N. G. of one of the Lodges in that place. That night my case was reported to the Lodge. You know the rest."

"How did he know but what you was an imposter?"

"By my card."

"You might have forged that."

"I had something else."

"What was it?"

"That is the secret."

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"And will you not tell your wife?" said Mrs. Isley, playfully.

"Do you desire to know it?"

"No, Charles," she replied, tenderly, throwing her same around his neck. "After having witnessed so much kindness from your brethren, I have no desire that you should abuse the confidence they have placed in you. Nothing gives me more pleasure than to know you have such friends."

Boston Odd-Fellow.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE MAGIC GLASS.

I looked—and a scene of fairy brightness was pictured on the outspread canvass. Bright sunlit skies, with now, and then a cloudlet floating through the spangled azure. A deep, clear river, with its blue waves, swept on in joy through flowery sedges, far down in whose crystal depths lay mirrored the forest trees, whose overshadowing boughs met, far over its calm and waveless breast, their leaves so darkly green whose cool recesses echoed and re-echoed the glad carols of the mellow warblers of the sunny south. The breezes were loaded with fragrance from the many and gorgeously hued flowers which dotted in lavish beauty the grassy lawn.

Two little children alone enjoyed its beauties. Health bloomed on their cheeks, and happiness beamed forth from their laughing eyes. Cool zephyrs played with the glossy curls, that rested so lovingly on those fair young brows, as with joyous shouts of childish mirth they pursued the little bubbles on the stream, or chased from flower to flower the idle butterfly.

Now gaze we on another scene. Before us stands two noble boys. No longer are they surrounded by childhood's happy scenes, or busily, yet joyously pursuing their childish sports. Life's broad and varied field lies open before them. Through this they must pass—o'er its quicksands must they direct their untried footsteps, and mark out for themselves a path on its seeming flowery expanse. Both are buoyant with hope, wild and joyous-hearted. Fancy pictures to them bright, fairy scenes, and visions of future happiness and greatness, add still greater lustre to the sparkling flashes of those glad eyes, "glistening with their happy dreams," and

"Their spirits are young flowers
More fresh, more beautiful, more bright than those
That bloom around them."

But again the magic glass portrays another scene. Manhood's stern shadows have now marked both those brows, with the deep furrows time and sorrow alone can wear, and yet how different are they now, how strangely, how fearfully do they differ. Mark this one, as at eve's approach with lightened footsteps, and a gladdened eye, he turns him toward a cheerful home, where smiles and kind welcomes await him. See him, as he stands, a nation's idol, respected, loved and honored by all. See the calm, peaceful smile that settles on his countenance, speaking of a heart at ease, and a conscience whose upbraidings ne'er caused an hour's sorrow. Yet life's journey has not been altogether smooth to him. Full many of the smiles, kindled by Hope, have been changed to frowns by Time's relentless hand; full many a heart-flower has his iron footsteps crushed. Full many a winter blast has swept fiercely o'er him, yet turned he not aside from the plain, narrow path of duty. Turn we now to the other one. Watch him as pale and haggard, he steals forth on some errand of crime. Deep guilt and remorse have stamped their impress there; the path he pursued, although it seemed strewn with flowers, has led to a bleak, barren, noisome place, where the sunlight of religion and happiness ne'er cast their bright beams o'er his clouded soul. The still, calm hour of twilight brings no peace, no repose. Night only brings a repetition of his dark deeds, too dark to be enacted in the light of day. No flower blooms in his "cheerless pathway," and

"The light clouds
That moved so sweetly o'er his morning sky,
Have darkened to a tempest."

But the last scene awaits us now. The last of Earth approaches. Her broad expanse has been faithfully traversed, the goal is near, the haven almost won. To one a welcoming angel extends his hand, and bids him enter, tears and sorrows surround the couch where he breathes his last. The silver cord is loosened, and affection's hand cannot stay the ebbing tide of life. Alas! how sad the contrast in yon other scene. No tender hand wipes the dew of death from the brow; no gentle friend weeps o'er his near departure; no gleam of happiness lights up the ebon gloom, which shrouds his soul; no syren tone whispers of a life beyond the grave. A nation's curse rests on his name.

'Tis done—the magic glass unfolds no more. Man may not draw aside the veil which shrouds the distant future. He, too, has breathed his last, and together they must pass through another scene, and be arraigned at another tribunal, where we cannot follow them.

But learn thou a lesson from what we have seen. Trace out thy path through life aright; turn not aside to view every brilliant flower or sparkling stone, lest the fear-

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ful tornado burst o'er thy uncovered head in all its fury. Seek out for thyself a shelter from the midnight storm, an from the noonday sun. And when called to cross the deep river which separates from other and brighter scenes—the flowery fields beyond—no heart-tremblings, no painful throbbings of conscience, will cause thee to waver and fall. L.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine]

WHO IS A FOOL?

In the sacred writings we are informed that "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God"—so that it is no he who is deficient in natural genius, or mental endowments, but he who denies the existence of Deity, that may be considered a fool. Who else could, with the evidences given by nature around him, and the divine revelation to resort to, for more particular instruction, say in his heart there is no God, save one whose judgment has become perverted and understanding impaired by constant and varied efforts to change the truth in such a manner, as would best suit his distorted moral views. Who for a moment, could bear to indulge the dreadful thought, that there is no God,—no friend above to look to for comfort and support, when all earthly friends have forsaken or passed away—no guardian angel to guide us through the trackless waste of life. Alone on earth! alone to baffle with the many temptations, trials, and disappointments, accompanying this changeful existence! What! no star of hope to shine through the gathering gloom—when we look forward to the time not far distant, when our bodies, weary and worn by the turmoils of life, are to lie low in the grave, would it not be awful to believe that the mind, the soul, which soars far above the trifles which engage the attention of mere earth-worms, that part which was created, and fitted to comprehend and commune with Deity, when divested of earthly obstructions—that *this* too, should perish, and pass away as the morning cloud. He is a strange being, who would thus wish to buy the immortal with the mortal, yet such a belief, strangely awful, as it seems, is a necessary result of that which teaches there is no God. The study of man himself, affords abundant proof of superior wisdom and skill in the anatomy and structure of his own body, which is so "fearfully and wonderfully made," and in the adaptation of the several parts to each other, and of the whole to answer the important end, for which it was evidently constructed. He who reflects at all, cannot fail to see the evidence of infinite wisdom in the powers and faculties of his own immortal mind, and the quenchless thirsting of that mind after immortalty, and he who arrives at the conclusion that there is no God, not only sets aside these evidences, and the testimony of the Bible, but equally disregards the voice of nature, for nature proves there is a God, it would shrink at the very idea of self-creation. The world, the universe, our own existence, nay, all things proclaim in trumpet tones, and in a langnage that cannot be mistaken, the existence of a God. Wherever we turn our eyes we see this great truth proclaimed, for who can behold the etherial vault, around and above him, decked with uninmerable worlds, blending their rays in quiet unison—and the moon, "queen of night," riding victoriously through the heavens—and say in his heart, there is no God. The thunders speak in fearful language of the mighty power of a God, when crash echoes crash, from peak to peak and cloud to cloud the forked lightning playing fearlessly its awful games, unrestrained by human power—the hurricane's blast proclaims aloud the strength and power of a God when it makes for its self a path through the time defying forest,—the thundering cataract—the mountain billows of the deep blue Ocean speak the same—even the tiny flower, the very springing forth of a blade of grass, proves there is an unseen power directing all things—the gentle streamlet as it glides along its way, over the pebbly bed, murmurs praises to that God who "measureth the waters, in the hollow of his hand,"—the down on the wing of a bird, on the leaflet of the forest tree teaches it no less, than the "choral symphony" of thousands on thousands of bright suns, and stars, and worlds, that since the morning of creation, when all the sons of God shouted for joy, have kept up their "harmonious dance in measuring the revolutions of time" without a single jar or discord and without wearying in their courses, or departing a single hair's-breadth from the exact pathway marked out for them to pursue by the "Great Architect on the mighty map of the universe," And to him who saith there is no God, a voice comes from every point of space from every sun and star,—from every creature that breathes, where there is life or motion, from every bird and insect, from every breath of the stirring wind, and every leaf of the forests. He has to stop his ear against all these voices, and close up the avenues of his heart against the conviction they are intended to produce. Surely "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God," yea most justly are those who deny the existence of a God, denominated fools. MARIA.

Truth must prevail.

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[ORIGINAL.]

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

[We make the following extract from an essay, read by one of our young female acquaintances, while attending a Seminary in an adjoining county. Its correct sentiment, beautiful style, and good common sense, ought to be appreciated by every sister who may read it.—EDS. MAG.]

In the home circle there should always exist that kindness and politeness with which we are wont to treat our most distinguished guests. Cheerful looks and amiable tempers should always be brought to the fireside. It is true, that sincere sisterly affection may exist without all these external marks, even as the subterranean stream may flow on to the ocean unrecked of; and even the "planets might pursue in darkness and in night the order of their course, but it is their brilliance that embellishes it."

"The right of primogeniture is not acknowledged by our form of government," yet it exists and exerts an influence to a greater or less extent in every household. No titled dignataries, no royal estate or great name are bequeathed here, for we do not recognize such marks of monarchy; but nature, herself, has established an indisputable order. Priority of birth gives to the elder sister strong claims upon her younger brothers and sisters, and they, in turn, possess still stronger ones on her. She can, with care, gain their youthful confidence, because she herself "is more freshly touched with a feeling of their infirmities." Her acute sensibilities are extended in all their little troubles, and through her influence and example, may be instilled those moral principles which are necessary to the happiness of every one. More may be effected by her example, than by a whole armory of precepts. How often do we hear some tiny one, in self-extenuation, plead a sister's example; "sister does so," trembles on her infant lips.

It should always be our object to highten the happiness and elevate the character of those around us, and as filial affection is one of the noblest motives to action, in what manner can it be more strongly evinced than by our endeavors to lighten the cares of our parents, and to remove, at least, a portion of the heavy burden resting upon them. How often by the dread, unsparing hand of the spoiler, is the mother removed, and her duties made to devolve on the eldest daughter. How important to her, then, is that confidence, which can only be won from the timid, yet trusting creatures around her, by the most tender assiduities and winning kindness. The tide of her own grief must then be stayed. The chord that vibrates now so sadly, must be touched with healing gentleness. When she sees the cloud of gloom resting on their young brows, hers should be power and cheerfulness, to rouse their depressed spirits, and to woo back the merry smile of old. In the sweet melody of her voice lies the charm to lull the passions in their wildest play.

How often, too, is she called upon to become the soother and consoler of her parents in the hour when affliction or adversity has thrown a pall of midnight darkness o'er their horizen. Then may she become to them a "ministering spirit," and the "balm cup" offered to hoary age by the hand of a child doubly sweet, for then is affection mingled with the soothing portion. Then must she learn to school her own heart, though the draught in the chalice of affliction be bitter as wormwood,—then must she struggle to come forth from the crucible of suffering, refined and purified.

Sister, hast thou ever looked upon that innocent one, who comes to thee, lisping its childish thought, and seeking thy advice in its little troubles—and thought there perhaps on thee rested the future happiness and usefulness through life, and, with some limitations, its eternal welfare. Hast thou thought when gazing into those laughing eyes, upturned to thine, as the tiny arms wound lovingly round thy neck,that thou mayest live to see those eyes become fixed and rayless in death, and those prattling lips forever stilled, and reflected, that, perhaps, on thee devolved the task to train the delicate plant, and unfold the petals of the opening bud, to bloom more brightly, more lastingly in Eden bowers. Thy influence—thy trust, is a sacred one, and, oh! as such learn thou to regard it. Dost thou wish for fame? Do the bright etherial visions that flitted before thy imagination in thy girlish dreams, still haunt thee like visions of past joy? Does the applause of the world sound as the echo of sweet music to thine ears, and the glittering favors of the distant future, sparkle like diamonds in thine eyes? Trust not thy happiness to so frail a support. Cultivate thy intellect,—use it,—exercise it; regard it as a talent committed to thee by heaven, which thou must return with usury;—but seek thy happiness ever in the home circle. Or, does Pleasure, with her syren tones, seek to lure thee away, and Fancy, with her magic wand, convert all her rewards into seeming flowers? Beware!—they are but seeming—for the "thorn of remorse" is hidden beneath their leaves, and the adder of self-reproach lies coiled within those beautiful folds. When thou art rewarded for thy interest, by the love and confidence of thy younger brothers and sisters, the smile of pleasure which wreathes thy lips, and the

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tear by which it is chastened, will bring more real, heart-felt pleasure, than any "semblance of joy which glitters in the halls of fashion."

The household band may be broken. One of the loved ones may depart for a brighter clime—it may be the one dearest to thee—the one, around whom the bonds of affection are gathered in strongest ties; but were they made of adamant they must dissolve at the command of death. "One word from him, and the casket hath no jewel—the soul no earthly shrine." One link in the domestic chain is broken—one flower in the family wreath is blasted. The deep vail of mourning envelopes that household in its sable folds, and

"——the bright waves
That caught the morning and evening beam,
Wear midnight's sable hue."

Will not this sorrow for the dead be less poignant—thy burden of grief much lightened, if, in the recollection of the past, no harsh word is found written on the tablet of memory, and no unkind actions loom up like threatening storms, to embitter the remembrance of other days?

"A wail was heard around the bed, the deathbed of the young,
Amidst the tears, the funeral chant a mournful sistor sung,
Listen, dear Sister of my soul! oh, where are now the days
That laughed among the deep hills, on all our infant plays?
When we two sported by the streams, or tracked them to their source,
And like a Stag's, the rocks along was their fearless course?
—I see the Cedars waning yet, I see the rills descend,—
I see thy bounding step no more—my Sister and friend!" P.

A Pretty Incident.—A journal of the south of France mentions a circumstance with the savings of the passengers from a Parisian steamer, the boiler of which exploded on the Rhone. An infant was handed from one passenger to another until it reached a small boat which had come to the aid of persons on board; but, just as the child was received by the men in the boat, a large boat, by some mismanagement, came violently against it, and the smaller one was overturned. The child was, however, saved by the circumstance of having been placed on a cushion, which floated down the current, and carried the child to a point of the shore where some boatmen took it up. When rescued it still held an apple in its hand.

[Correspondence of the Western O. F. Magazine.]

LETTER FROM M. W. G. MASTER.

Messrs. Editors:—Reaching home on Saturday night, the 16th of April, I was on Sunday called by my Lodge (Shelby No, 39) to assist in the last tribute of Friendship to our departed Bro. Joseph Cook; than whom no worthier is left. On Monday I again entered on my round of official duty, by proceeding to Anderson, where meeting with the Brothers who had determined to erect another Altar to Friendship, Love and Truth—assisted by P. Gs. Jno. H. Stailey, as D. G. M.; Geo. Brown, as G. Marshall, D. Haines, as G. Secy.; Wm. N. Lummis, as G. Treas. and Jno. H. Jameson, as Guardian, Anderson Lodge No. 131, was instituted in ample form, after initiating, and conferring the various Degrees; the following Brothers were severally elected, and duly installed Officers of said Lodge, viz: G. R. Divins, N. G.; R. N. Clark, V. G.; H. M. Williams, Secy.; and Wm. Wilson, Treas. P. G. Russell having withdrawn from Pendleton Lodge No. 88 I renewed his commission as D. D. G. M. including No. 131 in the same.

After the labors of that memorable night I had to undergo the infliction of 28 miles country road to my next point, Amana Lodge No. 28, Jonesborough. Here I found the Friends Wm. and David Jay preserved that decorum in the business of the Lodge, that forms so distinguishing a feature of that people.

Missisinewa Lodge No. 96, at Marion, Grant County also works well, though her finances need correcting. At this place I conferred the Degree of Rebekah on six Ladies who with those already admitted gave gratifying evidence of the general appreciation of this beautiful Degree. By reference to the map you will observe that there is no road from Marion to the County seat of Wells, and well would it have been for me had I not attempted to find one; but perseverance will enable others to reach Bluffton Lodge No. 114 and the same spirit well directed, may yet qualify this Lodge for a place among her sisterhood.

Lafontaine Lodge No. 42, at Huntington, by some inadvertence is chartered as "Huntington" but has been recognized by the Indian sobriquet above. Errors would seem to be contagious; as I reached this place after dark,—they failing to receive notice, and the packet arriving two hours ahead of time, prevented as thorough examination as seemed necessary.

Fort Wayne Lodge No. 14, and Harmony No. 19, at the city of the summit are both in healthy condition; were it proper, I could indulge in encomium; but must for-

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bear. Reaching here before day on Saturday and remaining until Monday, gave me ample time for rest and recreation. This city has the elements of wealth and moral greatness in an eminent degree; and the impression comes irresistably to the mind of the traveller, that her citizens possess the true spirit of enterprise.

In company with D. G. M. Jeffords I visited AUBURN LODGE No. 116, at the county seat of DeKalb. This Lodge will compare favorably with the Order at large, they have done nothing that needs repenting, with an anxiety to receive instruction, I found them well versed in all their duties.

After a journey of 42 miles we reached the beautiful town of Lima, reposing in all the loveliness of cottage architecture, amid the luxuriance of Mongoquinong Prairie. The hope was indulged, that, among those, who had once essayed to implant the teachings of our beloved Order; enough could yet be found willing to resusitate the manes of MONGOQUINONG LODGE No. 76, but the effort was fruitless, those who had undertaken the establishment of the Lodge, have practised a fraud upon themselves and never knew the worth of the jewel obtained at so cheap a rate. An official notice respecting cards emanating from said defunct Lodge must close her history.

Taking the Michigan Southern Rail Road at Sturges, I passed to ELKHART CO. LODGE No. 31, at Goshen, here as in the older Lodges they have fallen into a neglect of the minor requirements of law, which imperceptibly lead to more serious evils.

PULASKI LODGE No. 60, at the town of Elkhart bears evidence of a desire to avoid the direlictions of the parent Lodge. This Branch of the family is doing well.

ST. JOSEPH LODGE No. 27, at Mishawaka, was the next object of my visit, this flourishing city with her immense water privileges, established furnaces, and operative people, should sustain a healthy working Lodge and can if the proper course is pursued.

SOUTH BEND LODGE No. 29, I took by susprise, for in the absence of the Sec , on examining the books, papers &c. I found my notice unopened. They have a large amount of posting to get the Lodge righted up. My visit was brief as I was compelled to take the cars that night in Order to reach my next point Michigan City, here the Lodge was ready to surrender her charter, as indeed it had been for more than a year past, WILDEY LODGE No. 26, presents a strong illustration of the evil consequences arising from the practice of tolerating delinquents, as this Lodge tried it to the fullest extent. The last officers of the Lodge made a formal surrender of the Charter, Books, and properties of Wildey Lodge No. 26 on the 2nd day of May, 1853. After making a careful inventory of her effects, and receiving the same in my official keeping, I took my leave of the Bros. and was awaiting the train for my next point, when a constitutional number, feeling their utter desolation, determined to renew their efforts in the great cause of Odd Fellowship; five minutes would have closed the opportunity, on returning among them I found a few devoted Bro's. willing to assume the responsibilities of the future, with the odium of the past to contend with. The preliminaries being properly arranged and legal proceedings had, I installed Bros. A. RYERSON, N. G.; J. H. FORBES, V. G.; F. C. DEMING, Secy., S. RITTER, Treas.; and J. D. PHELPS, Guardian, and committed the higher interests of the Lodge to the care of P. G. Jno. R. Fravel D. D. G. M.

CHEQUEUK No. 56, at Valparaiso, appears in rather a languid condition, though her members as Odd Fellows fully illustrate their name, which means in the Indian vernacular, "good, very good."

At LAPORTE LODGE, No. 36, the Order is in a very flourishing state; the books are exceedingly well kept, as also the general interests of the Order; some slight discrepencies in regard to the Law was all that engaged my attention.

AMERICUS LODGE, No. 91, at Plymouth, needs a closer observance of the General Law in order to secure her own prosperity.

KOSCIUSKO LODGE, at Warsaw, is one of those quiet retreats of Friendship, Love and Truth, where the sojourner is divested of every feeling of estrangement, and is made to feel as one of the family. Here also I conferred the degree of Rebekah on several ladies.

ROCHESTER LODGE, No. 47, in attempting to combine the Church with the Order in a building arrangement, assumed a serious responsibility, which they were compelled to bear up under; but having succeeded in overcoming every obstacle in the pursuit of their object, they can now enjoy a season of repose.

Logansport boasts of NEILSON LODGE, No. 12, and LOGAN LODGE No. 40, each maintaining a prudish reserve towards the other, by occupying seperate Halls, this being their inherent right, which none may call in question, yet the effect is worthy their consideration.

RUSSIAVILLE LODGE, No. 105, was reached with personal difficulty. This is one of the points for which I felt great anxiety; having lost their all by fire, after having finished a Hall, and furnished the same, they had the worth of the Order fairly presented

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to their consideration; but it was not a matter of dollars and cents, when principles were brought into the question. They at once determined their tabernacle should again be reared. With a commendable zeal they have again rebuilt their Hall, and have fully renewed their work. It will prove a source of mortification to those Lodges, who withhold the small evidence of sympathy, that the unfortunate have a right to expect; I trust that those who have no as yet done so, will respond to the call.

BURLINGTON LODGE, No 77, in Carroll County, has suffered reduction of numbers from removal, yet by keeping up their stated meetings, and taking due interest in the work, they may maintain an existence.

At DELPHI, No. 28, and PITTSBURGH, No. 53, in the vicinity of the former place, have each good Lodges, and both well sustained. The finances of 53, require investigation, and the work of both needs pruning; there is a manifest exuberance of growth.

My next journey brought me to the far famed city of Lafayette, where LAFAYETTE LODGE, No. 15, FRIENDSHIP No. 22, and TIPPECANOE No. 55, Odd Fellowship should appear in its brightest array, but such it did not upon close examination. True, there is the splendid Hall, perhaps unequalled in the State; with all the paraphernalia that the most aristocratic may desire, to gratify his views of dignity; yet there are matters that underlie the whole, which, if not rigidly looked into, will sap the foundation and the whole edifice will crumble.

Here closes my pilgrimage for the present, as it was necessary that I should be at home, to assist at the dedication of the Hall of Shelby Lodge.

It is due to the Order, to say that *every where*, my reception has been cordial—fraternal; and notwitqstanding at times I have felt wearied with journeying, or have been compelled from sense of duty, to counsel with sterness, yet there has appeared no instance, wherein the office has alienated the warm affiliation towards the brother.

As Ever, Yours,
JOS. L. SILCOX, G. M.

SHELBYVILLE, May 18th.

[Written for the Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.]

THE GRAVE OF A HOUSEHOLD.

Beautiful was that little band, and bright the chain of love that bound them together. They had been reared in one home; they had played on the same green sward. One mother watched over them in sickness and in health, encouraged their innocent amusements, or soothed their childish sorrows. They grew up in "beauty side by side," but the hour of parting came; each chose a different path. The fairy scenery of the West lured one away, and there he sleeps in the deep forest, 'neath the dark green cedar; the Indian alone knoweth his place of rest; wild birds sing his requiem, and the murmuring stream is the only mourner near. One loved the roaring billow, and longed to bound o'er the deep blue wave, but the billow is his winding-sheet, and the wave marks his bed; he sleeps

"Deep down in the coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and goldfish rove."

He was the idle of that circle, yet they may not bend o'er his grave. The fair young sister withered away like a flower, and drooped 'neath sunny skies; the balmy breath of the South sweeps over her, and warm-hearted Sou hern friends mourn her untimely death War's delusive and glittering glory led another far from his loved home. On the first field of battle he sought for the bauble fame, but the angel of Death sped an arrow which cut him off ere the fresh stamps of youth had been chased from his brow. They who were reared under the same sunny sky, who mingled together in childhood's joyous sports, joined in the mirthful peals of laughter, are severed. Long and dreary is the distance which separates them. K.

"STRIKE THE KNOT."—When we were boys, says a cotemporary, our father began to teach us to work, and we were anxious to perform the allotted tasks. We were splitting wood. A rough stick, with a most obstinate knot, tried all the skill and strength of a weak arm, and we were about to relinquish the task, when father came along. He saw the piece of wood had been chipped down, and the knot hacked around, and took the axe, saying, "always strike the knot." The words have always remained safe in memory. They are precious words, and worthy to be borne in mind by all. Never try to shun a difficulty but look it right in the face; catch its eye and you can subdue it as a man can a lion. It will cower before you, sneak away and hide itself. If you dread difficulties, difficulties will grow upon you till they bury you in interminable trouble.

ADVERSITY.—A brave man can never be subdued by adversity; it is the moment when his virtues are conspicuous. Hannibal, when an exile from his country, and flying from court to court for protection, Zenophon, in the retreat of the ten thousand, and Belisarious, asking bread from the cold hand of charity, have been the subject of more eulogy and applause than all their victories.

Our merit gains us the esteem of the virtuous.

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The Western Odd Fellows' Magazine.

GEO. B. JOCELYN AND JNO. B. ANDERSON, EDITORS.

VOLUME SECOND.

The present No. closes Volume I of the Western Odd Fellows Magazine. It was not without some misgivings that we entered upon the publication of the Magazine, for there has hitherto been a singular fatality attending almost all periodicals of the kind ever started in the West,—but one that we know of—the Ark—living through its first year. Notwithstanding this, believing that a work such as ours is designed to be was needed, after mature deliberation, it was decided that the work should be published for one year. No. 1. Vol. 1. was issued without a single name on the subscription list, preferring that our subscribers should be secured rather by our deeds than by our promises; resolving hence, to publish it one year according to our contract, regardless of the losses it might occasion. The work was an experiment. The experiment was a successful one, and we close our first volume with a sufficient list to justify us in saying to the Order in the West and South, that the "Magazine," is a permanent periodical of the Order. And it is but due to those who have sent us their names and their dollar, that we thus publicly acknowledge their willingness to sustain the work and the general expression that has reached us, from all quarters, is that the work must and would be sustain.

During the past year, the Editors have labored under many disadvantages. Their means for securing original matter has been limited. And although we do not like to make many promises,—we say however that our arrangements are such that we can make Vol. II a much superior work to Vol. I—that one of us (the senior) having made the tour of the State, our arrangements for correspondence are such as will add much interest to this department of the work. We have given during the past year some excellent articles from our contributors and shall still enrich our pages with the effusions of their pens.

So far, our friends and contemporaries have spoken well of us and our enterprise, and we intend, if possible, to merit their enconiums. No effort shall be spared by us to make the Magazine, equal in its literary and Odd Fellowship departments to any paper in the Union. It rests with with our friends to say whether we shall do it. The larger the subscription list the better able will the publishers, be to meet the anticipations of the members of the Order.

The first No. of Vol. II will be issued about the 20th of this Month. We trust that those whose subscriptions have expired will immediately renew. Come, brethren, a little assistance from each, and the work is accomplished. Send us on a large and *increased list* from every place where our periodical has been taken, and we will see if with the original literary and Odd Fellowship matter we cannot make it every way worthy your support by giving at least full value for all that we ask.

The following is a list of candidates nominated, for the various offices, in the Grand Lodge of this State, at its session in January last. In looking through the names we find that they are all devoted Odd Fellows, and that they are men who have made some sacrifices, for "the good of the Order." They cannot all be accommodated, and we hope the "outs," after the election is over, will not abate their zeal in the good cause; and we know from the past of some of those candidates that they will bear a defeat with all the grace imaginable.

For M. W. Grand Master.

P. D. G. Master W. K. Edwards, of No. 51; Grand Conductor D. Woolsey, of No. 7; Dep. Grand Master Wm. Henderson, of No. 44; P. G. Rep. J. P. Chapman, of No. 18. P. G. Daniel Moss, of No. 4.

For R. W. Dep. Grand Master.

P. G's Benjamin Smith, of No. 10; F. M. Finch, of No. 76; O. P. Morton, of No. 22; Luther Mann, Jr., of No. 36; Charles Richardson, of No. 2.

For R. W. Grand Warden.

P. G's Marshall Sexton, of No. 35; Stewart Wilson, of No. 35; D. T. Martell, of No. 49.

For R. W. Grand Secretary.

Grand Secretary, Willis W. Wright, of No. 44.

For R. W. Grand Treasurer.

Grand Treasurer, J. B. McChesney, of No. 18.

For Grand Reps. To G. L. U.S.

Grand Rep. P. A. Hackleman, of No. 35; P. Grand Master John H. Taylor, of No. 11; P. G. Master Job B. Eldridge, of No. 12; P. G. Master Milton Herndon, of No. 38.

For Alt. Grand Representative.

P. G's James Gibson, of No. 2; O. P. Morton, of No. 28; J. P. Chapman, of No. 18; J. H. Stailey, of No. 47.

We see by a late No. of the *Banner of the Union*, published in a New York, that they are in a fair way to get into a quarrel with the *Golden Rule*. We hope the good sense of our Brethern will prevent them from reviving the ill-feelings so lately allayed in the Empire State. There is room enough for both to live and there is no necessity for quarreling, as to who is "By Authority;" the merits of the two papers will be all that the masses of the Order will be guided by in their subscription. We had much rather make a good paper than be the Organ of all the Grand Lodges in the Union.

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BE PUNCTUAL.

There is one feature in the Order to which we would call the especial attention of the members as every way worthy their most careful consideration, viz:—the necessity of punctuality in the payment of the quarterly dues.

Upon the subject of dues and benefits, many members of the Order widely differ. Some of them view the whole system of Odd-Fellowship worthy to be perpetuated only on account of its "health insurance" element; while others just as good and devoted have little regard for this feature, and think that the moral and social duties inculcated are alone the elements that should demand the attention of the Fraternity. Of the relative importance of these two features our opinion is already known, and it is unnecessary to repeat it here; but while Odd-Fellowship promises pecuniary assistance in times of need and distress, *money* must be one of the main pillars of support. We trust this feature will never be abolished, for benevolence without money in this material world is too often as cheerless as a painted fire in midwinter.

To meet these demands the system of dues was adopted, and the punctual payment of these is made a test of "good standing." Those who are in arrears at the end of a quarter or term, lose their *right* to draw benefits, and in case of death destroy all *legal* claim that their family may have hitherto had upon the Lodge or Order. In some instances, it is said, this law works hardships. This is only apparent, not real.

Under the present constitution of Odd-Fellowship, it cannot exist without funds. Empty its treasuries and it dies. This fact renders it absolutely necessary that there shall be some strict law upon the subject of the payment of dues; and so great did this necessity appear to those who framed the law for Indiana, that the member is deprived of the right to demand pecuniary relief not only during the period of his delinquency, but for thirteen or twenty-six weeks after he ceases to be delinquent, according to the amount of his delinquency. Every Odd-Fellow knows that this is the law, and agrees to abide by it.

Delinquency can result but from one of three causes, design, neglect, or inability. It sometimes happens that there are persons who wish to disconnect themselves from the Order, and one method they pursue is to die, by a year's delinquency. A much more rational and gentlemanly way, would be to withdraw, honorably. Cases of this kind do not often occur, and when they do occur, their influence is but slightly detrimental.

Some others, correct, active and devoted in everything else, carelessly neglect to pay their dues at the commencement or end of the quarter, and thus permit themselves to become delinquent. Others sometimes depend upon some *punctual* friend to do it for them, and call upon them (the careless ones) and obtain the amount advanced for them. Unfortunately this punctual one is absent at the proper time, or through the multiplicity of his own cares entirely forgets his careless friends, and they become delinquent. Soon after the term expires, one of these delinquent ones becomes sick, or his wife dies, and application is made for benefits for him, when to his astonishment he is "in arrears," and not entitled to benefits. An effort is made to reinstate him because he forgot to pay his dues, and does not succeed. He and his friends feel that the law has been too rigidly enforced in his case, some of them become estranged, leave the Order, and so far forget their obligations as to speak evil of it. That particular Lodge, suffers more, perhaps, for enforcing the law, than she would have done by paying a $15 or $30 premium on carelessness, and suffers, too, for doing what every unprejudiced man must say was right. Through the influence of this estranged brother and his friend, (for all have their influence) some good men are kept out of the Order, and years pass away, before the Lodge recovers from *the neglect of that one brother to pay his dues at the proper time.* Let each brother see that he is clear of the books, for himself, and if he is unable to attend the Lodge, let him furnish his friend with a sufficient amount to pay the quarter's dues, and then his friend will not forget him, or if he does, the statement to the Lodge that the brother had placed the funds in his hands, and he had forgotten to pay them over, will produce a re-instatement. But don't let the brother say, "If I am not present when the quarter ends, you square my account, and I'll pay you," for he may not have the money, or having it, may forget to pay; and you are rendered delinquent through carelessness, and may be estranged from those by whose side you have labored for years in the great cause of benevolence and peace.

Inability sometimes throws a brother in arrears, for we have known those who actually could not spare the sum of $1 62½ per quarter for dues. Their families needed every cent that could be raised, and more too, for their income was not equal to their necessary expenses. Such cases, when known, should receive the mildest action the law will possibly allow. Brothers, however, who have been reduced thus low through misfortune, want of work, or failing health, that, while it does not confine them to their rooms, compels them to change their employment, are the very last ones who feel willing to state the full facts before the Lodge, to be met, perhaps, by the uncharitable remark, "There must be something wrong when a man cannot lay by $1 62½ every three months." He, therefore, says nothing about his arrearages, but stands suspended with the hope, that during the next quarter, he can lay by $3 25

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and then be re-instated. Sometimes this fails, and the brother's arrearages become so great that his name "is stricken from the books," and he ceases to be an Odd Fellow.

We have but three thoughts to suggest, by which we think that this tendency to delinquency can be remedied. First, keep up the "ancient usage" of collecting the dues *every Lodge night*. It may add somewhat to the duties of the Permanent Secretary, but in most Lodges he receives a slight remuneration for his services. When the Warden passes round every Lodge night for the dues, the careless are reminded that the dues must be paid, and that brother who may not feel able to spare $1 62½ out of any one week's earning. (and there are many such in the Order) can pay 10 or 15 cents each week, and find himself "clear of the books" at the end of the quarter. This plan works well, for, as far our observation extends, there are very few delinquents in those Lodges which continue this practice. Second, see that the Per. Sec. every 11th and 24th night makes out a list of the pecuniary standing of each member in the Lodge, reads it aloud, and then posts it up in some conspicuous place in the hall as a "memento" to those who may be delinquent at the end of the quarter. Experience and observation tell us that this also works well.

Third, refuse to re-instate a delinquent brother unless an excellent excuse be offered. Let each member know that if he becomes delinquent, a trivial excuse will not be accepted. Carelessness should never excuse a brother. Inability, the neglect of a brother into whose hands money has been placed, or some unavoidable hindrance, should alone excuse a brother for delinquency.

Let every Odd Fellow be punctual, and use his influence to see that others are punctual, and the time will soon come when delinquency—unless really unavoidable—will be banished from our Order.

Let the officers of every Lodge see that the reports of their several Lodges, to the G. L. for the present term, are made out promptly and forwarded to the G. Sec. in time to allow him to make out his report to the Grand Lodge early in the session. The morning after the first meeting in the next term, we suggest, is the proper time to mail your reports to the Grand Lodge. See to it brother Officers.

We are compelled to re-print Nos. 7. 8 and 9. Those who have subscribed and not received these Nos. will be supplied as soon as re-printed. After the re-print we will have a few complete sets to supply those who may desire them,

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All kinds of Printing for Lodges and Encampments neatly executed at the office of the Magazine.

BIND VOL. I.

We propose to bind the Magazine, in embossed muslin, for *thirty cents* per volume. Those of our subscribers who have preserved their Nos. can forward them to this office. Send on your Magazines.

If Brothers at a distance, wishing their 1st. Vol. bound, will send it by their Rep. to the G. L. at its next session, the publishers, will make some arrangement to have them conveyed to this place. The low price at which they offer to bind it will certainly enable each Brother to have his copy bound.

A friend of ours who is in the habit of training up, in the way they should go, the little Olive plants around his table, was on a recent occasion, when some friends were dining with him, detained at the opening of the meal by the temporary absence of his first born, who was at that particular period of time engaged in some mechanical problem in adjoining apartment. After being called a second time, Master Johnny entered the dining room at the moment when the guests at the table had composed their minds and faces preparatory to the saying of grace, taking his seat, and depositing his unfinished work by his plate. he remarked, "Now, drive ahead, Pa." Speaking of saying grace reminds us of the manner in which a clerical friend of ours was called upon by his host to perform that duty on a recent occasion. "Bro. B. just make a beginning, if you please." Singular method, this, of asking a friend to say grace. And yet it awoke in our mind a train of of thought, as thus: Do not men too often perform this religious duty as though it were no part of the thing in hand. How much better the world would be if the first part of every enterprize undertaken, was to ask the blessing of Heaven upon it. Blessings from Heaven brings up the following anecdote which we have read somewhere. of a trick played off by some mischievous young men upon a very pious old woman who was very poor, but who saw the hand of God in all things that happened to her. The young scamps having learned that the old lady attributed all things to the true source, overheard her prayer on one occasion, when she was petitioning the throne of grace for bread, immediately procured from the neighboring bakery two fine loaves which they threw into the house at the close of the prayer. The pious old lady at once began to give words to her thanks to God for this early answer to her petition, when one of the young men asked her through the window if she supposed for a minute that God really sent the bread. She told him that she had no doubt of it. "Why," said he, "*I* threw the loaves in at the window myself." "That makes no difference," answered she, "God sent it if the Devil brought it."

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LIVE WHAT YOU PROFESS.

In this matter-of-fact age, that man has but little reason to hope that loud professions of virtue and love for the right will enable him to pass undenounced by the world, if his life does not correspond with his profession. The world is very much inclined to act upon that rule laid down by the great Teacher—Jesus—and judge men, as it does trees, by the fruit that they may bear. The age demands practical rather than theoretical morality and benevolence; and to such an extent does this principle actuate all classes that the great question is, as it should be, not what does he profess, but how does he live. We do not wish to be understood as intimating that it makes no difference what a man's faith is; far from it. We believe that a man's faith is the active element in his character, but that element to be respected by the thinking portion of good and honest men must produce proper fruit—for without this last *test* evidence the world has an inalienable right to deny the existence of correct theory or principles. This principle true (and who so bold as to controvert it?) does it not become Odd Fellows to take heed unto their lives, and see that they embody the great moral and social duties taught by our ritual and our laws. Odd Fellowship has so proven the truth of its professions, in regard to visiting the sick and relieving the distressed, that the world now looks upon it as a matter of course, for Odd Fellows to fulfil those duties. The Order has another mission to accomplish—viz: To eradicate selfishness: or at least to so modify it as to enable each to feel that his brother and his neighbor has some real—not imaginary—claim upon a portion of his time and money. Men are all naturally sectarian and bigoted in their feelings. Their faith—their opinions—their ways, are better and more nearly correct than their neighbors. It is too frequently the case that a difference of opinion—a difference of profession or occupation leads to prejudice. We cannot see men as they ought to be seen—we may judge by appearances—but they too frequently give a fallacious judgment. Odd Fellowship wars against this selfishness and prejudice. It bids men be tolerant of opinions—not of evil or vice of any kind. It teaches that differences exist by virtue of our peculiar intellectual constitution and training. It teaches that all men cannot see and think alike, but in this difference of opinion sees no cause, for war or ill-feeling. It is diametrically opposed to selfishness. It never could utter the prayer

> "God bless me and my wife
> My son John and his wife,
> Us four, no more; Amen!"

And while it bids us open our hearts and minds it wars against prejudice and bigotry.

Professing thus, how should we live? Should there be no difference between us, and those who have not assumed our obligations? Do our lectures and ritual teach us nothing? May we *learn* nothing from them? If after we have been instructed in the mysteries of the Order, we are as bigoted, intolerant, selfish, and careless as before, what have we learned? Nothing. How will the world judge us? By our speeches and our professions? No, but by our *lives*. Here is our power—our moral and elevating power—that of example. Every Odd Fellow should be a "living epistle," of our teachings, "known and read of all men."

You all know, the world knows, what Odd Fellowship professes, and it is your duty, brothers, to see that these professions are lived up to. It as useless for us to tell of the pure morality and active benevolence inculcated by every degree and charge in the Order, unless they find an embodiment in our lives. But in these practical times—when the world demands and will expect something tangible—we must expect Odd Fellowship to be respected and honored, only as it practices what it professes. We may recur to this subject again, and will at this time only repeat, LIVE WHAT YOU PROFESS.

THE GRAND LODGE HALL.

By the following account of stock taken it will be seen that there has been a sufficient amount subscribed to justify the assertion that the Grand Lodge Hall will be built:—

LODGES.	NO	SHARES.
Capital Lodge	124, Indianapolis,	40—$1,000.
Philoxenian	44. Indianapolis,	80—2,000.
Centre	13, Indianapolis,	80—2,000.
Metropolitan camp	5, Indianapolis,	20—500.
Orange Lodge	113, Orleans	4—100.
Franklin	35, Rushville,	20—500.
Wayne	17, Cambridge,	4—100.
Dufour	101, Rainsville,	4—100.
Hormah Enc'ment	11, Cambridge,	4—100.
Kosciusko Lodge	62, Warsaw,	4—100.
Olive Branch	89, Dublin,	4—100.
New Harmony	87, New Harmony	4—100.
Wabash	20, Vincennes,	4—100.
Harrison,	84, Harrisburgh,	4—100.
Pittsburg,	53, Pittsburgh,	4—100.
Rochester	47, Rochester,	8—200
Mo-she-kun-nough-quah	75. Liberty Mills,	4—100.
Noblesville	125, Noblesville,	4—100.
Odd Fellows in Indianapolis		7,600,00.
Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. (donation)		10,000,00.
Total		$25,000,00.

The building is to be contracted for immediately (we are informed) and to be commenced next Spring. Unexpired leases on the property purchased by the G. L. Hall Committee prevent the erection of an edifice sooner than that time.

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THE SHELBYVILLE CELEBRATION.

At an early hour on the 17th of May we left home by omnibus to meet the morning express train from Jeffersonville. We were disappointed to find so few persons at the Depot bound for Shelbyville, but long ere we reached that point our disappointment was changed into surprise at the immense number that were taken up at the various stations on the route, all bound to the one point. Owing to some slight detentions on the way our train did not reach the depot until a later hour than was anticipated, which caused us to lose a very interesting part of the ceremonies of the day. On our arrival we found the town filled with crowds of persons, not only from the surrounding country, but from points far distant. Large numbers of members of the two Orders, together with thousands of their friends, literally filled the streets, the hotels and the depot, all intent upon the pleasures of a holiday. On our way from the depot to the hotel we met the procession of Masons and Odd Fellows on their way to the depot whence they were conveyed to a lovely grove near a mile from the town, at which place the Orator of the day, Rev. Bro. T. M. Eddy, would shortly address the vast assemblage. The leading feature of this procession and that which gave it a degree of superiority over any which we had ever before witnessed was that very many ladies joined in it, walking each with her protector. Indeed the presence of the ladies added in no small degree to the pleasures of the occasion throughout. After a short rest we were enabled to take the second train to the grounds.

Bro. Eddy's address was in his usual happy style and he held his audience deeply interested during its delivery. As we hope to be permitted to present to our readers the address as a whole in our next number we forbear any commendation here.

The hospitality of the ladies of Shelbyville was clearly shown in the sumptuous dinner spread in the concert hall. The long tables were laden with everything that could tempt the appetite of the most fastidious.

We were very agreeably disappointed by a view of the hall, which, like the fabled bird of antiquity, has arisen from its ashes. The impression left upon our mind by the cut presented in the last number of the Magazine was by no means equal to that made by the view of the building itself. The members of the two Orders by whose united enterprise it was erected have cause of pride in the result of their efforts.

We regret that an engagement to be at Indianapolis the same evening prevented us from enjoying the exercises and pleasures of the evening, which we learned afterward from a friend were even superior to those of the morning.

DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

For the benefit of our numerous readers who have taken quite an interest in the discussion carried on between Sisters Boyle and Bemies, we publish the following extract of a letter from Sister Boyld to her husband at Madison. The extract originally appeared in the Madison *Courier*. We trust that the *conversion* of Sister Boyle will not deprive the readers of the Magazine of the privilege of perusing the productions of her pen: "I have found the Degree of Rebekah of great service, by enabling me to form valuable acquaintances and securing the attention of Odd Fellows in my perambulations through this magnificent country. I owe Bro. Colfax as well as Kate Bemies an apology for ever having written an unfavorable word about it. It is certainly a good thing *away from home*, however uninteresting it may be at Madison. I shall never forget the friends I made at Brownsville, where every Odd Fellow's wife is a "Daughter."

I. O. O. F. CELEBRATIONS IN JUNE, 1858.

Rochester Lodge No. 47, on June 22d, in Rochester, Fulton Co., Ind.

The Odd Fellows, Masons, and Sons of Temperance, of Pendleton, on the 24th of June.

Let all who can, attend these celebrations.

We take the following merited compliment from the April No. of that excellent Monthly, the Ark, "We are greatly pleased to see that Grand Rep. Colfax and Grand Rep. Hackleman are nominated for re-election to the Grand Lodge of the United States; and we earnestly hope they may be re-elected. We trust our Indiana brethren will not consider us as interfering in their affairs, when we speak thus. Really, we feel that these Representatives, although elected in Indiana, belong to the country. They are able men—they are the men for the times—intimately acquainted with every thing connected with Odd-Fellowship, liberal but not radical, experienced in legislation, and with a reputation co-extensive with the jurisdiction, no men are better qualified to sit in that body. And while Indiana contains a host of able and talented men, who would do their jurisdiction honor in the G. L. U. S., she may, at the same time, be truly proud of Colfax and Hackleman; as we not doubt they are."

ORIGINAL STORY.

Kate Bemies—Will furnish for the July Number, another original Story, entitled, "Light in Darkness, or The Unexpected Visit." Our readers will find it fully equal to any story, she has ever written, and as it is drawn from real life it may be considered a faithful portraiture of a part of the workings of Odd Fellowship.

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ELEMENTS OF THE LAWS, or Outlines of the System of Civil and Criminal Laws in Force in the U. States, and in the several States of the Union, designed for general use, and to enable any one to acquire a competent knowledge of his LEGAL RIGHTS and PRIVILEGES, in all the most important Political and Business relations of the Citizens of the Country; with the principles upon which they are founded, and the means of asserting and maintaining them in Civil and Criminal Cases. By THOMAS L. SMITH, late one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana. *Philadelphia, Lippincott, Grambo & Co. New Albany, Ind., Jno. R. Nunemacher.* 1853.

This is the title of a neat 12mo. volume, just issued from the press of Messrs. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. From a careful examination we are prepared to pronounce the book admirably adapted to the ends proposed in its title. Very many teachers have, in their course of instruction, looked in vain for a book to be placed in the hands of their pupils, designed and suited to give them a clear abstract of this science which is of such vital importance to all who propose to enter upon the active business and duties of life. That desideratum is, we think, fully met by Judge SMITH's book. The author, while he has avoided the cumbrous and almost unintelligible technicalities of the law, has presented in a concise and perspicuous manner all the leading principles involved in the science.

The young candidate for the legal profession who shall have devoted a few months of his school course to the careful study of this text book, will not only be prepared to enter upon life with a clear understanding of his duties and rights as a citizen, but will find that many of the difficulties which meet the less informed student at his outset will disappear. We hail the appearance of this book as one that will fill, in the course of instruction, in our schools, a vacancy that has long been felt by teachers, and we expect to see it promptly introduced into all the schools and colleges in the country.

In a future number we may find room for a somewhat extended review of the book.

KENTUCKY GARLAND—*A Dollar Weekly Journal, of Polite Literature, News, &c.*, Covington, Kentucky. By MRS. HARRIET C. LINDSEY.

We have recieved No. 1. of this neat, and well conducted paper. We have given the 1st No. a careful perusal, and are satisfied that the investment of ONE DOLLAR in her weekly journal *will pay.* She is a "Daughter of Rebekah," and has taken this course to support herself and her eight children. We take the following from her salutatory.—

"Being thrown upon my own resources, or upon the generosity of that noble band of Bothers, the Odd Fellows, of whom my husband had the good fortune to count one, I have for a year past, been looking around me for some field in which I could operate to such an extent as to gain enough money to keep my young and helpless family together, and at the same time, provide for their physical and educational wants. I tried the usual resort of almost all who are left in like situations —that of a Seamstress. But alas for my poor fingers! I soon ascertained that that would not sustain us. And just when hope had almost ended in despair, a kind friend suggested to me the starting of a paper.

"'Tis said that "drowning men catch at straws" —and it may now be said that a despairing printer's widow caught at a paper as a last grasp, while struggling on the tempestuous waves of a turbulent world, to prevent her helpless little ones from being cast upon the charity of strangers—to keep them together under a mother's roof, even if it is a rented one.

"I am then an editor, (or an editress, chose which you like best,) and this is my paper; small, plain, and unpretending. But still I hope by continual industry, to merit something; and I feel assured that I shall recieve in the course of time, sufficient patronage to enable me to pay for the printing of a larger sheet than this."

We trust that all who are brethren, will respond to this noble call, and send to Sister LINDSEY, Covington, Ky., One Dollar, and thus perform a pleasurable duty, that will bring its own reward in time and eternity.

Since the above was in type, we have had the pleasure of a visit in our own sanctum from Sister LINDSEY. A lady editor! The first we ever saw; and if good looks, good sense, unflinching energy, and a ready pen will secure success, she will have it. We are informed that our good brethren here, gave her a "Hoosier welcome," in the form of a very large subscrsption list. May God give success to her efforts.

No. 6, of "THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF ODD FELLOWSHIP," owing to some cause unknown to us, failed to reach us this month. This we exceedingly regret, as these articles give, so far as we have heard, entire satisfaction. The fault, we presume, is in the mails.

I. O. O. F. HALL AT SOUTH BEND, IND.

The brethren of South Bend have resolved to build a fine Hall, 49 by 90 feet, and 3 stories high. The edifice is to be commenced immediately and pushed to a speedy completion.

We would state to Bro. T. M. S. that his letter was placed in our possession so late that we have not room to furnish what he desired. We can simple express our opinion, viz; That we very much doubt the propriety of establishing a Lodge at any place, unless there is a fair prospect of at least 25 members in 18 months. We may give our views in full in a future Number.

THIS No. closes Vol. I. We trust that all of our Agents and friends will immediately see what can be done for Vol. II. Let each Agent go right to work, and send us a good list of names by the 20th, as No. 1. Vol. II. will be issued about that time.

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Editorial Correspondence.

MONTEZUMA, April, 22, 1853.

I reached this small village yesterday at 1 P. M. and spent but a very short time in it, and can, of course, say but little about its business or prospects. It contains about 400 inhabitants and has an outlet for its produce, the Wabash & Erie Canal.

RESERVE LODGE No. 102, was instituted, Nov. 1851, and has 14 contributing members. From all that I could learn they are active and efficient members.

ROCKVILLE, April 28.

Rockville, the County seat of Park Co, lies eight miles east of Montezuma, in the centre of a rich and fertile country. Being on the route of the contemplated Evansville & Crawfordsville Railroad, its prospects of improvement are greater than heretofore. Its population is about 800

HOWARD LODGE No. 71. was instituted Nov. 9. 1849, and has 25 members. With most of those I formd a personal acquaintance. If I am not mistaken, they are men of the right stamp. and sway an influence for the good of the community.

Here enjoying the hospitality of old and tried friends the hours passed pleasantly away.

TERRE HAUTE April 26.

I reached this beautiful city on Saturday night, and found comfortable quarters at the "STEWART HOUSE." Since my last visit to this place, the city has been rapidly improving. Its pleasant location, and its advantages for business are making it one of the most important towns in the State. It has not only the benefit of the Wabash River, upon the east bank of which it is situated, but also of the Terre Haute and Richmond, Evansville and Crawfordsville (now being located,) and the Cincinnati and Alton (now under contract) Railroads, and the Wabash and Erie Canal. These thoroughfares must necessarily increase its importance. The city is well built, and is surrounded by one of the most beautiful tracts of country in the State. I can see no reason why it may not rank among the first cities in the State. Its population is about 5,000.

TERRE HAUTE LODGE No. 51, was instituted January 20, 1840, and has 105 members. It is useless for me here to say that it is in a prosperous condition, for it has an honorable name all over this State. No. 51, has always for correctness, generosity, and devotion to the true principles of the Order, stood among the first Lodges in the West.

VIGO ENCAMPMENT, No. 17, was organized August 24, 1849. and has about 50 patriarchs.

The members, here, have fitted up a new and commodious Hall. In point of neatness and beauty, I know of no place that excels it, while in size and adaptedness to all the purposes of Odd Fellowship, deem it superior to any I have visited. There is nothing gaudy or extravagant in it,—and yet it has sufficient beauty to command the praise of all who see it.

On the evening of Monday the 25th of April, D. D. G. M. JNO. A WOOD, assisted by WM. K. EDWARDS, D. G. M., I. P. WINDLE, S. W., GEO. B. JOCELYN, G. CHAP., J. W. STEWART, G. H., J. G. STEPHENSON, 1st. H., D. W. WINCHESTER, 2nd. H., W. P. BENNET, 3rd. H., set apart the new hall to the uses and purposes of Odd-Fellowship. There were present between 400 and 500 Ladies and Gentlemen to witness the imposing and beautiful ceremonies. After the dedication, Rev. W. C. BROOKS, delivered a fine oration which was well received by the delighted auditory. May the members here continue to cherish the high and noble principles of the Order until their example shall demonstrate to the world the true mission of Odd Fellowship.

PERRYSVILLE, April 27.

This place I found to my discomfort this morning, was about a mile from the Canal, and on the other side of the Wabash; so I was comfortably landed upon the tow-path, and left to find my way to town as best I might. Fortunately for me, the "down Packet," which had just reached a place near where I was musing upon my condition landed a gentleman and lady, with whom, as they had made previous arrangements for a conveyance, I proceeded to the town.

Perrysville is a small but neat village of 1000 inhabitants, upon the west bank of the Wabash, and is a place of considerable business. As I was extremely anxious to pass on, I spent but few hours here, and resolved take a "line boat," for Covington. Reader did you ever travel on a "line boat," on the "raging canal?" If not, fancy yourself for a few moments (that's long enough) in a small 7 by 9 room—not any too clean—within the hearing of a swearing crew, within the smelling of an adjoining stable, a lot of whisky, and the various et-ceteras, of a line packet, with the consciousness that in this railroad and telegraph age, you are getting along, at the rate of 1½ miles per hour. How would you like such traveling? Don't it make you feel like trying it, even if you have to work your way, as Paddy did, by "leading the horse?"

The beauties of the "line boat," made me forget that I was writing of Perrysville. CHARITY LODGE No. 32. was organized June 12, 1846 and numbers 32 contributing members. The members have laid the foundation of an excellent library—a course which should be imitated by every Lodge in the State. There is nothing that so

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soon makes a Lodge bright and correct, and respected at home and abroad, as intelligence. If there were more Libraries in our ante-rooms, and more periodicals and works devoted to the teaching and duties of Odd Fellowship in the hands of Odd Fellows, our Grand Lodge would not so often be troubled with unnecessary and simple questions, as it now is. A little reading, and a little thought would enable every Odd Fellow to come to a correct decision upon all ordinary questions of law. Let good libraries be established in every Lodge, and the Order will flourish and do good.

COVINGTON, April 29

It was late on the night of the 27th when I reached this town, the county seat of Fountain Co. It is a thriving town and contains about 1500 inhabitants. From the appearances about the Canal I should think this was a place of considerable business dependent, however upon the Wabash and the Canal for conveying its produce from, and conveying its goods to it. The town occupies a pleasant and and healthy location, and manifests some signs of improvement. The same spirit of enterprise that seems to pervade almost every section of our state is felt here, and if I mistake not the signs of the times, Indiana is destined to be one of the first, if not the first State in the West, in point of commercial and agricultural importance.

COVINGTON LODGE No. 21, was instituted June, 12, 1845, and has 60 contributing members. Many of the members were absent from town, and I was introduced to only 26 of them, 23 of whom subscribed to the Magazine.—The Lodge is in a very prosperous condition, and is doing good service in the cause of Friendship, Truth and Love.

INDEPENDENCE, April 30.

This a small village of about 250 inhabitants, and has not much to attract the attention of the stranger. It is the seat of INDEPENDENCE LODGE No. 87. It was organized Oct. 8 1846, and numbers 22 members. Its growth has been gradual, but sure, and is composed of good men and true.

WILLIAMSPORT, April 30.

This is the seat of Justice, of Warren Co. and is situated on the west bank of the Wabash, 13 miles above Covington, and like Perrysville, has a "side cut," by which it avails itself of the benefits of the Wabash and Erie Canal. A good business is transacted here. Its population is 600.

WARREN LODGE, No 57 was instituted September 1848, and numbers 26 members. The Lodge is quite an active one, and is composed of excellent men.

Near this place at the head of one of those little picturesque streams that empty into the Wabash, there is formed by the rocks a semi-circular basin over whose steep shelving side, a small stream precipitates its waters some 60 feet into a clear and beautiful pool below. The place slightly improved by the hand of art, would form a romantic retreat from the heat and dust of summer, while the noise of the cascade would fall in tones of sweet music upon the ear.

ATTICA, May 2.

At this pleasant and rapidly improving town I spent the Sabbath.

There are few places on the Wabash River that exhibit as much improvement as this town! It is a much larger and better-built town than I expected to see, and being on the line of the great eastern railroad, it has received a fresh impetus in its stride of advancement, marks of which meet you at almost every step you take. A lively business air pervades the place, and the citizens are much elated at the business prospects of their city. Population 1,800.

It has one of the best natural blessings that can be bestowed upon any city—pure, cold water.—Near the top of a hill that rises by a gentle ascent from the river to the east part of the town, a large spring gushes up, from which large, wooden subterraneous aqueducts convey the water to all parts of the town; and at the corner of almost every square you can quench your thirst in the pure stream that wells up through a plain hydrant, or bursts forth in a sparkling fountain.

ATTICA LODGE, No, 33 was organized June 8th, 1846 and numbers 81 members.

SHAWANEE ENCAMPMENT, No. 25 was instituted here, March 6, 1851. The Order is in a very prosperous condition, fully keeping pace with the progress of the town. A fine, commodious, well-furnished hall is set apart for the uses of the Order, and those who weekly surround its altar are among the best and most influential men in the place.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, May 4.

I reached this place last Monday evening, and while through mud and rain I was trudging my way to a hotel, whose hand should I see thrust towards me, but that of P. G. M. MILTON HERNDON, from whom I recieved a pressing invitation to spend the time of my sojourn at his house. Of course I accepted, and pleasant was the time I spent in his family.

The weather being very wet and the streets muddy, I had but little opportunity to take notes of this thriving and somewhat noted village. It is the county seat of Montgomery county, and is situated on the line of the N. A. and S. R. R., and is rapidly improving in size and business. It is the site of Wabash College, under the patronage of the N. S. Presbyterian Church. The preparatory department of this institution was opened in 1833, with twelve students. Its prospects I am told, are better now than ever, and its able Pres-

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ident, Rev. C. White, D. D., assisted by a competent corps of Teachers, is doing good service in the cause of education. Its present number of students is 130, some of whom are from New Albany. There is also an excellent female seminary, under the control of Rev. Mr. Johnson. It enjoys an enviable reputation among the citizens of this place and the adjacent country. Population of Crawfordsville 2,500.

Montgomery Lodge, No. 38, was instituted Oct. 21, 1846, and has 110 contributing members.—Bethesda Encampment, No. 15, was organized July 23, 1849, and has 29 Patriarchs. I found the Order in a prosperous condition, and the members devoted to the principles and practices of Odd Fellowship. I had the pleasure of sitting beneath their "tent," and assisting in the work of the R. P. Degree. May they ever have the same hospitality extended to them as they pass life's rough journey, that I had extended to me by them.

Lafayette, May 7.

Rain, rain, rain. For the past week the clouds have been "dropping their garnered fullness" upon the flooded earth. Sunshine has not visited me for a week,—and the blues with slow creeping horror seem stealing over me.

This place has long ranked as the leading business city of the Wabash valley. Its position at the head of navigation on the Wabash river, her commerce on the canal, its connection by railroad to the capital, and the Ohio river at Cincinnati, Madison, Jeffersonville and New Albany, and a rich and productive country, mark out for it a future of which it may well be proud. It already has a population of almost 9,000. and is rapidly increasing in numbers. Its business houses are many, large, commodious, and well known throughout the North. It is the centre of a large and steadily increasing trade. Its citizens seem to be fully awake upon all those subjects of internal and external improvements that add so vastly to the wealth and importance of a city. My stay here will be short, for I am even now awaiting the arrival of the packet to proceed to the town of Delphi.

There are three Lodges here. Lafayette Lodge, No. 15, was organized Nov. 5, 1843, and has 94 contributing members. Friendship Lodge No. 22, May 12, 1845, and has 49 contributing members; Tippecanoe Lodge No. 55 May 15, 1848, and 62 contributing members. Wabash Encampment No. July 24, 1846, and has 47 Patriarchs. The Order here is healthy and prospering. Accompanied by S. H. Beckner, Esq., I was introduced to as many of the members as the rain would permit. The Order, here, has a fine hall, of very capacious dimensions.

Last night I had the pleasure of attending an exhibition of one of their singing schools, under charge of Prof. Chase. Flora's Festival was the piece performed. It was indeed beautiful. There were about 75 young Lads and Misses representing various characters,—all of whom did themselves much credit. The two greatest faults in the whole performance,—in fact, the only two, that a poor critic like myself could detect,—were a disposition on the part of some of the elder Misses to indulge in that abominable, *fashionable* method of so mouthing their words that one could not catch the sentiment, and a failure on the part of the one representing the storm fiend to comprehend the spirit of her piece. Her sable dress, her beautiful features, around which hung, in wild abandonment, a rich profusion of disheveled, raven tresses, made her seem a fair embodiment of the spirit of the storm. Her enunciation was clear, very musical and distinct, but her manner *too tame*. In everything else she could not have been excelled, except by some one accustomed to the stage. The evening was delightfully spent, and the music will linger in my mind as one of the most pleasant memories of my trip.

Pittsburgh, May 9.

This is a thriving village, and of considerable importance in a manufacturing point of view. It is located at a feeder dam on the Wabash, and has excellent water power. The village contains about 700 inhabitants, and is a quiet moral place.

Pittsburgh Lodge, No. 58, was organized Feb. 1848, and has about 40 members. It is an active and flourishing Lodge, and has a fine hall. Among its members are found many of the best citizens of the place. The Order has done much here in elevating and refining the community. I spent but a few hours among them, but was gratified with my short visit.

Delphi, May 9.

The holy Sabbath I spent very pleasantly at this place and Pittsburg. I reached here after a miserable and uncomfortable ride in a crowded canal packet, at about 1 A. M. of Sunday morning.

Those who laid out this town, placed it too far from the river for business or comfort. It, however, is a place of considerable business, and rather desirable as a residence. Its population is about 1,500.

Delphi Lodge, No. 28, was instituted Feb. 18, 1846, and has 74 contributing members. Carroll Encampment No. 22 is also located at this place. The Order here is in a highly flourishing conditiod. I met with the Lodge this evening, and was much pleased at the interest I saw manifested in the principles of the Order. I trust that the same ardent attachment to the true principles of Odd Fellowship will ever animate their hearts, and inspire their actions, and may the noble brotherhood of Delphi and its twin village Pittsburg never want

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good men and true to bow at the consecrated shrines of the Order.

But 'tis past midnight, and there sounds the old packet bell, about as musical as an old and cracked kettle; but I must obey its musical call, bid adieu to the kind hospitalities of P. G. L. S. DALE, and again embark upon the "canawl" for Logansport.

LOGANSPORT, May 11.

Tired and weary, I reached this goodly town, in company with an old and tried friend, whom I had not seen since his return from the land of gold.

Logansport is a larger and more pleasant place than I had any idea of. Situated upon the Wabash and Erie canal, at the confluence of the Wabash and Eel rivers, its position is very favorable for trade and business. The immense water power there, and the rich and productive country by which it is surrounded must make it eventually one of the best towns in the State. There are few places in our State that are improving more rapidly than this. Its position places it in the direct route of several of the most important railroads in the State. The New Castle and Logansport R. R. is now graded and ready for the iron; the Wabash Valley R. R., from Toledo, Ohio, to Danville, Ill., now under contract, and to be completed by May 1855;—Auburn & Eel River R. R. under contract and to be finished by Oct., 1854;—Logansport and Crawfordsville R. R. under contract;—an extension of Greenville & Union R. R., and a contemplated railroad to Chicago. If these roads are finished, as they doubtless will be, it will give this city superior advantages. It has already received a fresh impetus in the race of progression. Its population is now about 3,300. Many of its buildings are of a superior quality. The Court House is one of the finest buildings in the State. It and also several of the largest churches are built of stone.

In my letter from Lafayette, I set down that point as the head of navigation upon the Wabash. Such has always been my understanding. You may imagine my astonishment, then, when I heard the shrill scream of a steam whistle at this place. Looking out of my window I saw a small steamer plowing the bosom of the Wabash, thus giving me ocular demonstration that steamboats do come up to Logansport, making it the "head of Wabash navigation."

Accompanied by P. G. M. JOB B. ELDRIDGE,—whose hospitalities I have been enjoying—I was introduced—between showers—to several of the members of the Order, and found them agreeable and social.

NEILSON LODGE No. 12, was instituted Nov. 10, 1842, and has 70 members; LOGAN LODGE, No. 40, Oct. 1847, and and about 70 members; MIAMI ENCAMPMENT, No 10, February 20, 1840, and about 30 Patriarchs, and bids fair to keep pace in numbers and interest with the rapidly improving town.

MARRIED

On the 3d of May, at Laurel, Ind., by Rev. Bro. Wm. S. Fraley, Patriarch GEORGE W. PAINE, of Sherlock Encampment No 4, and Spartan Lodge No. 24, to Miss MARGARETTA HENDERSON, both of Laurel.

DIED

In April, ALONZO KNIGHT, of Wabash Lodge No. 20, Vincennes, Ind.

Long and well did we know Bro. Knight, and a worthy Odd Fellow was he. A few months since he led to the altar a young and beautiful bride, who is now left to travel life's journey alone.—May God's blessing rest upon her.

In Somerset, Ind., on May 1st, 1853, Bro. S. COMER, N. G. of Kossuth Lodge, No. 81, I. O. O. F. The following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Death has, for the first time, entered our Lodge, and removed from our presence Bro. STEPHEN COMER, one of our most efficient members, and Noble Grand, thereby admonishing us of our mortality, and reminding us that even in the midst of life we are in death; therefore,

Resolved, That we remember with mournful satisfaction the many virtues of our departed Brother, and that we will imitate his example in his untiring zeal in the great cause of human benefaction, his unwavering integrity and unbounded philanthropy.

Resolved, That this dispensation of Providence not only reminds us that we are passing from earth, but it also behooves us to be diligent in every good word and work.

Resolved, That in the death of our Brother, our Lodge, and this community, have suffered the loss of one of their most useful and valuable members; and that society at large has been deprived of one of its ornaments and cherished benefactors.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish a lively remembrance of his social qualities and honorable bearing toward his fellow-man: and that we will strive to imitate his virtues, and profit by his examples.

Resolved, That we tender the bereaved wife and friends our sincere condolence for the loss they have sustained, feeling confident that their loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That the Secretary be required to present to the widow of our deceased Brother a copy of these resolutions.

Resolved. That these resolutions be recorded upon the Minute Book of our Lodge, and that the Secretary send a copy of the same to the Wabash Weekly Gazette and to the Odd Fellow's Magazine for publication.

M. R. CRABILL,
C. S. ELLIS, } *Committee.*
P. F. LAWSHA,

In Logansport, Ind., on May 14th, of Consumption, J. H. TUCKER, P. G. of Logan Lodge, No. 40.

Farewell HARVEY! We saw thee but a few days ere thy death. Thy wasted frame, sunken eye, and faltering voice, told us as we grasped thy hand that it was for the last time on earth. Thine was a noble heart; and many and true were

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thy friends. We trust that thou hast found *rest* at last! May the God of the widow sustain and console thy bereaved partner.

In New Albany, on the 18th of May, Bro. MARTIN H. RUTER, after a short but painful illness, in the 33d year of his age.

Bro. RUTER was a member of Hope Lodge, No. 83, and Jerusalem Encampment, No. 1, and a short time before his death had received the appointment of Post Master in New Albany. Bro. R. entered into the spirit of the institution of Odd Fellowship with commendable zeal, and was known for his promptness in the discharge of every duty.

At a meeting of Hope Lodge, No. 83, I. O. O. F. held on Friday evening the 20th inst., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His divine wisdom, to remove from our membership by death out well beloved Bro. M. H. RUTER, and whilst we submit with reverence to Him, who doeth all things well, yet we feel it our duty to express our heartfelt sorrow for our loss. Therefore be it

Resolved, That whilst we most humbly and reverently bow to the inscrutable doings of an All-wise Providence, we mourn the loss of a Brother, in whom the virtues of our Order were truly exemplified, and one who was esteemed as a citizen, and whose life should be emulated by every member of our society.

Resolved, That whilst mingling our sorrows with those of his deeply afflicted family, in this their trying hour, with faith unwavering, we earnestly and confidently commend them to the God of the widow and orphan, devoutly praying that by His word and spirit He may heal their broken hearts.

Resolved, That a copy of the above preamble and resolutions, under seal of the Lodge, be forwarded to the widow of our late Brother.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be published in the W. O. F. Magazine and the daily papers of the city. V. A. PEPIN, N. G.

JNO. B. ANDERSON, Sec.

NOTICE.

OFFICE OF GRAND MASTER,
SHELBYVILLE, May 18, 1853.

Lodges are notified that they are not to receive cards purporting to be granted by Mongoquinong Lodge No. 70, I. O. O. F., Lima, Lagrange County, Indiana, said Lodge being defunct.

JOS. L. SILCOX, G. Master.

Periodicals of the Order please insert.

ODD FELLOWS' MANUAL.

Persons desiring copies of the above work can procure them of the following Brothers, who have consented to act as Agents of the undersigned, at the publishers retail prices, viz:—

Plain Binding,	$1 50
Muslin Gilt,	2 00
Imt. Turkey Morocco,	2 50

A. J. GRAY, Lawrenceburgh,
J. G. JOCELYN, New Albany,
JAS. BENNETT, Terre Haute,
NEFF & LITTLE, Logansport,
C. M. HEATON, South Bend,
M. DRAKE, Fort Wayne,
ELLIOTT & Co., Co., Shelbyville,
W. W. WRIGHT, G. Sec., Indianapolis.

JOS. L. SILCOX.

EXPULSION.

MADISON, IND., May 23, 1853.

At a regular meeting of Sherlock Lodge, No. 93, held on the 18th inst, Franklin Grimes was expelled from our Lodge. You are requested by the Lodge to publish the same.

Yours in Friendship, Love and Truth.

[SEAL.] A. C. CONNET, *Sec.*

AGENTS.

BRO. J. W. ROBINSON, of Louisville, Ky., has been appointed General Travelling Agent for the Magazine, and is authorized to receive subscriptions, and receipt for all money paid him on that account.

The following persons have kindly consented to act as Local Agents for the Magazine

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